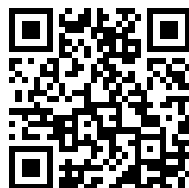

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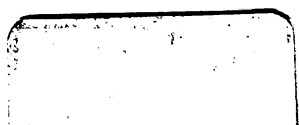
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Godey's magazine

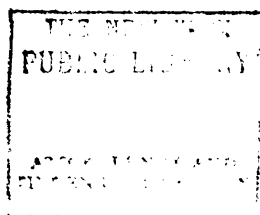
Louis Antoine Godey, Sarah Josepha Buell Hale



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Walking Dresses

Engraved for the Ladies Book, July 1836.

Wm. H. Cutts

(THE
LADY'S BOOK.)

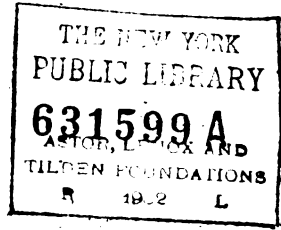


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THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1886. 13

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS—PROMENADE DRESSES.

FIGURE I.

ROBE of lilac *gros de Naples*, a half high *corsage*, a plain back; the front plain in the centre, but arranged in folds, which come from the shoulders, and descend in the stomacher style on each side, forming the shape in a very graceful manner. The sleeves are excessively ample from the shoulder to the wrist, but the fullness is confined a little below the elbow, so as to form the lower part of the sleeve into a bouillon: it is finished at the wrist by a broad band. Mantelet of Indian book muslin, lined with lilac *gros de Naples*; it falls square and deep over the *corsage*, with scarf ends. The collar square and very deep. The whole of the mantelet is embroidered in feather stitch, in a very rich and full pattern. A knot of Pomona green taffetas riband fastens it at the top, and another attaches it at the waist. Rice straw bonnet, a round and very

open brim, lined with Pomona green crape, and trimmed with taffetas riband to correspond, and blond lace *mentonnières*. Knots and band of riband, a blond lace drapery, and a sprig of exotics decorate the crown.

FIGURE II.

A printed muslin robe, a white ground and a delicate pattern in pale rose and dust colour. Plain *corsage* a three-quarter height, and sleeves *à la Folle*. French cambric mantelet, the pelerine part rounded, made to sit close to the shape at the upper part of the bust, and set-in round the shoulders so as to fall in a very easy and graceful manner. The collar forms a point in front, and another in the centre of the back. Short scarf ends. The mantelet is entirely bordered with Valenciennes lace. The bonnet presents a back view of that on the front figure.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

"Thou hast left thy father and thy mother and the place of thy nativity and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore."—*Book of Ruth, chap. 2, verse 11.*

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lonely, through this bleak way?"—*Moore.*

THE bleak season of Winter is past, and pleasant Spring has cast her genial smiles upon the earth. The silver rills, released from their icy fetters, rush in sparkling torrents over hill and vale—here, daffing in the sun's cheering ray—there, gliding in a calmer but more useful stream, through cultivated fields and meadows, yet, not forgetting to extend its grateful moisture to thee, sweet primrose and modest violet, Spring's offerings, wherewith she decks the ground, no longer hid beneath its cold white robe. The rugged branches of the trees are looking fresh and gay, their tender buds pressing forth in their vesture of enlivening green.—Oh, what a season of joy and gratitude! There have been those who owned its power, and will be ever, though worldly dross still cumbrous round the heart, and shuts those fair and pure

thoughts out. Yes! there was the young being, whose tears of thankfulness dimmed her beaming eyes, as she knelt and blessed her Maker for his gifts, not that alone He had made man's tarrying-place so fair—but for nearer bounties still—her only parent had spent the Winter in sickness and in pain, yet now was able to enjoy the precious gifts of Heaven. Here was cause for rejoicing; and Ada Mowbray poured forth her acknowledgments from such a pure and holy fount, that a Peri's aid had here been vain to bear the boon on high.

Mr. Mowbray and his daughter had bowed beneath affliction's rod; on his heart, the blow had sunk too deep, to wear away even with time; but the first grief seldom impresses itself for life, and Ada had ceased to feel her mother's loss with bitterness. True, all that had been

her's, was regarded with scrupulous veneration—her unfinished works were preserved with sacred care—her most trifling words were often recalled, and to a chosen few repeated, but it was with calmness and resignation. Her brother's death, which succeeded that of her mother, gave a deeper wound, as it had been sudden and unexpected. She had accompanied her father's sister to New York, leaving her mother, as she supposed, relieved in a slight degree from her disorder: but soon the fatal tidings reached her, that consumption had done its work, and that her mother had ceased to live. Her brother's silence first excited her amazement and then her fears. Again and again she wrote—her father's hurried and incoherent answers terrified her—she entreated her aunt to take her to her father, her home, and her brother. She was gently denied. What could it mean? Imagination, always busy in the heart of youth, either to paint the bright events of life with gayer tints, or throw a deeper shade upon the gloomy one's, presented now the darkest poor Ada's brain could fashion—her brother, her dear brother, whose affection she prized, whose genius she revered, whose disposition she loved above that of every other human being, was dead! She fled to her aunt, told her all she feared—a silence of a few moments, convinced her that her surmises were just—and Ada Mowbray seemed, for several succeeding weeks, to stand upon the verge of eternity; but all this was now over. Four years had brought with them new hopes and new affections. Ada looked upon her brother's death as a dark spot in her existence—and, upon the future, as all regard it at eighteen—a scene of

"Straying thro' fairy bowers—
Far, far away from earthly sphere—
A land of music, of light and flowers,
Like what is formed in fancy here."

Yet now she was not free from anxiety. She had a disclosure to make to her father—and although she felt that no blame could attach to her, she dreaded to introduce the subject. Her sense of duty to her father, and respect for herself, told her it must not be deferred. Taking a note from her work-basket, she read it—not gentle reader, as if for the first time—ah, no!—nor yet the second—still with blushes deep as those which glowed beneath that Grecian maiden's veil, who, of her own free choice, forsook a father's for a husband's arms. Trembling and agitated, she descended to the parlour: and with forced calmness, made those trifling, yet affectionate inquiries, which soothe the invalid's confinement. The cushions which lined the easy chair, in which Mr. Mowbray reclined, were re-arranged, the foot-stool moved to a more convenient position, and every habitual attention was performed by the young and gentle nurse.

"Jane, you may now assist Rachel in getting supper; I will remain with my father," she said to the female who had taken her place, during the very short interval she had allowed herself to be absent from her parent's side.

"Rachel can do without me," replied Jane, "if you wish to walk out and enjoy this fine afternoon. Indeed, Miss Mowbray, you should

not confine yourself too much—your father is sufficiently recovered to spare you now."

"Jane is right, Ada," said Mr. Mowbray; "and though I believe, under Heaven, that your presence has been my best restorative, yet I hope you will candidly tell me when your cage is irksome, and I will open the door, and let my lone and tenderly-loved bird loose."

"Nay, father, do not say my cage—rather call it my nest;—and, if my presence is indeed a restorative, long shall you prove its efficacy. I may, 'tis true, take a few flights—but my pinions shall soon bear me back."

"Birds seldom use their wings so," murmured Mr. Mowbray, in a very low voice.

"What do you say, sir?" asked Ada.

"Nothing—my child—nothing," he returned, quickly.

Ada had heard the remark, and discerned the slight ungraciousness couched in her father's words. It was not the first time she had been pained by observations which she fancied were severe; but she banished them from her mind. They were so trifling, that she almost believed it was her own fastidiousness which gave them force to wound her, and she heard that sickness and sorrow often drew petulance in their train. She regained her cheerfulness, and dismissing Jane with some necessary directions respecting the household affairs, she took her usual place near her father's chair, occupying her fingers with her needle, and her thoughts in arranging the manner in which she should announce her secret to her father; at last, it was all told. The note was drawn from the ribbon that encircled her waist; and, with a varying colour and tremulous frame, she placed it in his hand.

"Here, father, is the only letter I have ever received; but, before you read it, let me assure you that it shall be the last, unless with your full approbation. My aunt has encouraged me to believe that that would not be withheld. At the time she said so, you had forbidden me to return home. An absence of four years had estranged me from you; but now that I have been to you what a child should be to a parent, if you think that new ties would weaken the affection that binds me to you, I solemnly declare that I will be Ada Mowbray while you live."

The father clasped his child to his heart, and gave way to the tender emotions which a parent feels, when he receives the effusions of filial love from his offspring. In a few moments, his eye glanced upon the open letter, and he perused the following hastily penned lines:

"When Ada Mowbray left New York, she promised, on the amendment of her father's health, that she would send permission to one whose happiness depends on her, to address Mr. Mowbray. After waiting for months, made tedious by suspense, he is informed by Mr. Mowbray's friends, that the desirable change has taken place, that Mr. Mowbray is convalescent: but no token from Ada rewards him for his silence. Has she changed her opinion since they parted? If so, surely it is a refinement upon cruelty, to let silence convince him of the fact.

"Ada—Ada—forgive me, if I have said aught that is reprehensible;—but the anxiety I endure

must plead in my behalf;—and, even though I may not share them, I will pray for the choicest blessings for my loved Ada.

“Ever yours, &c.

“ALFRED BERRINGTON.”

“Ada, my dear girl, leave me to myself to-night; Jane can bring me my supper. Go, my child, go.”

“Oh, father, father, surely you are not angry! I am your child, and I will do all or anything you wish.”

“I am not angry, Ada; obey me this once, and to-morrow morning, I will see you again as usual.”

Ada left the room, and told Jane her father's wish; she arranged the refreshments that were to be taken to him with her usual care, and then retired to her chamber; but her anxiety to reassure him of her obedience and affection, became so overpowering, that she returned to the parlour. Gently she unclosed the door, and beheld her father on his knees, as if in earnest prayer; but the violent agitation of his frame showed that the holy employment had been engaged in to calm the earthly feelings of the man. Big tears stood in his eyes, his hands were clasped strongly together, and he seemed to address his Maker in agony of soul; but, when his daughter appeared, he started, quitted his lowly posture, and with sternness demanded—“why his commands had not been obeyed?” The terrified girl essayed to utter a few words, to disarm his anger; but, regardless of the fears he caused, he advanced, and seizing her arm, said, in a tone of unmingled severity:

“Ada, my sorrows are my own; I will have no one to pry into them, to partake of them, or to question me concerning them. My business, to-night, is with Him who rules the destinies of man. Go to your chamber; and if you do not wish to leave my desolate home to the solitude in which you found it, do not intrude upon me at unwelcome hours.”

He led her to the door, and she heard him fasten it, as she ascended the stairs. Her heart was full—never had she and her father separated for the night in coldness or displeasure—she seemed as if she had been suddenly deserted, and left sad and lone in the world. But the balm man's prouder nature will not yield—tears, came to her relief, and she wept until her griefs were hushed in sleep. The morning came, but Ada feared to intrude upon her father, until Jane brought the welcome message which summoned her to his chamber, to be again his companion and attendant. All traces of sadness were banished, when she was told that her choice was approved of, and a letter addressed to the elder Mr. Berrington, given for her perusal. It contained a request of an interview with that gentleman, and invited him to visit Enesdale, there being a subject on which Mr. Mowbray wished to consult with him, prior to either party consenting to the union of their children. What that subject could be, Ada evidently desired to learn, but durst not ask;—that was the only alloy to her happiness. Could it be anything of consequence? She feared it was, and that her father's agitation on the preceding night was connected with it. In a few days, Mr. Berrington's answer arrived. It was polite and friendly, giving his entire sanction to his son's marriage with Mr. Mowbray's daughter, but excusing his own presence at Enesdale, on the score of urgent business; he earnestly entreated that ceremony might be laid aside, and Alfred be allowed to hear what Mr. Mowbray wished to discuss, and communicate to him.

Business is always first consulted in the United States; and, although Mr. Mowbray had ceased to occupy himself in bustling life, he respected its claims too much to take umbrage at the denial, particularly as the tone of the letter was calculated to convey the most flattering deference to himself and his daughter. Ada was therefore desired to prepare for the arrival of her lover. Scarcely could she believe it real—but with demure looks, and a fluttering heart, her directions for his accommodation were given.

On the night preceding his arrival, she sat up later than her usual hour, engaged in writing to her aunt. Her father had retired to rest; the day had been unusually warm, and the slight breeze that sprang up as night approached was refreshing. She opened the window to enjoy it, as it wafted the fragrance of the flowers and shrubs into the apartment. Sometimes she wrote and sometimes paused to think on those she loved. At last she started on hearing her name pronounced in a low, almost a whispered tone. It might be fancy, she dropped her pen and listened, scarcely venturing to breathe. It was repeated and met her ear like a once familiar sound. It came from the open window; she approached, astonished and alarmed. Again her name was pronounced. “Who's there,” she called, and looked upon the speaker. The moonlight fell directly upon him, as he stood upon the gravel walk beneath, and disclosed to her horror the figure of an Indian. The plume of feathers which surmounted his drawn-back hair—the rings suspended from his ears—the deerskin mantle which hung from his shoulders, were in that moment of terror recognized as the distinguishing marks of one of those tribes which at that period scattered themselves along the banks of the Ohio. But the flashing eye—the lofty bearing of the savage, as he pronounced her name, and above all, the tone in which that name was uttered, impressed themselves with a strange undefinable sensation on her heart. At the instant fear predominated, and no sooner did the dreaded figure meet her view than, quick as thought, the window was closed, and secured by the fastenings on the inside; then rushing to the chamber in which Jane and Rachel slept, she roused them from their slumbers, and gasping for breath, recounted what she had seen. For some moments she felt so bewildered that she could scarcely explain herself, but when she had recovered in some measure from her alarm, Jane dismissed Rachel to procure some drops, and then recommended Ada not to mention to her father what she had seen. “Oh, no, it is better not,” returned Ada; “but tell me, do you think there is any danger to be apprehended from those barbarians; you know that the minds of the Indians have been excited by the alleged intrusion of the Ohio company on their territory, and, perhaps, some of them may feel animosity towards

my father, who was at one time so actively engaged in it."

"But Mr. Mowbray had not carried on the fur trade for these four years, and I should think if he was ever obnoxious to them it must now be at an end."

"I know not how their minds may be affected, but of this I am sure, that the Pennsylvanians still feel hurt at their trade being infringed upon by the Virginians; for prior to the formation of the Ohio Company they alone carried it on with the tribes on the Ohio, and I have heard many of them allude to the circumstances attending it with much bitterness."

Jane appeared lost in thought for some moments, then she suddenly turned to Ada and asked when Mr. Berrington was expected to arrive.

"To-morrow," returned Ada, "thank Heaven: he will be here to-morrow, and then perhaps we can induce my father to leave this place."

"Then be silent until he comes. Excuse me," continued Jane, "if I speak too freely; but I know Mr. Mowbray's state of health too well not to offer my opinion. I am very certain he will not be a sojourner here long, and we must be cautious. I will go now and wake Nicholas, to see that all is safe. Then, dear Miss Mowbray, you must go to bed and try to recover your good looks against to-morrow."

"Oh, Jane, I do not think of my good looks now; I am only glad to see Alfred, because he will protect and counsel me; and when he is here I shall not fear those dreadful men so much."

Another bed was prepared for Ada in the apartment occupied by Jane and Rachel, as it was not thought advisable to suffer her to sleep alone.

The Indian's form—the mystery of his familiarly using her baptismal name, the tone of his voice passed through her mind. Then her father's inexplicable agitation when her partiality for Alfred Berrington was revealed to him became mingled and confused as sleep made advances upon her waking thoughts, and she was soon involved in dreams of strange and wild images, from which unrefreshed she gladly roused herself as the bright sun dispelled the mists which curled in fantastic wreaths upon the mountain's summit. Scarcely more distinct were the reflections of her cooler reason; the bashfulness which had been almost painful at the thought of the approaching meeting with her lover was much decreased. She now looked upon him as one in whom she could confide and with whom she could consult upon the best means to avert the danger which seemed to threaten her. And yet, she thought he would consider her as visionary in supposing that the voice was one which she had heard before, still that idea clung pertinaciously to her mind, and a feeling of inexplicable awe mingled with her fear. Punctual to the appointed hour Alfred arrived. We shall leave to the imagination of our readers the lover's joy, nor would Ada have immediately clouded it by announcing her cause for apprehension, had even opportunity offered. But there was none, and Alfred was permitted to believe that his fair enslaver was as happy as himself. The subject

to which Mr. Mowbray had alluded, as being necessary to be settled prior to a decided engagement taking place, did not cost him a moment's uneasiness. Mr. Mowbray appeared to have no objection to Alfred Berrington for a son-in-law, and he, in return, had no dislike to Mr. Mowbray for a father-in-law. There sat Ada, as beautiful in his eyes as the fabled Hourii, and he felt nearly contented with his lot. To be sure he had a few things to say to Ada which would have been more appropriate had there been one less of the party, but, on the whole, he was tolerably well contented, and if, as some believe, the hours of courtship are amongst the happiest given to mortals, we may believe that he was superlatively blessed. When Ada had retired for the night, Mr. Mowbray announced his desire to converse with Alfred.

"I would have preferred," said he, "to have had an interview with your father, as there are some painful circumstances connected with my family of which, if he is ignorant, he ought to be informed of; but as business detains him and as ill health confines me here, you must immediately communicate the distressing events to him which have destroyed my strength, and broken my spirits."

"I do not wish to press a disclosure sooner than is desirable to you, sir; but as my happiness depends so completely upon you, I hope you will pardon me if I ask, are those circumstances of a nature to throw obstacles in the way of my becoming the husband of Ada?"

"I believe not; indeed, my sister Arundel assures me, that they will not weigh a feather in your or your father's mind. But Mr. Berrington you view Ada as rich, I must at once undeceive you as to the amount of her portion; half my wealth only can be her's."

"Mr. Mowbray, if you suppose that an object with either my father or myself you are wholly mistaken. If Ada and you will accept me, I care not for her wealth, she would not be less prized by me or my family even though she came to me penniless. Is that the only subject, sir, with which you wish my father to be acquainted?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Mowbray, "would to Heaven it were, but it has pleased Providence to visit me in his wrath. He hath made me desolate—he hath bent his bow, and I am a mark for his arrows!"

Alfred pitied the invalid for the sufferings he appeared to endure, but felt at a loss in what manner to offer consolation for griefs which were so slightly alluded to, as to keep him still in the dark respecting their nature; delicacy prevented his evincing his anxiety to know the whole, and he continued silent, until Mr. Mowbray resumed the subject which his emotions had interrupted:—"Young man," he said, "I feel the awkwardness of the situation in which you are placed: I will, however, end it now, and let the deep sorrows which I now reveal, return to their sanctuary, never again to be renewed; and, when my poor child is made acquainted with it, be you her comforter. She is of a gentle disposition, and the painful tidings which await her, will need the care of a tender friend to soften."

"If she is destined to endure a trial of this nature, give but your consent, and if affection

the most devoted can shield her from one pang, it shall not reach her."

"Your father's consent will also be requisite."

"Of that I am certain. But although while Ada was gay and prosperous my paramount duty should be to him, its direction would assuredly change when she was suffering beneath misfortune."

"Well, well, we need not speak of that. Now to the point." Alfred drew a chair opposite to Mr. Mowbray, and was soon attentively listening to his explanation of the differences between the London Company and the Pennsylvania Fur Traders in the year 1750. The jealousy infused into the minds of the Indians, who apprehended further encroachments upon their territories, he related; and the hostilities which took place between both parties found a place in his hasty narrative; the more immediate part taken by himself as a member of the Virginia Company, which led to the prejudices conceived by a few of the savages against him, while the Iwightees, a tribe near the Miami river, with whom his most extensive dealings had been carried on, regarded him with juster views, as a man desirous to pursue and extend his speculations in fur, but with no sinister views of disposing them of the lands they now held. He was proceeding with evidently increased firmness in his narration, and Alfred listening with more than common interest, when Mr. Mowbray's countenance changed. He gazed upon the open window with a look of agitated and fixed intensity. A livid paleness overspread his countenance. Alfred's eye followed the direction of his, and he distinctly perceived a figure spring from a ladder, upon which he had observed the black servant standing to fasten some briars around the windows in the course of the day; but he was occupied in supporting his apparently horror-stricken host, whose violent emotions filled him with amazement.

"Has my fancy conjured him here," he exclaimed, in wild and hurried accents, "or has he come to mock my misery. On bended knees and with tearful eyes he was besought to come to me, but he scorned my prayers, he was blind to the agony he caused. Yet now—even now—he comes to cloud my Ada's bliss, and to exult and laugh at my broken heart."

The invalid sank in his chair, apparently unconscious of the presence of his guest, who looked about for the bell which he had perceived Ada to ring when she wished to summon the domestics. Its tingling sound was soon followed by the attentive Jane, who first flew to the assistance of Mr. Mowbray, and, having applied restoratives, she asked Alfred the cause of his sudden illness. He told her he believed some person had been in the garden in front of the house, but whether the appearance of a stranger at that unseasonable hour, or the recollection of some past suffering had affected him, he was unable to say. Jane made no remark in reply to his account, and when Mr. Mowbray had a little recovered, she requested him to ring the bell once more; he did so, and Rachel obeyed the summons.

"Rachel," she said, "Mr. Mowbray is ill—

tell Nicholas to come hither; and do you get a light to shew Mr. Berrington to his chamber."

"Had I not better assist Mr. Mowbray in reaching his," asked Alfred. "He may not wish to be intruded on to night by his domestics."

"I have lived in this family, Mr. Berrington, two-and-twenty years; I have attended Mr. Mowbray through all his illness, and I know more of his mind than his daughter, poor girl, does yet. Nicholas, too, was here when the unhappy event took place which has left him thus weak and helpless. Pray, Mr. Berrington, retire for the night; this is not the first time I have seen him thus, and Nicholas and myself have been his sole attendants till within the last six months."

Alfred no longer hesitated, but followed Rachel to the apartment appropriated to him. He did not feel in the most comfortable state of mind. The mystery that seemed to hover around Ada, or rather Ada's father, perplexed him. The incidents of the last evening led him to fear that the distressing events to which Mr. Mowbray had ascribed his ill health and unhappiness might be of such an import as to induce his father to withdraw his assent to his marriage; and, in that case, he should be placed in a most uncomfortable situation. He could not hope that Ada would become his wife contrary to the wish of his family. Yet to part from her he so fondly loved—to leave her surrounded by apparent danger and to certain loneliness, was not to be thought of. He would seek an immediate solution of his doubts, and then decide how to act. He rejoiced that he had come to Enesdale, and not his father, for had he encountered the gloom and mystery which reigned there, it would have sent him back, at once, to his own cheerful home. Before he rose in the morning, the black entered the chamber and presented a note—it contained the following words:

"Say nothing to Ada of what occurred last night. This evening all shall be explained.

Yours,

EDWARD MOWBRAY."

Alfred was compelled to be patient, and the sight of Ada, seated at the breakfast table, wonderfully assisted him in acquiring a portion of that virtue for which Socrates has been so famous.

"My father seldom rises to this repast, but I fear he is not so well this morning as he has been."

"Come, Ada, no fears; you and I shall nurse him together and he will get better; we must induce him to leave this place, and taste a little more the charms of society."

"Ah, that will be impossible, I am sure. My aunt has used her influence to that purpose, but in vain."

"But you have not, Ada—at least not in person. Yet stay; I have not made my complaint. Do you remember saying that if I would be patient and not agitate your father by a premature disclosure of my affection—my adoration—nay, you need not smile so incredulous, for that is the very word—my adoration of you, that on the first symptoms of his recovery you would inform me and I should act as I pleased."

"Well, you knew it through my aunt."

"Yes, so I did; but I could not tell if you would approve of my addressing your father. Ah! Ada, you did not evince much regard for me."

"I could not, Alfred, bring myself to write to you—not because I did not regard you, but I should have felt as if intruding recollections upon you which were perhaps forgotten."

"Is that a fate to be forgotten," he asked, drawing her to a mirror. "No, not even if the heart which animates it had not been so estimable as yours."

"Hush, hush—a truce with such compliments. I want now to talk to you as a friend, and not as a flatterer. Oh, Alfred, I have much to tell you!" Ada proceeded to give an account of the appearance of the Indian at the window. It is strange that the relation of any event which oppresses us, seems to relieve us of a part of the load. Thus it was with Ada. No sooner had she spoken on the subject, and heard the interpretation which her lover put upon it, than she felt her heart lighter; but Alfred became more perplexed, and more anxious for the interview, in which Mr. Mowbray promised to confide events—to hear which, would probably account for the visits of the savage; his fears he concealed in his own bosom, and sought to remove all dark forebodings from Ada's. Soon radiant smiles and brilliant blushes decked her face;—how much of woman's beauty depends upon her mind;—rarely do we see the gay boon of loveliness tarry with her whose hopes are withered, or whose affections are slighted; soon the roses that gave beauty to her cheek, the glances which cast brightness around, vanish when the heart is sad beneath, as if they scorned to waste their treasures in a joyless sphere. Ada was now all gayety and beauty. The rosy hue which dyed her face, deepened in delightful variety, from the delicate hue of the ripening peach, to a crimson, rich enough to rival the colour of her pouting lips—her dark eyes sometimes threw their radiance around—sometimes sank half-concealed, beneath the long silken fringes of her eye-lids; but, while her eyes and blushes were thus in play, her tongue, gentle reader, did its duty too, and exerted itself in a thousand playful caprices, which would have been unheeded, if unaccompanied by the blushes, smiles and glances, which we have endeavoured to describe. It seemed scarcely a moment to Alfred, before the handsome china-equipage was washed by her fair hands, and arranged in proper order for being conveyed to the beaufet.

"Will you not show me your garden, Ada?" asked he.

"Yes—yes—as soon as I have given orders for dinner; that done, I am ready to attend you."

"Oh, leave that to somebody else for to-day—do, Ada—you are as much a housekeeper, as if you were forty years of age."

"Thank you for the compliment; I confess I pride myself a little on my knowledge in that way."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alfred, laughing; "I was not aware that you did so, and should certainly never have inquired, if you possessed it."

"No! no! you are full of raptures at the

charms of poetry and painting, music and botany—is it not so?"

"You are right;—you are right."

"But, suppose you are going to purchase a garden, and that you could have but one;—you are conducted to two. The first is adorned with flowers of every tint—Tulips, that might have graced the Turkish Feast—Forget-Me-Nots', such as ancient legends tell us that a chivalrous youth used to procure for his mistress. Narcissus—fairer than those into which he who loved himself so well, was transformed—in short, all that could regale the sense are there. From thence, you are led to another, where those gems of the earth are few and far between, but where the vigorous cabbage, the cold lettuce, the homely potatoe"—

"Stay! stay! that's enough!—that's quite enough!"

"Well, sir, now for your choice—say which shall it be—"The gay parterre, or the cabbage-garden?"

"Oh, the cabbage-garden, by all means!"

"Then choose a wife by the same rule. Let there be flowers of wit and literature to garnish her conversation, if you will; but let the more lasting evergreens of economy, good order and prudence prevail, that, when the Spring and Summer are fled, or, in other words, when youth and beauty are gone, she may have wherewithal to render the winter of her years valuable."

"I must write that to my father, Ada."

"Oh, he says you are an idle fellow!"

"Never, until you made me so."

"Is that your excuse!—Well, you shall not say so any longer; here, take this knife, and prune those shrubs for me; and she pointed to some at the end of the shrubbery.

"What, alone!"

"No; I will rejoin you as soon as I have seen that my father wants for nothing, and exerted a few of those qualifications which your exalted notions led you to overlook, in your search for a wife."

Alfred sauntered to the shrubbery, but was very far from occupying himself wholly with his pruning-knife. The appearance of the Indian, as related by Ada, and the figure he had himself seen, raised uneasy suspicions in his mind. He naturally deemed the lonely dwelling at Ensdale unsafe for Mr. Mowbray's family to inhabit; and the want of confidence between the father and daughter, on the subject of their fears, he judged more injurious to their health and happiness, than the full disclosure of any circumstance, however distressing in its nature, could possibly have been. The instant he was made acquainted with the misfortunes which threw so dark a shade over the family, with whom he hoped to be more intimately connected, he resolved, if possible, to banish all mystery, and endeavour, by mutual sympathy and unreserve, to lessen, if not destroy, the sorrow which threatened to overwhelm them. While thus he pondered, Ada appeared at the little gate which opened from the paling, that bounded the flower-garden, beneath the front windows of the mansion; she drew her calash over her face, to shield it from the rays of the sun, and tripped towards him; soon he perceived her make a full stop, and fix her eyes upon a part of the shrub-

bery nearer the house. Ada, in truth, gazed with fear and wonder; for, amidst the trees, she beheld the form of the Indian chief. The supplicating attitude which he assumed, as for an instant he paused beneath their shade, partly disarmed her terror; but again the strange, indefinable tone met her ear—"Ada, I entreat you to hear me," he uttered; and she flew towards Alfred.

"Nay, then, I will be heard," repeated the savage, springing forward, and grasping her arm. A loud piercing shriek from the affrighted girl's lips, brought Alfred to her side; one second more, and the Indian and he grappled, as if in mortal combat: now, Alfred appeared to gain the mastery; but his form was no match, in point of strength, for that of his opponent. Ada rent the air with her shrieks, while the short and desperate struggle lasted. Alfred was dashed to the earth. "Mercy! mercy!" articulated Ada, as she beheld the Indian place his hand in his bosom, imagining that he was about to draw forth some deadly weapon, while her horror was increased by the appearance of another of the Red Men. It was the work of a moment, for Alfred to spring upon his feet, and receive the pruning-knife, which had fallen, during the contest, from Ada's hand. The quick eye of the Indian observed the action, with a tiger's strength, he rushed upon the youth, but soon staggered back, the blade sticking in his side. Mr. Mowbray, and the remainder of the household, now reached the lawn; but Ada was unconscious of aught save the wounded savage, who drew from his bosom a long tress of hair, with an embroidered but faded blue ribbon.

"From whom did you obtain that?" she asked, in a gasping voice.

"From your own hands, most worthy daughter of the White Man. Take it," he continued, as he drew forth the weapon which had pierced him, and the crimson torrent followed; but heedless of pain and weakness, he pressed the tress to the gory wound, and flung it at her feet. "Take it, gentle lady; it will be a glorious trophy now, dyed as it is in a brother's blood!"

"Oh! what means all this?—Father, father,"

she cried, addressing the trembling invalid, who had with fainting steps approached the fatal spot, and now supported by the black and the female domestics, looked with silent despair upon the scene: "Is not my brother dead?—Oh! what fiend is this, that usurps his voice, and purloins my parting gift to him?—Ay! lie there!" she continued, pointing to the stained and sullied tress, "the bosom in which thou wast cherished, lies cold beneath the sod!"

"Oh, would it did!" groaned the agonized parent—"would it did! but, no! it has been borne upon one which is an alien to the ties of blood, and cold to the claims of kindred!"

"Ties of blood and kindred! Ay! my white brethren cheat themselves with sounds like these. They might have deluded me; but now, to the winds, I bequeath them. Farewell! my gentle sister!—Your kind reception has sent me to make my home forever beneath the leafy covering of the forest. Radensah," continued he, turning to his companion, who stood in apparent apathy near him: "Radensah, summon our friends!" Radensah gave a low whistle,

and was answered by a yell, from various parts of the valley. The Indians issued from their places of concealment, and encircled the Renegade. Radensah pointed to his wound—silently four of the party raised him. "Farewell!" he exclaimed; "farewell! the Red Man's home shall now be mine forever!" Slowly the savage band retired, neither evincing surprise or concern at the disaster of their companion, and totally unheeding the afflicted party on the lawn. As little did they regard the entreaties of Ada, who followed after them, beseeching her brother to pause but for a moment; but onward still they went their way, and she sank upon the earth in agony.



THE OLD MAID'S LEGACY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

OLD maids, at times, have singular notions of metaphysics, and why should they not; since the remark is equally applicable to some able professors, who receive large salaries to declaim in colleges.

Penelope Singleton early imbibed the idea that there was no family as free from alloy as the Singletons on this side of the Atlantic. There was not a tradesman or a mechanic to be found even among the most distant branches of the genealogical tree. All the Singletons were either gentlemen or ladies—born to consume, not to produce. Ornamental, but not useful. Panoplied with these notions, Miss Penelope was unapproached, and unapproachable.

Her brother, Reginald Singleton, of Singleton Hall, was the magnus Apollo of the family. Every family has its magnus Apollo. There is a white bird in all flocks, no matter how black the rest may be. Reginald had been a colonel in the militia, before it was customary to appear on parade armed with corn-stocks and broomsticks, and as he had been called colonel time out of mind, it was generally believed that he had served under Washington. This opinion he deemed it unnecessary to rectify, and whenever the question was too closely pressed, he would evade it, by saying, "it was unpleasant to talk about the services he had rendered his country." Like the rest of the family, the colonel was a great stickler for gentility, and that he might maintain his pretensions to the last, he died one day with a fit of the gout in his stomach. There needs no other proof that he was a gentleman; for as Galen sagely remarks, the gout is the most aristocratic of all diseases, and Galen was tolerable authority before panaceas and catholicons came in fashion.

The colonel, like non-productives generally, died involved. He had made a nice calculation that Singleton Hall would supply his wants for a certain number of years, and when that time elapsed, the accuracy of his arithmetic was fully tested. The colonel died, having spent his last dollar, and his property was found to be mortgaged for its full value. It requires talents of no ordinary grade to make a calculation of this description; for if he had accidentally slipped a figure, and the gout in his stomach had not come to his relief at

the precise moment his resources had left him, it is no difficult matter to conceive how the colonel would have been astonished. It is the lot of many to play their part through life with credit, but few have the knack to time a happy exit, and that to the ambitious is all important, for we are remembered only as we were when we died, and not as when we lived.

The colonel, besides a host of creditors, left two daughters to mourn his loss. The elder, whose name was Isabel, was about twenty, and her sister Mary two years younger. They were both lovely girls, though the elder had been partially deprived of reason for several years. The girls at the time of our story resided in Singleton Hall, a splendid mansion on the banks of the Delaware, without any other means of support than the interest of what their father owed. Mary, in a similar manner and keep their

The time having arrived when aunt Penelope felt that she was about to be gathered to her fathers, she prepared to set her house in order; and though she had herself done but little to perpetuate the Singleton family, she imagined that the world would come to an end, should it become extinct. What would after ages do without them! No; Mary must be married to give the world assurance of a man. But who was worthy to receive the hand of the sole heir of all the pride of the Singletons! No one but a Singleton! Fortunately Mary's cousin Arthur, a lieutenant in the navy, whose worthy aunt would have condemned her to the Malthusian life she had led her

Arthur was chosen upon for this important duty. But he was at sea, and as the young couple had not seen each other for four years, possibly in this world of disappointments something might occur to thwart her latest wishes. Accordingly, she framed her will in such a way as she imagined would bring about what she most desired. If there was any thing on earth to be relied upon, it was the generosity of the Singletons. There was not a selfish bone in the body of one of them. Taking this position for granted, she bequeathed all her fortune to Arthur and Mary, but the one who should first refuse to accept the other in marriage should be entitled to the whole legacy. This was working by the rule of contraries, but then she knew that neither would be so selfish as to refuse for the purpose of enriching himself.

There was a certain Mr. Jenkins living in the vicinity of Singleton Hall. Joseph Jenkins, a cotton spinner, who was as full of motion and bustle as one of his own jennies. He belonged to that class of men who appear to have been sent into the world for no other purpose than to spin cotton and make money. He possessed the charm of Midas, and he cared not a rush for high tariff or low tariff, for whatever he touched was converted into gold. Your undistinguished Joseph Jenkins is the right fellow to travel prosperously through this dirty world. Your high-sounding Mortimers and Fitzhughs, too frequently sink dejected by the way-side; but who ever heard of a Jenkins, Smith or Jones sticking in the mire. And if such an accident should chance to befall them, they have the consolation of not being identified in the myriads of the same cognomen, and shortly you see them brushing the

dirt from their heels, and travelling on as spruce and impudently as ever. The name of Jones or Smith is about as convenient an inheritance as a man's godfather can bestow upon him.

Joseph Jenkins was a good fellow in the main. He was as industrious as a brewer's horse, and at the same time as liberal as a prince. Colonel Singleton was charmed with his company, for Jenkins lent him money freely, without examining too closely into the security, and the cotton spinner was equally charmed with the company of the colonel, as it afforded him frequent opportunities of seeing the fair face of Mary. And many a long yarn he spun with her, until she began to look upon him with much favour in spite of his plebeian calling.

Our voracious history commences in the month of May, in the year 18—. The colonel and his sister Penelope had resolved themselves into their primitive elements, and notwithstanding the large space they had occupied in their passage through this world, they now remained perfectly quiet in a very narrow compass, and in spite of their pride, their possessions were upon an equality with the meanest of their neighbours. Death is your only true radical; he reduces all to the same level; a heap of ashes;—nothing more! We occasionally meet with men, loth to believe this fact, though solemnly proclaimed every Sabbath from the pulpit.

It was the smiling month of May; the fields had put on their livery of green; the blue birds were singing on the budding trees, and old Delaware rolled as freely and as majestically as though he had never been subject to ice-bound fetters. Phœbus was spurring his fiery footed steeds over the Jersey hills, with such speed, as though he had over slept his time in the rosy arms of Tethys—or, in common parlance, it was about two hours after sun rise, when a gallant, well mounted, and gay as a bird in spring, rode up to the lofty piazza in front of Singleton Hall. He dismounted, deliberately fastened his fine bay hackney to a post, there planted for the purpose, set his dress in order, and then knocked at the door, with an air that spoke as plainly as a knock could speak, that he was confident of receiving a cordial welcome. Having waited some time and no one appearing, he repeated the knock, rather impatiently, when an old negro man unlocked the door, opened it, and stood in the door-way. He was dressed in a drab frock-coat, of the fashion of that described in the celebrated ballad of Old Grimes; the cuffs and collar of which were of tarnished scarlet, as an evidence that he belonged to a family of distinction. There is nothing like your negro in livery for settling the case of a family, from Maine to Georgia.

"Good morning, Cato; charming morning this," said the gentleman, as the old black stood in the door-way.

"Fine day, Massa Jenkins," replied Cato for the new colour was no other than the veritable Joseph Jenkins; of cotton spinning celebrity.

"Is your Mistress stirring yet, Cato?"

"Yes, sar. She rises with the lark, every morning, sar. We study to preserve our health at Singleton Hall, sar."

"That's right, Cato. There is no wealth like health. The sun seldom catches me with my night-cap on. We were not born to sleep out

our existence. Now, Cato, announce my arrival to Miss Singleton, for I must be at the factory again in a couple of hours. Business, business, you know, must be attended to. Eh! Cato."

"Yes, sar. And you had better lose no time, sar, for you cannot see my young mistress, sar."

"Cannot see her!" exclaimed Jenkins, "I, her friend, lover—almost husband! to be denied an interview! Come, come, old ebony, you are jesting."

"No joke, sar. Miss Mary charged me to give you your dismissal in as polite a manner as possible."

"My dismissal!" exclaimed Jenkins, starting like a young tragedian in the ghost scene in Hamlet—"My dismissal!"

"Yes, sar: no joke, sar," continued Cato, with philosophic phlegm, "as you will perceive by this letter, written by Miss Singleton's own little white hand. We do every thing, according to etiquette at Singleton Hall, sar."

Cato handed Jenkins a letter, at the same time slightly bending his erect body, and shaking his curly gray head, which he considered the only legitimate aristocratical bow, being modelled upon that of his master, the colonel. Jenkins received the letter, and with some agitation breaking the seal, read as follows:

MY DEAR JENKINS,—

Circumstances that it is impossible for me to explain to-day, compel me to postpone our union for the present, and perhaps for ever. If I have any influence over you, pray suspend your visits at Singleton Hall, until such time as I may deem it prudent to recall you.

MARY SINGLETON.

"It is plain; plain as noon-day!" ejaculated Jenkins.

"Very true, sar. Nothing could be plainer," responded Cato, bowing. "There is no mistake at Singleton Hall, sar."

"Here is a pretty piece of caprice! It was but yesterday she partook of all my joy, and now—no matter! Let those explain woman who can; for my part, I would sooner attempt to unravel the riddle of the Sphinx, or find out the philosopher's stone."

"It would be an easier task, sar," replied Cato. "I am now sixty, and never attempted to unfurl a woman in my life: and strange to say, the older I grow, the less am I inclined to undertake it."

Jenkins heard nothing of the interruption of Cato, for his mind was engrossed with reflections which arose in too rapid succession even to give them utterance. What was it that created this sudden revolution in his matrimonial prospects? Had family pride, which, according to his notions, was "vox et preterea nihil," made his bank stock, spinning-jennies, cotton stuff, and rail-road scrip kick the beam? Had she taken a sudden dislike to his person?—or had some one made a more advantageous offer? Had he been slandered?—or had he done any thing to offend her delicacy? Various queries of this kind arose in the mind of Mr. Jenkins, not one of which could he answer satisfactorily; but on one point he was

perfectly satisfied, and that was that he had been very shabbily treated, for it occurred to Mr. Jenkins that he had already lent more money on Singleton Hall, than he ever expected to see again, and its inmates had for years past, in all cases of emergency, first applied to him for advice, and never failed to receive assistance. Such reflections, in a moment of irritation, might have occurred to a less matter of fact mind than that of Mr. Jenkins, and the obligation might have been cancelled by giving them utterance; for it is somewhere laid down, that as soon as you advert to a favour conferred you deserve to be repaid with ingratitude—a cheap and common mode, by the way, of repaying an obligation—but Mr. Jenkins did nothing of the kind; he kept his thoughts between his teeth, walked silently and deliberately to the post where he had hitched his horse, mounted, and retraced his steps at a brisk canter.

"Good morning, sar, and a pleasant ride to you," exclaimed Cato, bowing; but Mr. Jenkins returned no answer, and Cato entered the house and closed the door.

Miss Mary Singleton had witnessed the foregoing interview from the parlour window and though she had overheard nothing she had seen enough to convince her that her lover had departed in a less pleasant humour than he approached the house. She arose from the breakfast table as Cato entered.

"Well Cato, has Mr. Jenkins gone?"

"Yes, Miss, as fast as his horse can carry him; and a very fine horse that too of Mr. Jenkins—good bit of flesh for a factory man to ride, but not to be compared to old master's Nicodemus. Han't got the blood no how."

"I hope you acquitted yourself of your message with all delicacy."

"O, certainly, Miss—old Cato never loses sight of the family dignity, no how. But my politeness was thrown away. Massa Jenkins has gone off in a furious passion. Only see how he puts the spur to his nag. Hard life that, to be a factory man's hackney."

Miss Singleton looked out of the window, and beheld her lover riding along the avenue as if he had studied the art of horsemanship in the school of the celebrated John Gilpin.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, "he loves me very much!"

"Never saw a man so much in love in all my life," responded Cato.

"Ah! Why do you imagine so?"

"Thing's very plain, missus. Only see how he rides. Your true lover always goes ahead as if old Nick were driving him."

The young lady, perfectly satisfied with the conclusion of Cato, withdrew, while the old man continued watching the progress of the manufacturer, inwardly congratulating himself upon the diplomatic manner in which he had upheld the dignity of the Singleton family. Indeed, since the death of his master, he began to look upon himself as one of the Corinthian pillars of the ancient house—in fact the only one to sustain the magnificent ruin.

Old Cato's meditations were interrupted by a handsome vehicle dashing along the avenue, which drove up to the house and stopped at the door. A handsome young fellow, dressed in a

naval uniform, alighted and rang at the bell. Cato immediately recognised in the new comer, Arthur Singleton, and hastened to receive him in due form; but before opening the door, he was heard crying out, "John, William, Thomas!" but neither of these imaginary personages making his appearance, after growling at their negligence he opened the door, and with an air of importance proceeded to ring a bell, which extended to the back buildings.

"Never mind disturbing yourself, old man," said Arthur, "my servant can attend to the horses."

"These fellows, sar, are always out the way, since the death of the colonel. But they shall all be discharged. Useless *varment*! And you shall not see one of them under this roof to night." He could make that assertion in safety.

"Come, come, be pacified, and don't make so much disturbance on my account."

"For whom should I make it, if not for Captair Singleton?"

"So you know me, it seems, old fellow."

"Yes, sar. You are the only son of Marmaduke Singleton, who was the brother of my old master the colonel, peace to his remainders, who married a Howard of Howard Park in Virginny, whose mother was a Talbot, whose grandmother was a Calvert,"—

"Stop, stop, Cato, why you are a living record; and the genealogical tree, though long since reduced to ashes, is still green in your memory."

"Ah! sar, these matters are too important to be forgotten; and we who belong to good families should set a proper value on our birthright, even when there's nothing else remaining."

"And are you also tinctured with family pride, old lad?"

"Yes, sar," replied the old black, standing more erect, "thank heaven, I can boast that the Catos have been born and bred in the Singleton family for two centuries. No low black puddle in these veins. My great grandfather was old Cudjo, who married Quashee, whose father was a king in Guinea. Their eldest son was Sambo, famous in his day for playing on the banjo. Sambo he married Phillis, then come the first Cato—"

"I will hear the remainder when I am more at leisure, so show me into the parlour, and announce my arrival."

Cato, with many bows, ushered the young officer into the parlour, then returned to the piazza, and again rang lustily at the bell; but no one appearing, he called over the roll of imaginary servants, and then showed the coachman the way to the stable, all the time muttering at the want of attention on the part of the "useless *varment*."

Mary Singleton, upon whom the care of the family had almost exclusively devolved, in consequence of the mental aberration of her sister, was of a tall and stately figure, though agile as a sylph in her movements. Her eyes and luxuriant hair were jet black, and her beautiful and delicate features, had an expression of masculine firmness, that denoted more decision of character than might have been expected from so fragile and lovely a being, educated in seclusion. Still this very seclusion may have produced the results

referred to, as from her childhood she had been taught to respect herself, and to believe that her family occupied a large space in the public eye. When opinions of this kind have taken root, even the harshest collision with the world proves insufficient to dissipate the delusion. No one can patiently bear even a sprig to be taken from the tree of his self-esteem. It germinates in childhood, and too frequently in our progress through this world, we find that it is all that the world has left us. Well, let the world take all but that, for it is heaven's own legacy—a green spot in the desert.

Arthur had examined the pictures, with which the room was decorated, over and over again, with the eye of a connoisseur, not that he had a taste for the arts, but for the lack of something to do, when his fair cousin Mary entered; her cheeks were flushed, and her manners somewhat embarrassed, as she said,

"A thousand pardons, cousin Arthur, for having made you wait!"

"Nay, cousin, I should rather ask to be excused, as I arrive a day sooner than my letter announced. But my impatience was natural, and now I have seen you, I regret we had not met earlier."

This compliment only tended to increase the embarrassment of Miss Singleton, which doubtless will appear very strange to my fair reader; but it should be borne in mind that my heroine was born and educated in the country. Arthur, who had not the gift of ornamental flourish in conversation, proceeded, it must be allowed, not in the most diplomatic manner, to explain the object of his visit.

"Cousin, you are aware we are destined for each other. Under these circumstances it is natural on our first interview to feel some embarrassment, but I beseech you to banish all restraint with me. Speak frankly, and act frankly."

Miss Singleton making no reply, Arthur continued—

"As for myself, I acknowledge without hesitation that I find you even more lovely than I anticipated; and faith, coz, I expected much too, for well I remembered what a little sylph you were when we were play-fellows. I have thought of you many a time, when the ocean rolled between us, and taxed my imagination to present me with the full development of your early promise."

"And are you not disappointed, Arthur?" demanded Mary, in a tone that denoted any thing but satisfaction at the favourable impression she had produced. "This may appear strange, but still not the less true."

"Disappointed!—I am but too happy that our names have been joined together in the last will of our aunt, and for myself I will undertake that there should be no lapse of the legacy."

"You increase my embarrassment. I know not how to answer."

"Come, come, I am not that coxcomb to imagine that my merit on a first interview could make as favourable an impression as your's has done. But to-morrow—"

"To-morrow! Shall I discover all your merit in twenty-four hours!" replied Mary, archly.

"Really, cousin, you must acknowledge the term is rather short for such a labour."

"Not to an apt scholar, Mary, with a good preceptor. But there's a clause in the will which forbids my giving you longer time. To-morrow we must demand each other's answer, and I forewarn you that you will obtain no delay; for it would be dangerous for me to prolong my stay near you, when with a single word you can destroy all my hopes."

"Pray be seated, and explain."

"The will in question is one of the strangest acts that can be imagined, even in an age resolved to be astonished at nothing. Our aunt has laid down two principles as incontestable truths; the first, that you are the most accomplished woman on this side of the Atlantic, and that the possessor of your hand will be the the happiest creature in christendom."

"The jest pleases me. Pray go on."

"On the first point I confess I am entirely of her opinion, but as to the second—"

"Well, well—why hesitate? Let us hear the second."

"Pardon my confusion—she pretends that I am exactly such a man as you are a woman."

"It appears that she had not a bad opinion of the family," replied Mary, laughing.

"O, she was a woman of discernment, coz, and notwithstanding her modesty, out of respect to her memory we must admit that she was right. So these two principles being taken for granted—"

"It is easy to foresee the consequences."

"Plain as noonday," continued Arthur. "We are absolutely formed for each other—there is no escape for either, and in marrying we shall make a match of both convenience and inclination."

"And have we but twenty-four-hours to make up our minds?" demanded Miss Singleton.

"That's all. The will is positive."

"It appears, notwithstanding the perfection which our aunt supposed us to be possessed of, that she did not believe us capable of standing a very long examination."

"She rather presumed an examination to be altogether unnecessary. But this is not all; she has taken other means to insure our union. She leaves all her fortune between us, in case we fulfil her wishes, but, on the contrary, should one be refused by the other—"

"She leaves that one all, no doubt, as a consolation," exclaimed Miss Singleton. "Cousin, I have a great mind to make you rich. What say you?"

"Make me rich! How?—by rejecting me?"

"Certainly. True, you will lose the most accomplished woman on this side the Atlantic; but then you will receive a handsome fortune, without the incumbrance of a wife."

"Zounds! Have a care or you will ruin me," exclaimed the young sailor. "The better to insure the success of her plan, she makes that one her sole legatee who shall first refuse the other."

"Ah! that alters the case. I cannot reject you on those terms, Arthur."

"And she forbids all kind of collusion on the penalty of the estate passing to distant relations."

They were interrupted by an exclamation at the door:—"I tell you I will go in. It is useless. I will see him again; I will." Isabel entered the apartment with a hurried step. Her long auburn hair was straying in confusion, her gentle and lovely countenance was animated and suffused with blushes, and an unnatural wildness kindled in her deep blue eyes. Her sylph-like form would have served as a model for a poet when he peoples his ideal world with all that is delicate and beautiful, and her gentle mind might be likened to the æolian harp, that discourses most eloquent music when wooed by the summer breeze, but the first rude blast jars every string, and turns all the harmony to discord.

Isabel, looking around wildly, continued:—"I wished—I came—I know not now why I came—but there was something! Assist me sister. I tremble and I blush as when you sometimes scold me. But for all that you are very good to me, sister, very good. Ah! hide me! I'm afraid"—she concealed her face in Mary's bosom.

"Recover yourself, dear Isabel," said Mary, and turning to Arthur, continued, "You see, cousin, the situation of this poor unfortunate."

"I am distressed that my presence has caused this apprehension," he replied, and at the sound of his voice Isabel raised her head, but did not turn her face towards him.

"Mary, I believe he spoke to me. Did he not speak?"

"He did."

"O! how sweet his voice is! I remember that voice."

"My presence, I fear, offends her; I had better retire."

Isabel turned to him, her face illuminated with smiles, and exclaimed hurriedly—

"O! no, no, no! Do not leave us. Stay stay." She paused, and looked at him intently—"Ah! I have it. Stay—Arthur."

"You have not forgot my name, then?"

"I just this moment recollected it. Arthur! —Arthur!" she repeated, and laughed. "Is it not strange I had forgotten it! When I spoke of you to my sister, and said 'he,' he loved me much, he was very good to me, she always asked me what he? She could not understand me. Nevertheless it was very clear. He—that meant Arthur. And you have not forgotten my name, I hope?"

"Dear Isabel!"

"Right, that is my name. I knew you would not forget it. But years ago you used to call me your little Bell. We were children then. Still call me so, and I shall feel like a happy child again."

"My gentle little Bell."

"That's it. The same gentle tone. It has rung in my ears since we parted. I always hear it at night, but never in the day time. But, Arthur—you see I do not forget—I have two names now; they have given me another since I last saw you, and a very terrible one it is. Whenever I go to the village, the little children follow me, and point their fingers at me, crying 'the silly girl, there goes the silly girl.' My sister is very good to me—very—she always calls me Isabel; and you too, Arthur—you see—will you not call me Isabel?"

"I will call you my little Bell, as in the days of our childhood."

"Do, O! do! and then I shall dream of the green fields and the flowers, and shall hear the gay birds sing again as sweetly as they sang in our childhood. It is strange that the birds no longer sing as blithely as they used to."

The major domo of Singleton Hall, old Cato, now entered, and with many bows announced that Arthur's chamber was now ready for him. That the room assigned to him was that in which Lafayette had slept the night after the battle of Brandywine, which would account for the furniture being somewhat antiquated, as, for the honour of the family, nothing had been changed since that memorable epoch.

"That's well, Cato," replied Arthur, "a seaman is not difficult to please. Give him but sea room and a hammock, and he is satisfied."

"Then, sar," continued Cato, "there is a fine view of the river, the green meadows, and a garden of flowers under your window."

"A fine view, and a garden of flowers! nothing more is wanting. I love flowers."

"Farewell, sister. Good-by, Arthur," exclaimed Isabel, gaily; and was about hurrying out of the room.

"Where are you going, child?"

Isabel approached her sister, and said, with a mysterious air—"I will return presently; but do not betray me. Say nothing to any one. It is a secret. Good-by, Arthur." She raised her finger to Mary, as if she would impose secrecy, and ran smiling out of the room.

"Where is she going in such haste?"

"I know not," replied Miss Singleton. "Some idea has struck her, but the light of reason no sooner breaks upon her than she becomes crazed again. Your pardon, cousin, you are fatigued. Cato, conduct Lieutenant Singleton to his chamber."

She was about to retire, and Arthur handed her to the door of the apartment. Old Cato placed his fore-finger beside his ebony proboscis, and thus gave vent to his cogitations:—

"Well, all goes right. The captain will carry the day. I was half afraid of that cotton spinning Massa Jenkins; but O! these women! An officer's coat, with a handsome man in it, is a good excuse for changing her mind."

Arthur returned, and clapping the old philosopher on the shoulder, awakened him from his reverie, and said,

"Well, Cato, you have not shown me the Lafayette chamber."

"Pardon me, captain. I wait on you. This way, this way, sar;" and he showed him out with all the ceremony of the grand chamberlain of the court of France, or any other court where flummery is in fashion.

Colonel Singleton had been twice married; Isabel was the daughter of the first wife, and Mary of her successor. There exists a vulgar prejudice against step mothers; and the conduct of the colonel's helpmate towards Isabel, did not form an exception to the prevalent opinion. She was a haughty, selfish woman, and ambitious that all the honours and wealth of the family should descend to her own daughter, to the exclusion of Isabel; and when she heard that aunt Penelope purposed making her nephew Ar-

thur, and the colonel's eldest daughter her heirs, she determined that her own child's name should be inserted in the will, in the place of that of her sister; and what cannot woman accomplish when she devotes all her energies to one object.

Isabel's life became one series of annoyance; her step-mother's dislike was manifested on all occasions, and finally the poor girl perceived that even the affection of her father was in some degree alienated from her. In order to make "assurance double sure," her step-mother proposed that she should be married to a penurious old man, who, attracted by her beauty, had solicited her hand, and the colonel was tempted by the proposal, as the suitor was wealthy, which encouraged his helpmate to press the matter zealously, and at the same time enabled her to cloak her sinister motives. Persuasion failing, force was threatened, and the poor girl whose mind had been enfeebled by a series of persecutions, finding herself about to be consigned to the arms of an old man she despised, fell into convulsions, from which she narrowly escaped with life; and when she was restored to health her tears ceased to flow; her countenance was changed; and the vacant glare of the eye denoted an alienated mind. About a year after this event, death issued his summons for her step-mother; but in the mean time aunt Penelope had made her will, as already recited.

Early in the morning, following the arrival of Arthur, Isabel was alone in the parlour, arranging a beautiful boquet of spring flowers. She performed her task with an air of caution, as if she wished to avoid being detected, and her blushing countenance was illuminated by a smile of satisfaction. When her task was completed, she murmured as she stood gazing at it, "I love flowers—those were his words. This will afford him pleasure, and I shall be very happy." Arthur entered the apartment without perceiving her—she ran to him and said.

"Arthur—yes, it is you. I knew your step."

"Isabel!—what, here alone!"

"Alone! oh, no; you are here!" she replied, placing her hand upon her heart.

"My charming cousin."

"And you—have you thought about poor Isabel, since we parted last evening?"

"Have I thought of you? Indeed have I, incessantly."

"I am glad of that. I have thought of you until I dreamt that you had returned. Tell me, you have been far distant, and have at length returned."

"Yes, Isabel."

"Heavens! If she should also return!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"My mother. Hark! do you not hear her." she exclaimed wildly. "She comes—that is her voice!—there—there! Ah! she threatens me." She clasped her hands in an imploring attitude. "Mother, mercy, mercy, I beseech you. Do not force me,—I cannot marry him. My heart's another's. Ah! approach me not," she continued with increased violence. "I cannot, will not—death sooner." She recoiled and threw herself, trembling, into the arms of her cousin.

"Dear Isabel, recover yourself."

"Where am I! Who calls me, in that kind and gentle voice! Ah—is it you, Arthur, is it

you! What has happened? How I burn here," she added, touching her forehead.

"You suffer."

"O, no;" she replied in a voice of tenderness, and smiling fondly on him, "O, no!—I have seen you once again, and that repays me for all. But who was it told me you had gone away—forsaken me. It is not true, is it? You would not give me pain. You love me too much for that, Arthur?"

"Indeed do I."

"Take care," she continued with an air of mystery, "if you deceive me, I shall soon discover it." She ran smiling to the vase of flowers, and taking one of them, carefully stripped it of its leaves, one by one. "You remember this is the way I tested your love in our childhood."

They were interrupted by Mary, who now entered the parlour, followed by old Cato, who stood erect at the door. She spoke to him as they entered—

"It is well, Cato; if he returns, let me know. Fortunately he has gone without seeing Arthur," she added, in a low tone.

The bustling Mr. Joseph Jenkins, early as it was, had already been at Singleton Hall, and this time he determined to have an interview with his dulcinea, for Joseph was as systematic in his love affairs as he was in business, and he succeeded. The interview was a brief one, and abruptly terminated in the cotton spinner leaping on his hackney in a huff, and starting off at a brisk trot, after bidding a hasty and cold adieu to his mistress. Cato withdrew.

"Good morning cousin. How do you like Singleton Hall?" said Mary.

"It is a charming spot, and its inmates render it more so. I have been conversing with Isabel. What a strange existence. So young, so beautiful, and for ever deprived of reason. But let us quit so painful a subject. I thank you Miss, for the delicate attention you have paid me."

"How! in what manner?"

"I yesterday by chance, spoke of my taste for flowers, and I find the parlour decorated with them."

"No, cousin, it is not to me, but doubtless to old Cato, that you are indebted for this attention."

"At all events, allow me to present you this," he said, selecting a bouquet, and presenting it to Mary. Isabel, who watched him in silence, darted forward and snatched the flowers from her sister, saying,

"That must not be. That bouquet is for me, me only. It was I who gathered them,"

"You!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes. Why should that astonish you. I heard you say that you loved flowers, and I remember a little flaxen headed boy who used to gather the wild flowers in the meadows with me; he loved them much, and he loved me also."

"It was for me then. Pardon me, Isabel, I will repair the wrong." He took the bouquet and presented it to her; she received it with a smile, and pressed it to her heart, saying, "Now it shall never leave me, but wither and fade there."

"Truly, dear Arthur, you work miracles," said

Mary. "Since your arrival she seems at times to have some recollection."

"Ah! look at her now." She has again fallen into the reverie from which she escaped for a moment." Isabel stood motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground. Cato entered, and said to Miss Singleton in an under tone,

"Massa Jenkins come back again Missus."

"Tell him I will see him presently." She apologized to Arthur for abruptly leaving him, and went out of the room with the old servant.

"I am glad they are gone," said Isabel, "We can now talk together. Tell me, Arthur, what were we speaking of, when my sister interrupted us. Help me to recall my thoughts. How terrible it is to forget, and to know that one forgets."

"Dear Isabel, do not dwell on this subject, it injures you much."

"It has injured me; it injures me still. It was of my step-mother we were speaking."

"You have been very unhappy in my absence, have you not?"

"O, yes; for I was fearful. But that is over; you have returned, and my fears are gone. You will defend me, will you not?"

"Certainly, I will protect you, and be ever near you."

"How you encourage me! My good sister also often strove to encourage me, but she did not succeed so well. Your presence, your looks, the tone of your voice inspire me with confidence. Speak, speak, I love to hear you speak."

"Dear Isabel, listen to me. Let us try to reason together."

"O yes, yes, let us reason," she exclaimed, laughing and rubbing her hands.

"There is one thing I must premise, and that is, if you relapse into your terrors, I shall believe that you don't love me."

"O, don't believe any such thing. I no longer fear, and as a proof of it, I am now thinking of my step-mother, speaking of her, and scarcely tremble."

"Since that is the case, let us dwell on the subject, and you shall see that it will cease to alarm you. It is long since you beheld her!"

"I have not forgot that. One day she slept so profoundly that they could not awaken her. Her face was as pale as the vestments in which they wrapped her, and they bore her to the church and sung a long time around her, but she still slept. My sister Mary wept much, and I also wept, because she grieved. Then they clothed me all in black, and since that time I have been very happy, except when she comes back to threaten me."

"But she will never threaten you again."

"Ah! do you believe so?"

"I am sure of it."

"If you are sure, then I am satisfied. What a weight you have taken from my mind. I am now tranquil; breathe freely, and it is to you that I owe this happiness. How I love you!"

"Dear Isabel!"

"But if you should again leave me!"

"Be composed. I am coming, perhaps to remain here always—to marry your sister."

"Marry, marry my sister! Then who will marry me?" she said dejectedly, and her mind

suddenly relapsed, as she continued, without recognizing him—

"You know not how constant I am. I was once to have been married formerly, to one of my cousins named Arthur—but this is a secret, which I have told to no one except yourself. We were both very young, and I loved him more than a brother, he was so good, so gentle and generous. How happy I was when he was near me. All the marvellous stories and old legends of the country, were related to me by him, and we had bright visions of the future. But alas! one day he was forced to leave us; he went on board his ship, and I saw him no more, but I have always thought of him—always."

"You saw him no more, Isabel? You do not recollect me, then?" demanded Arthur in a tone of increased interest.

"How! not recollect you," she replied with an air of gaiety, "Thou art Arthur; I recollected thee immediately."

"I have been unconsciously guilty; each word renders me more criminal still. Can you ever pardon me?"

"Pardon thee! Ah, yes! I always forgive when I am supplicated; it would be so cruel to refuse." She drew nigher to him, paused and gazed fondly in his face, as she added, "To prove I have n't forgot you, I will search for the ring you sent me from the sea side. I have preserved it carefully, and no person has seen it. Wait for me here, and I will return directly. Arthur, I love thee,—do not forget that I am your betrothed." She ran away smiling, and kissed her hand to him as she closed the door.

Our hero was as much perplexed as most heroes are when they get two women into their heads at the same time. He was amazed to discover that the silken web, that he had unconsciously woven in his boyhood, had been so closely intertwined with the thread of that fair creature's life, as to serve as a clue to lead her wandering mind even through the mazes of her madness; and was the sole idea to which she fondly clung in the general wreck and ruin. He was at a loss how to act; by marrying the one, he would disinherit the other: and by fulfilling the conditions of the will, he would for ever extinguish the returning spark of reason, in the mind of the delicate being so long and devotedly attached to him. At length, he resolved to ascertain the true state of Mary's fortune, and should it prove ample, he would reject her, and enrich her sister with his hand and aunt Penelope's legacy. Old Cato entered opportunely, to throw some light on the subject.

"My mistress begs you to excuse her absence, captain," said the old man, bowing, "she will be disengaged presently."

"Stand on no ceremony with me. Fine property this, old Cato?"

"Splendid estate: none better on the Delaware, sar."

"Still affords a very handsome living?"

"None better, sar. A fortune might be made from this farm; but the Singletons are above selling their produce,—consume all. Then there's bank stock, and loans, and mortgages—"

"Enough, I am satisfied; and with this assurance I can no longer hesitate not to marry your mistress."

"Not marry her, sar? Pardon me, captain, you misunderstand me," exclaimed the old servant, somewhat disconcerted.

"No, no, I understand you perfectly. Your mistress is at least in easy circumstances."

"Better than that, sar,—very rich. The greatest fortune in these parts." The old fellow knew this to be a lie; but felt satisfied that it ought to be true.

Mr. Joseph Jenkins happened to bustle into the parlour at this critical moment, and overhearing Cato's boastful speech, exclaimed,

"Rich! A great fortune! they deceive you, sir, she is ruined, totally ruined."

"Ruined, sir!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Will you be silent, sar! He don't know what he says, sar," exclaimed the old man in confusion.

"Examine for yourself, sir," continued Joseph Jenkins, producing papers. "Read these documents, and you will perceive that Singleton Place belongs to me. I am the master here."

Arthur cast his eyes over the papers and returned them saying, "It is true. I cannot recover from my surprise. Miss Singleton reduced to a state of poverty."

"If you longer doubt, behold the confusion of this old domestic," continued Jenkins. "That speaks more plainly than all my words."

"My poor cousin in distress!" sighed Arthur, "In that case I will marry her."

"How! you marry her! What the devil do you mean?" exclaimed Jenkins with increased restlessness.

"Go and inform your mistress, Cato, that I am ready to make her my wife this evening if she consents," said Arthur. The faithful old fellow's ebony visage, "creamed and mantled like a standing pool," and as he left the room, he was heard to ejaculate, "This now is just like a Singleton. Gem'man all over!" Jenkins, after making a few nervous circuits around the parlour, suddenly stopped, and said,

"How! marry her this evening! Do you intend to insult me, sir?"

"Insult you? I was not thinking about you at all."

"Not thinking about me! But you shall think about me. I will be thought about in this matter, sir; and I demand the motives of your conduct," replied Joseph testily.

"Indeed. But I am not in the habit of answering, when interrogated in so gentle a manner," replied the other, coolly.

"Then there may be a mode of making you speak," said Joseph, with increased irritation.

"Pray, name it."

"Pistols," exclaimed the cotton spinner.

"Precisely. That is a branch of my business, and I never neglect business."

"I like you the better for that," continued Jenkins. "I have a pair of bull dogs in the next room; I used to practise shooting at a mark with the old colonel. We can jump into a boat, and be on the Jersey shore in half an hour."

"That's unnecessary trouble. You are at home here, you know, and we can just step out behind the stable, and settle the affair quietly. We shall avoid both delay and trouble."

"Zounds! you are right again!" exclaimed Jenkins. "Do you know that you have risen

fifty per cent. in my esteem, and if I drill a hole through you, I shall grieve for you, and do the decent thing by your remains."

"You are very good."

"I give you my word and honour, sir."

"Thank you; but I shall endeavour to dispense with your grief."

"A spirited young fellow!" exclaimed Jenkins. "I begin to like him. A business man. I will go for the pistols, sir, and shall expect you behind the stable in five minutes."

Jenkins bustled out, and at the same instant Isabel rushed into the room, and threw her arms about the neck of her cousin, who was about to follow him, and exclaimed,

"Stay, stay, you shall not go. I know your fearful purpose; but you shall not leave me. I'll hang upon you."

"Unfortunate! would you drive me to dishonour?"

"Would you drive me to despair?"

"Isabel, you will see me again in five minutes."

"Yes, I shall see you again, as I saw my brother, perhaps, brought back, pale and covered with blood." She shrieked and fainted in his arms. We omitted to state in the proper place, that a son of Colonel Singleton had been killed in a duel, and that Isabel's aberration of mind was in some degree attributed to the shock received on the occasion. It is of importance to every family that one member, at least, should be killed in a duel, as that circumstance alone is sufficient to establish the courage and gentility of all the survivors.

The shriek brought Miss Singleton and her major domo into the parlour. Arthur consigned the unconscious Isabel to the arms of her sister, and without saying a word, hurried from the room. Isabel slowly recovered; the expression of her countenance was calm, and she assumed an air of gaiety, as she said,

"Sister, if you only knew the good news I have to tell you. She will never come back, never! Then there's going to be a wedding; do you know the bride? I know her. And there will be a splendid ball. I ought to open it with him. I love dancing so much!"

The report of pistols was now heard, and Isabel starting from her sister's arms, stood motionless for a moment, then pressed her forehead with both hands, and shrieked, "Ah! I remember now! Death is at work! Let go your hold; I fly to save him!" She violently disengaged herself from Mary, who attempted to restrain her, and rushed from the room. Her sister and the old servant alarmed and amazed, hastily followed her.

Isabel reached the spot where the combatants stood opposed to each other, pistols in hand, ready to fire a second time. She rushed between them, her hair dishevelled, wildness in her looks, and summoning all her energy, she shrieked, "Hold! forbear your murderous intent, I implore you, I command you!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Our worthies forgot their angry feelings, in their amazement at this singular interruption, and mutually hastened to her assistance, and supported her to the house. She was conducted to her chamber, and the next moment the prompt and

active Joseph Jenkins was seen hurrying along the avenue, upon his bay hackney, in pursuit of medical assistance, without having intimated to any one his errand.

The doctor, like all prudent practitioners, could not pronounce with certainty,—he was of opinion that the fearful impressions she had received from the duel, would have a decisive influence over her mind; that a crisis had arrived, that would either bring about a complete restoration to reason, or destroy all hope of her recovery. This was considered a sound, and certainly a safe opinion.

Joseph Jenkins returned to Singleton Hall, shortly after the physician, and on entering the parlour, he found Miss Singleton alone. She arose as he entered, and exclaimed in evident alarm—"Good heavens! What is it brings you back after the scene which has just passed? If my cousin should meet you!"

"Have no fear, Miss; I shall not be here long," replied Joseph, taking a stride or two across the room.

"Ah! why speak to me so coolly. Can you believe?"

Now Joseph was any thing but cool, and he hastily interrupted her with saying,

"No more of that, Miss. You have no need to justify yourself to me. I came not here to reproach you. If I have failed to please you, the fault is mine and not yours. You are handsome and lively,—your cousin is a dashing, brave and generous young fellow, but as for me, I am rough, plain and without address. He is entitled to the preference; but perhaps the future may prove that with all my abruptness, I loved you as tenderly as he does. But I do not wish that"—he turned his face to conceal a starting tear. "I hope you may always be happy. We are now about to part, but before we separate, we have some affairs of importance to settle together. Your father, at his death, owed to John Jones five thousand dollars—here are the bonds; to me ten thousand on mortgage—this is the instrument," he deliberately tore the papers into fragments, and added, "now those debts are settled."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I restore the property to you unencumbered, for I would not have your future husband reproach the woman whom I have loved, with her want of fortune."

"Ah! Joseph, so much generosity."

"No thanks, Miss. I only ask one thing from you. If ever you should experience any reverse, which is very possible, then think of your old friend. Write to me, and the next mail will bring you a satisfactory answer. Farewell, Miss, farewell."

He bustled out of the room, and even Mary's tender exclamation, of "Dear Joseph, listen to me," in no measure retarded his impetus. Finding he returned no answer, and was already out of hearing, she called aloud for Cato, who promptly obeyed the summons, followed by the young lieutenant. She turned to the old servant, and said in a low voice, "Cato, hasten after Mr. Jenkins, who has just gone, and tell him to defer his departure for an hour. I wish to speak to him—must speak to him. Go."

Cato left the room muttering, "What de devil

signify, running first after one, den after toder, and catch no body at last." Jenkins and his poney were now seen from the parlour windows, scudding along the avenue, at even a brisker gait than usual. Possibly the horse felt that his master was several thousand dollars lighter than when he came.

The young couple, finding themselves alone, again attempted to broach the delicate subject of the will, each feeling the impossibility of complying with its conditions, and yet from generosity afraid to reject the other. After much manoeuvring and finesse on both sides, without success, each came to the conclusion that the other wished for nothing so ardently as to have Aunt Penelope's will carried into effect, and heaved a sigh of regret for the sudden and hopeless passion. Old Cato entered at this critical juncture, to inform Miss Singleton that he had despatched a man on horseback after Mr. Jenkins, which timely interruption relieved them from their mutual embarrassment.

"What news have you of your mistress Isabel?" demanded Arthur.

"You must see her directly, sar. She is looking for you, and desires to speak to you."

"To speak to me! Has she left her chamber?"

"Yes, sar. The doctor ordered that we should obey her in every thing, and not contradict her. Here she comes, sar."

Isabel entered the apartment. Her manner had undergone a striking change; it was now serious, collected, composed. She calmly said:—

"Sister, I have caused you much trouble; is it not so? But I am better at present—much better. I thank you for all your attentions to me, but I have a favour to ask; retire, for I would speak with my cousin, alone."

"Cousin, I leave you, and in a little time expect to receive your answer," said Mary, and left the room, followed by Cato.

"What can she want with me? What is passing in her mind? That singular air!" said Arthur, mentally—"Isabel, my dear Isabel."

"Sir."

"Why this reserve?—why this coldness towards me?"

"It becomes the position in which I find myself."

"What do I hear! You, who seemed but yesterday"—

She proceeded, with slight emotion—"If my words have not been always what they ought to be, it would be generous on your part to forget the past, as I shall study to forget it myself."

"Unhappy that I am!" he exclaimed—"She no longer recollects me, no longer loves me. This apparent flash of reason may be only a new feature of her madness. My dear Isabel, in the name of heaven listen to me—look at me. I am Arthur, your cousin, your friend—in one word, he who has chosen you for his betrothed."

She became more deeply affected as she replied, "I recollect you perfectly, Arthur; but this word betrothed recalls to me the object of this interview. I was your betrothed, it is true—I have not forgotten that;—but I come to give you back your promise, and the ring with which you sealed it. Take it—be henceforth free;—marry my sister, and receive every wish that I can form for your happiness."

"Heavens! What say you, Isabel! Can you imagine?"—

"I know all, have heard all, even at a time when I could not comprehend its meaning. But singular changes have taken place. It seems that until now I have not lived. Even yesterday I spoke without reflection; I answered without listening, or listened without understanding; but now the cloud has vanished, ideas crowd upon me, words rush to explain my thoughts, and I am no longer an object of pity. This happiness I owe to Arthur. When near him, I am animated, exalted; but, without him, I feel that I should relapse into my former state. Ah, stay, stay always near me—never leave me—be my support, my guide, my husband. I live only in thee, for thee, and shall be nothing without thee."

"Dear Isabel, you are once more restored to me. Do not repent of the avowal that insures my happiness. Speak, will you be my wife?—You cannot refuse me!"

"How refuse what I so much desire!" she replied, artlessly.

"You no longer believe that I love your sister?"

"O, no, no. I rely on you. You would not deceive me; it would render me so unhappy."

"But reflect—I am poor, without resources."

"Poor! I scarcely know what that means."

"I cannot surround you with luxuries."

"I shall not love you the less—and ask no other luxury."

"No dress—no equipage."

"Shall I appear less attractive in your eyes? If not, I care not."

"I can no longer resist," he exclaimed, and falling on his knees, passionately kissed her hand. Mary entered at the same instant.

"Ah! cousin, you refuse me then. I came for your answer, but you have anticipated a reply to all my questions."

"No, coz, I don't refuse you," said Arthur, rising. "I love you very much, but will marry Isabel. I don't want to ruin you—keep the fortune."

"You will marry her, coz? Then I will have nothing to do with this legacy, which constrains us both, and thank you for having laid it at the feet of my sister."

"This generosity!"—

"Is mixed up with a little selfishness, Arthur, as you will see in the end," replied Mary.

There was a noise at the door, and Joseph Jenkins bustled in, followed by Cato. He entered just as Arthur was in the act of gallantly kissing Mary's hand, in gratitude for her generosity.

"Death and the devil!" exclaimed Joseph—"and was it for this that you brought me back?"

"Dear Joseph, be a witness"—said Mary.

"Damn it, I have seen too much already," exclaimed Jenkins.

Arthur commenced:—"Mr. Jenkins, I wish you to understand"—

"I don't want to understand any thing more."

Isabel ran to him, and placed her sister's hand in his, saying—"There, understand that. She is yours—Arthur is mine. Will you kill him now?"

"Ha! What! How! Bless my soul! Mary, is it so?" ejaculated Jenkins. Mary smiled and

blushed in a manner plain to be understood by the dullest physiognomist, and the cotton-spinner whirled about like one of his jennies.

"All very strange! Don't understand!" muttered Cato. "Captain, will you marry?"

"Love has restored her to reason."

"More strange still. You told me love usually turns young ladies' heads. Can't understand, no how I can fix him."

Arthur and Jenkins became fast friends, and the fallen family was once again restored to its former consequence, through the exertions of the worthy and unpretending Joseph Jenkins. He called his eldest son Reginald, after his old friend, the colonel; but he protested against christening his daughter after Aunt Penelope, as he could not forget the annoyance that her absurd legacy had occasioned.

RULES FOR HYGIENE.

EXTRACTS.—No. IV.

XXXV.

"In the consumption of food, we are liable to commit errors both as to the quantity and quality. The former error is by far the more detrimental; for there can be no doubt that a very small quantity of food, of indifferent quality, will, in general, be more easily digested, and do less injury to the constitution, than a large quantity of that which is in point of quality superior."

XXXVI.

"When we reflect on the multiplied evils resulting from undue repletion—the small quantity of food necessary for life and health—and the numerous manifest proofs we have, that a rather scanty diet most powerfully conduces to longevity, every unprejudiced man must admit that the subject of quantity is a most important one."

XXXVII.

"It is the opinion of the majority of the most distinguished physicians, that intemperance in diet destroys the bulk of mankind; in other words, that which is eaten and drunk, and thus taken into the habit, is the original cause of by far the greater number of diseases that affect the human race."

XXXVIII.

"Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton, in Yorkshire, who lived to the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, was a poor fisherman, who, when he could no longer follow this occupation, went begging about Bolton and other places. His food was uniformly of poor quality. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who died at the age of one hundred and ten, states his diet to have been uniformly sparing. That Cornaro, who lived to about one hundred and ten, was so, is well known. The celebrated physician, Galen, lived to see his hundred and fortieth year, and was, from the age of twenty-eight, always sparing in the quantity of food he took.

"But a small quantity of food does not only

ward off disease, and prolong life—it likewise preserves the bodily strength.

XXXIX.

"Generally speaking, a sedentary life is the source of those diseases which physicians call cachectic, or chronic, the number of which is considerable. Among these, scrofula, indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, lowness of spirits, nervous irritability and pulmonary consumption, stand foremost. To these may be added jaundice, growing out of the shoulder, curved spine, palsy, apoplexy, &c. For these disorders, exercise is one of the most effectual, as well as agreeable remedies. It strengthens the vessels, preserves the fluids in a healthy state, quickens the appetite, facilitates the excretions, invigorates the spirits, and excites pleasing sensations throughout the whole system."

XL.

"The use of the shuttle-cock is an excellent mode of exercise; and I have the more pleasure in recommending it, as so well calculated for females, who cannot, with convenience and propriety, at all times, use so much riding or walking, or other kinds of exercise, as is necessary to preserve their health. The shuttle-cock was a fashionable pastime among grown persons, in the reign of James I.; and it is highly desirable that it should again become fashionable, especially among ladies. With the advantage of its being a social diversion, it most agreeably exercises the whole human frame, by the various attitudes the players are perpetually putting themselves in. Of course, it creates a graceful pliancy in the joints and muscles, accelerates the circulation of the blood, and propels to the cutaneous pores all the fluids prepared by nature to pass off this easy and salutary way. It also promotes the digestive powers; and if used before dinner, will admit of a considerable share of exertion, not only without danger, but with great advantage, if care be taken not to drink any thing cold at the same time. This exercise is peculiarly beneficial to invalids, who have sufficient strength to play at it—which should always, whenever practicable, be carried on in the open air. Young ladies at school ought, in every instance, to use this healthful and agreeable exercise."

Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way: They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which generally succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this: just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain when reflected by the moon.

The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.

THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY V.



The female costume of this reign is distinguished by a head-dress which may indeed be called horned. The satirical effusions of such writers as John de Meun, and the Knight of Normandy, appear to have no other effect upon the ladies than to induce them, in the true spirit of contradiction, to justify to the fullest extent the odious comparisons of their censors. There is no longer any thing extravagant in the charge of wearing a gibbet on the head, or rivalling the crested honours of the brute creation. The head-dress exhibited in the illuminations and on the effigies of this period is certainly as ugly and

unbecoming as can well be imagined: fortunately, however, for the painter or the actress, the fashion does not appear to have been so general as to render its introduction on the canvass or the stage indispensable. The simple golden network confining the hair, and a quaint but elegant head-tire consisting of a roll of rich stuff, sometimes descending in a peak on the forehead, or circling the brow like a turban, exist to extricate the lovers of the picturesque from so disagreeable a dilemma. Taste is ever the true friend of fashion, and can see and amend her follies while most admiring her inventions.



The robe or gown with a long train and hanging or tabard sleeves, and the cote-hardie with its spencer-like variety, are seen as in the last reign; but where girdles are worn, the waist is considerably shorter. An inner tunic is sometimes discernible by its sleeves, which descend

beyond those of the robe and cover the hand, as in the time of Henry I.; gloves not yet forming a usual portion of the female attire.

The horned head-dress at the head of this article is from the effigy of Beatrix, Countess of Arundel, in the Church at Arundel.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Third Series.—No. II.—Plagues of Egypt.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their streams, upon their rivers, and upon their ponds; and upon all their pools of water, that they may become blood; and that there may be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in *vesels* of wood, and in *vesels* of stone.

And Moses and Aaron did so, as the Lord commanded: and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river: and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt.

Exodus, vii. 19, 20, 21.

THE monarch sat upon his throne
Of gold and flashing gem,
And fierce his eye of terror shone
Beneath his diadem;
And hosts stood by, in deeds of death,
To do the bidding of his breath.

Each soldier seized his ataghan,
As through the marbled hall
And palace of an aged man
Sounded the loud footfall;
With solemn brow, and beard of snow,
Upon his bosom sweeping low.

Like waves before a gallant prow,
Before the man of God,
Parted that host with pallid brow,
As with uplifted rod
He stood erect, with unbent knee—
“Fear God!—Oh King!—Set Israel free!”

Then every stream and river-flood
That hurried by their shore,
Rolled on, in heaving waves of blood,
The purple tide of gore;
And fount and standing pool were red—
The sepulchre of putrid dead.

In rain and hail, while lightnings blazed,
The tempest stooped from heaven—
Then upward, as his staff he raised,
The storm was backward driven;—
Stern was the monarch, as before,
Then burst the clouds with deafening roar.

O'er earth, with desolating sway,
The wild tornado went—
While palaces in ruins lay,
With dome and battlement—
And navies, from the storm-toss'd tide,
Lay stranded by the river side.

Still onward swept the maddening gale
O'er vale and mountain's crown—
And still the rain and driving hail
Poured their artillery down—
And fruit and trees and prostrate grain,
Like slaughtered heroes, strewed the plain.

Still harder waxed the monarch's heart
Against the King of Kings—

Then through the land, in every part,
Was heard the hum of wings—
The locust swarm were gathered there,
Darkening the earth and summer air.

On every shrub and flowret seize
The ministers of wrath—
And fruit and leaf that gem the trees,
Vanish before their path—
Till not a stalk or blade of green,
Through all the wasted bounds is seen.

Up to the sky was raised that rod,
Which called its judgments down—
Heaven shuddered at an angry God,
And blackened at his frown—
And darkness o'er the regions fell,
Rayless and thick and palpable.

The earth and sky, that awful dun
Enwrapped in funeral fold—
Spread sackcloth o'er the radiant sun
And moonbeams paly gold—
And veiled from the affrighted sight,
The many twinkling eyes of night.

The plagues of God o'er every flood
Had passed; and every shore
And every valley, mount and wood,
The awful record bore;
But sign and judgment were in vain—
Still Israel wore the bondman's chain.

Then burst on *man's* devoted head
The vengeance of his ire—
And o'er the bier of first-born dead,
Bent each Egyptian sire—
And, on the solemn midnight gale,
Was borne the mother's plaintive wail.

Through all the land the corpses lie—
In palace and in cell;
And groans rose like the night-winds sigh—
The tears like night-dews fell;
And Pharaoh groaned in agony,
“Let Israel go!—The captive free!”

Tempt not thy God—Oh man in power,
By proud imaginings!
For every knee shall bow before
The sovereign KING of KINGS;
And every tongue confess the LORD,
In terror feared, or love adored.

—●●●—

The plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, “You, my Lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine.”

O'SHANE'S DAUGHTER.

NEAR the town of O—, in one of the north-western counties of England, is a small hamlet. A few years back, in the outskirts of this hamlet, might be seen a solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor man, his daughter, and three sons.

These people bore suspicious characters in the neighbourhood. There was something mysterious in their way of living, for which every one desired to account.

The two elder sons, it was declared, were daring poachers. The father was supposed to be connected with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and to be employed by them in their illegal traffic with the inner counties.

O'Shane and his family had come from a distance; their name seemed to bespeak their origin, as might their dark-blue eyes, long hair, and bold determined spirit.

It appeared that the residents in the hamlet did not care to have much dealing with the O'Shanes: partly, because, as they remarked, they knew nothing of them; partly, perhaps, because they guessed more than they knew; and partly again, because, whatever might be their conduct in the routine of daily life, it was clear that both father and sons were desperate men, tall and strong of limb, fierce in look, and quick in action.

The villagers were right to leave those undisturbed, whose whole demeanor seemed to say—"Meddle not with me, and I'll not meddle with you." And thus the name passed among them, but in emphatic whispers, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head, and by divers signs, meant to be expressive of more than human sagacity. This was the case especially, when an orchard was stripped—a hen-roost cleared out—or the lines cut in the washerwomen's drying-ground: and, even then, the words were thought to be most frequently on the lips of those who knew more of the matter in question than all the O'Shanes in the United Kingdom. For a length of time it remained uncertain whether these people deserved the odium so generally thrown upon them—whether they were in truth so reckless and destitute of principle as was believed—or whether the singularity and wildness of their mode of life alone, had rendered them objects of disfavour. For this effect, extreme ignorance and poverty might easily account; and such misfortunes being as likely to become the source of every other accusation, time or circumstances alone could prove whether or not they were well-founded.

If pity ever mingled with the feelings excited by the occupiers of the cabin, it was for the daughter of O'Shane. In her sixth year, the poor girl had lost her mother;—and, from that time, had never known a mother's care. Under the rude, though somewhat strict management of her father, and at other times under her own guidance, Grace had reached the age of eighteen. Her slender capabilities had been devoted, during this period, to the training of her youngest brother, who, the year after his birth, had been left by his mother's death completely helpless. Rory was accustomed to look upon his sister as a parent: bound to her in every way, the boy

did her bidding with implicit obedience, and followed her footsteps like a dog. Poor Grace!—beyond the occasional rough lessons of morality that O'Shane endeavoured to enforce, she had no principle to guide her conduct: she seldom said a prayer, and hardly knew that there was One above who would have listened to her if she had prayed.

She loved Rory, and she feared her father—those were the only two feelings of which she was conscious: the one made her kind and generous, the other vigilant and active. Yet pride, vanity, cunning, and self-will, had early taken root in the character of O'Shane's daughter, though she could hardly have described these evil passions by name.

People looked at Grace with compassion. They said it was a pity that such a quick, handsome girl, should have reached eighteen years of age, and never have been taught her alphabet; that she should know no better than to stroll the country singing ballads and telling fortunes, when she might be earning an honest livelihood, and maintaining a respectable appearance in the world. People pitied her; for, with all her faults, no one could hitherto have said any harm of O'Shane's daughter. If she was in the habit of hearing more bad words than good, in the course of the day, or of receiving many an oath and rude jest, instead of thanks, for her daily services, she had never for that reason been found the less willing to oblige another time; and her advice to Rory not to learn ugly language, was only the oftener repeated.

When it had been once proposed to O'Shane to let his daughter go into service, his indignation had known no bounds: he told the farmer's wife, who had the charity to offer such advice, that Grace would learn more bad ways in a month, than she would learn from him all her life; for O'Shane had his ideas of duty, such as they were. The loss of his daughter, too, would have been irreparable; and when at length convinced that the counsel, thus harshly rejected, had been given in kindness, tears stood in the father's eyes, as he answered—"she was too good a lass for him to part with her."

Grace, therefore, remained at home; and her old habits became more inveterate than ever.

The cabin of the O'Shanes consisted of one large room;—airy enough, for the walls were full of crevices, the planks of the door did not meet the threshold, and several panes in both casements were wanting. Here, most of the family lived and slept; the small dormitory of Grace being the only addition to the cottage, and that so dark and confined a recess, as scarcely to be called a room. Thence, however, she was wont to emerge every morning, after the dispersion of the family, and, assisted by Rory, to prepare a meal for the uncertain hour of their return. This first repast, consisting of yesterday's remnants, was more or less ample, according to the state of provisions in the house; but it should here be observed, that it was the usual dinner or supper (whichever it might be called) of the O'Shane family, that had contributed to strengthen the uncharitable suspicions which they had so generally excited. Whilst otherwise existing in a state of undeniable wretchedness, it had still been observed, that the

comfortable fare of these people was far beyond the means of their honest neighbours, who were therefore too ready to conclude that such resources must be obtained from the preserves of the country gentlemen, or in some yet more lawless manner.

Time had however elapsed, without clearing up these doubts, or indeed affording any material insight into the actions of the O'Shanes. They seemed desirous only to live quietly and unheeded, and others were beginning to allow them so to do, when it happened they were brought into the direct notice of the public.

One morning that O'Shane had returned about ten o'clock from his early labours, he found his daughter standing in a window of the hovel, tying up a handkerchief, in the form of a bundle. Her back was towards him, and, as she hastily passed to her own sleeping-room, a piece of very fine linen dropped upon the floor.

"What's this?" said O'Shane, kicking it with his foot; "what have you got there, girl?"

"Sure," answered Grace, "they're things I'm carrying for Mistress Deeds, to Martha Luckie's wash. See now!—if it ben't late, and I mustn't first get your breakfast:—Terrence and Dick comin' in, too, and nothin' ready this blessed morn."

Having caught up the garment that had fallen, and thrown it with the bundle upon her bed, she shut the door to, and began laying out some cracked plates and horn mugs.

A dish of broken victuals was placed before O'Shane, who looked with some dissatisfaction at the unpalatable scraps.

"Is that all we have left?"

"All, father!"

"Well!" returned the old man, good-humouredly, "who knows what the boys may bring home with 'em! Sartin, if a stray beast, or summut to the purpose, fell in their way, 't would be no bad look-out."

"They may keep them bits for dinner, else," replied Grace, carelessly moving towards the door of the cabin, where, at a short distance, the steps and loud voices of the two brothers were heard approaching.

As they came up, she placed her arms across the entrance, exclaiming half in jest, half earnest—"Ye have no need to show yourselves here, without your hands are full. There's nothin' for you; and sure, nothin's good enough for those that bring nothin'. It's always the way now; people expects food to fall into their mouths, and no trouble, but a blessin' to 'em."

Then tossing her head, Grace began singing a rude ballad, denominated the "Pleasures of Idleness," that perhaps formed part of her itinerant stock; and she gave it with a somewhat ironical emphasis.

"Hold your clamour, and make way there," interrupted the elder brother, as he strode up the step; "it's hard if a man must ask your leave to walk in and out. Come, Mistress Grace, give room for your betters!" Thus speaking, he attempted to push through; but Grace stood her ground the more firmly, because she was backed by Rory, and she knew that her brother durst not strike her, as his uplifted stick seemed to threaten.

"Who's to give lave in this house," she in-

quired, "if 'tisn't me? How's your breakfast to be sarved, if 'tisn't by me?—and if there's none in the house, where's the trouble of walking in at all?"

Terence was inclined to reply practically to these arguments, and a scuffle appeared in consequence likely to take place, when O'Shane's voice, still louder than that of any of his children, reminded them that he was at home. He was filling his flask from a small keg of spirits placed under a stuffed sack, which by night served the purpose of a pillow, and by day concealed from the vulgar eye what he considered a necessary part of his subsistence. The two sons having been allowed quietly to enter, he turned to inquire what success they had met with, and received from the younger a heavy bag containing several head of game. The supply was laid aside for the present, without further remark, and Dick and Terence succeeded to the remains of the breakfast.

As the two young men sate together, they discussed the news of the village. Great alarm, they said, had been created that morning, by the disappearance of a gentleman's child belonging to the neighbourhood.

Every body they had met on their return home, had stopped them to tell the story, and to ask if they could put them upon any clue by which the researches of the parents might be guided.

The lost child was a girl five years old. She had been sent to take an early walk with the nursery-maid, in her father's grounds. It was said that, on reaching the gate of Mr. Clifford's Park, the child had been left for a few minutes, as the servant was accustomed to fetch her a cup of milk from the adjoining farm. When the maid returned, her little charge was gone, and no traces of her could be discovered. The parents were reported to be frantic. The nursery-maid had been turned off; constables were already sent for from O—, to make inquiries; the crier was proclaiming the loss through the village, and the consternation seemed shared by every individual. Perhaps the sensation was heightened by the fact of Mr. Clifford being one of the greatest land-holders in the neighbourhood, and a gentleman whose wealth and influence in the county procured him general respect.

The O'Shanes laughed as they related the story. They seemed rather to enjoy the misery of those, whom, in their ignorance, they would have deemed exempted by their position from calamity. They seemed to imagine that misfortune brought the rich man nearer to a level with themselves. It was perhaps this manner of expressing themselves, that attracted the attention of the father, as he had before scarcely appeared to heed their words.

"Shame, lads," said the old man, "that you can sport with a parent's distress! I am ever willing to forgive a wild turn, or to uphauld a daring act, where the nation would oppress the poor for the sake of the rich; but for takin' delight in a base and cruel action, I would turn the best on ye from my doors for iver."

As O'Shane spoke, Grace was fastening on one of his brogues that she had just mended; and, whether to determine its fitness, or to give emphasis to his words, her father at that instant

stamped his foot upon the ground with a violence that made her start, almost to falling. He rose also directly to depart, and, kissing her affectionately, left the cabin. The brothers soon after followed.

It were impossible to describe the indignation that overpowered O'Shane, when, in the course of that morning, he was arrested by two men, who carried him before a magistrate at O——, where he learned that he was suspected of having stolen Mr. Clifford's child.

A little purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp was shown to him, and was declared to have been found near his cabin. He was then desired to say what he could in his defence.

Notwithstanding his anger, O'Shane's replies to the questions of the magistrate were simple and uniform. His astonishment at the accusation, and his ignorance of the time and circumstances relating to the fact, were evidently unfeigned. It was also proved, that both he and his sons had all the morning been at a distance from the spot; and, when this became known, it was of itself a disculpation—consequently he was released. But the resentment occasioned by this arrest did not easily subside.

O'Shane had long been an oppressed and suffering man. He had been buffeted and scorned; he had for years felt the "proud man's contumely," and the many stings of an outrageous fortune; for he was born under better circumstances than his lot now exhibited. Therefore, a host of galling and implacable feelings were now called forth, which, in the mind of one who, like him, had battled with misery rather than bow under its discipline, displayed themselves with unmitigated force.

Unable to resume his composure, or return to his occupations that day, he went home. It was long before the usual hour of his coming in, and nobody was in the cabin. He called. He looked out for Grace. He wished for some one to whom he could speak of the humiliation he had been offered—of the overbearing oppression of the great—of the unworthy suspicions that poverty excited in the minds of parish overseers.

O'Shane went to the door of his daughter's sleeping-room, and threw it open. He sat down on the bed, that he might in some degree regain the tranquillity of his mind; and here he became absorbed in thought. During this interval of reflection, and quite mechanically, his fingers lifted a dark cotton handkerchief that was beside him, the same that he had seen Grace tying together before breakfast. It was now loosely folded, and, as he fumbled it in his hands, he did not perceive that it contained anything. In taking it away, he had however displaced a garment of very fine cambric, as well as a purple Morocco shoe with a silver clasp. When his eyes were at length cast in that direction, he started! The poor man then remembered, with fatal accuracy, the origin of his trouble. He kept gazing at these objects with a sort of terrified uncertainty, as if he believed himself under a delusion caused by some evil spirit, until, being convinced of the reality of their presence, he held up and spread before him the garment, and tried to decipher the initials marked on it, which something at his heart convinced him must signify Julia Clifford.

He pressed it to his eyes, and wet it with his tears.

"Surely," said he, "the finger of heaven has guided me."

Then casting it again upon the bed, he rushed out of the house.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon, when O'Shane returned to his cabin. On reaching the door, he heard careless voices in conversation; he saw figures within; and he stooped and sat down beside the entrance without being observed. A bit of broken looking-glass was fixed against the door of Grace's room, at which she was standing. She had put on her best stuff petticoat, and was then separating the long masses of black tangled hair that fell over her shoulders, in order to turn them round her head under a handkerchief. A gay red Madras, with yellow flowers, such as she had never before been seen to wear, was in her hand for this purpose. There was something strikingly picturesque in the young girl's attitude and looks. Her father groaned inwardly, as he considered her.

On a low stool beside Grace, and patiently awaiting the completion of her toilet, Rory was seated; whilst at the same time he arranged in a basket some ballads, matches, nutmeg-graters, children's rattles, and other toys. They were going to the fair at O——.

"How much will them all fetch, Gracey?" were the first words the father overheard.

"Not better than a trifle, child," answered the sister, paying more attention to the adjustment of her handkerchief than to Rory; "not better than a trifle, 'cause its only poor folks as buys those goods; but supposin' we have luck in tellin' fortunes to-day, I'll get enough to pay half a year's schoolin' for you. That'll be brave; won't it, Rory? You'll soon be able to say the songs over, for me to larn, and we'll hold up our heads above all the rest."

"You won't get enough in one day," Rory answered.

"Ah! but I've a small matter beside, what was gif to me, only there's no need to say nothin'. I should like dearly to make a jintleman of you, Rory, if you would be conforming," Grace continued, with earnestness, though she did not lift her eyes from the glass.

"Father don't think much of larnin'," was the reply, "and I can't say as I've a great gift that way myself; but, if it's to please you, Grace—"

"Plase me!" she interrupted. "Why, sure, if it would not plase me, to see you supayrior to Dick and Terence, and that nobody's fault but mine!"

"And what'll I be doin' then for it?"

"Why, would'nt you be all as good as a prince to them ragamuffins, knowin' how to read? Wouldn't you be tellin' them when they spake bad words, and able to tache us the manin' of things? And should not you be givin' example to all the house, and takin' my part agin them always?"

"Aye,—what else?"

"What else, is it? Why should not you fight Tam Gurney, then, for callin' me gipsy girl?—that no less nor a week past, bad manners to him!"

"And where's the harm of being a gipsy

girl, Grace? If you're an honest gipsy girl, you're better than he is," remarked the impassible brother.

"No matter for that, Rory, it's a misbecoming word; it's not for the like of him to—"

Grace stopped in her speech, at the sound of her father's step, for he now entered the cottage. She sprang forward to take his stick; but O'Shane coldly repelled her assistance—placed it against the wall—shut the door, and walked, without speaking, to the fire. The father stood for some time before the hearth, apparently watching the simmering of a large pot that contained the supplies his sons had that morning brought home.

Yet those who knew O'Shane might have been certain, at this moment, that something of terrible import was on his mind. The stern, cold manner of the father—his pale and frowning countenance, his unbroken silence, were ominous of a scene more fearful than any to which his children had yet been subjected; and though their peace was not often thus interrupted, they guessed by the past the danger of the present warning. It was above all, Grace, who seemed terrified by these indications of a gathering storm. She looked at first as if paralyzed by the strange repulse she had received; and still, while pretending to be occupied (as far out of the way as possible) in tidying the apartment, it was obvious that her agitation was very great. Rory made many unequivocal signs that they should be off, which met with no attention. The eyes of Grace were cast down, her fingers trembled, and her countenance expressed a gloomy anxiety which she was endeavouring either to brave or to overcome. After gliding softly from one place to another, after arranging each miserable piece of furniture with the most fastidious precision, and probably collecting at the same time the presence of mind that had forsaken her, it did however occur to Grace also, that the moment in which a retreat might be effected should not be passed over. She paused, and stole a glance towards her father, whose back was turned—another less daunted at Rory. He was standing ready with his basket hoisted. She beckoned, and moved towards the door.

Her hand had no sooner touched the latch, than O'Shane turned round. He did not speak, but motioned with his arm that they should neither of them quit the room; and when Grace let fall the bolt, there was a dead stillness.

The brother and sister would not have spoken for the world, and the old man himself seemed hardly to know how he should give utterance to the thoughts that filled his heart.

First his hands fell by his sides, his head sank on his chest, and he remained in that attitude of deep dejection, as if unconscious that they were looking at him. Having at length recovered his firmness, O'Shane drew a chair and sat down. He then fixed his eyes upon the troubled features of Grace, with an expression of penetrating anger, such as she had never before endured. At the same time, he desired her to approach.

"I have been accused," he said, speaking very slowly, "this day of a crime, of which, I told them that suspected me, I thanked God in my heart for having made me a poor and obscure man, that I might not so offend a fellow-creature

as to seize him and tell him he was capable of the like."

The colour ebbed and flowed in Grace's cheeks.

"I told them that not I, nor any that had ever belonged to me, would have disgraced themselves to commit such an unnatural act, though it were to revenge the deepest wrong that man ever bowed beneath.—Can I say this now?"—he continued, with a vehement and quickened tone, that amounted almost to ferocity—"no, girl!—though I were to give my right hand, you know I could not."

Tears had at first risen to Grace's eyes, and only through a convulsive effort were they kept from overflowing; but, as her father's voice grew firmer, as his scorn and indignation became more apparent, the struggle on her part appeared less difficult.

It seemed she sought the dignity of firmness to supply that of innocence; but this was not so easily attained, for when O'Shane paused, an expression only of stupid horror was in her fixed looks.

"I had no warrant for my pride this mornin'," resumed the father; "I was deceived where I had put my trust, and that a trust of long standin'. But no matter;—only, as you are not what I have been plased to think, you may expect to find me changed too. There are a few words to settle 'tween us two, that is all."

Grace remained silent.

The voice of the father faltered, as he put the following interrogatory remark: "I believe you to be consarned in the theft of Squire Clifford's child?"

She did not answer.

"You are not afear'd to behave basely, but you are afear'd to own to't."

The girl started. Instead of shrinking under his searching glance, her figure drew up stiffly, and her countenance assumed greater calmness and resolution.

"Did you entrap this infant?" he continued, sternly.

"I did."

O'Shane seemed almost to choke.

"Had you any 'complices in that act?" Grace shook her head.

"What's done with the child?"

"I have sold it!"

"You have sold flesh and blood! To whom?"

"To Mother Gurney."

"And did that woman counsel you the theft, or did you yield only to your ain wicked thoughts?"

"Twas Mother Gurney asked me."

"What might be the price o' your iniquity?"

The daughter put her right hand into her bosom, and drawing forth a piece of gold, held it before him in her open palm, while with the left she pointed to the gay *madras* upon her head.

O'Shane flung the coin to the ground, then rising with violence, tore off the handkerchief and threw it from him. During this violence, she only bowed her face, nearly concealed as it was by the long locks thus unfastened.

A pause ensued. The father was exhausted by the effects of his indignation; the daughter was reduced to a state of apparent stupefaction;

Rory was too frightened and too miserable to give utterance to his feelings.

One of the elder sons had entered meanwhile and seated himself at a distance, aware that the authority of his parent was not to be interfered with, although unacquainted with the cause of its being exercised.

After the space of a few minutes, O'Shane walked to the window. He took up a pen that was in a broken tea-cup full of ink on the ledge of the casement, and looked round him with uncertainty.

It was the custom of O'Shane, when his signature was required, to make an O'S. These were the only letters he could form, and the ink was kept for this purpose.

He now laid down the pen, and went to Grace's room; thence he returned with the child's garment which he had found that morning on her bed. Upon it he wrote those two letters, and calling to Rory, desired that he would take it to the magistrate at O—, whom he designated by his name. Rory pretended not to hear. He was sitting with his head on his knees, clinging to Grace's petticoat. The figure of his other son caught O'Shane's eye, and he repeated the message to him. Richard O'Shane received it in silence, and quitted the cabin. Twenty minutes or more might have elapsed after his departure, undisturbed except by the noise of the old man's nailed shoes, as with stern looks and folded arms he paced up and down the room, or perhaps also by Rory's light-breathed sighs, when, lifting up his head, he cast a furtive glance around him, and again dropped it between his hands.

The attitude of Grace was still unchanged. She stood fixed like a statue to the spot—her features as rigid as her limbs—her respiration scarcely perceptible.

Once, when the boy looked up, he perceived that his father had sunk into a chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. There was in his face an expression of pitiable wretchedness, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal under the appearance of a just resentment.

Softly gliding from his place, Rory approached and took the poor man's hand. Then encouraged by the passive gentleness with which it was yielded, the boy endeavoured by caresses to draw O'Shane into conversation, but met with no success in these attempts. He asked if his father was ill, and received only a silent pressure of the hand.

"Father," he said gently, "we'll miss Grace very much, if she's away."

O'Shane opened his eyes, and looked angrily at him.

But the boy, undismayed, went on. "What will you do, when there's no victuals ready, and you hungry and weary?—when you're cold and wet, and there's no fire? Not a soul," he still continued, unwarned by the threatening looks that he encountered; "not a soul to dry your clothes, and to mend 'em when they're fallin' off your back—and to put your bed ready—and to keep the house free from sperrits and bad luck!—and to sing to make your heart aisy!"

A deep and fearful oath interrupted Rory.

"Have done!—have done!" cried Grace, as if starting from a trance. "Sure he's ower glad

to be quit of one, who, when she laves his doors, shall never trouble him again."

"Oh, father!—oh, Grace!—what 'll we do now?" sobbed Rory. "Oh, bad luck to us!—oh, marcfil goodness!"—and while he was wringing his hands, and uttering every ejaculation of sorrow that presented itself to his excited mind, the door was thrown open by Richard, who ushered in two constables.

"This is your prisoner," O'Shane said, sullenly indicating his daughter. The men regarded the unfortunate girl with surprise. "She's your prisoner!" repeated the father more violently, and he turned away. The officers of justice laid hold of Grace, who suffered herself to be conducted to the door. Rory flung himself at his sister's feet; twining his arms around her knees, he wept convulsively. The men were obliged forcibly to remove him; but they were struck with pity at this unusual scene. One of them asked Grace if she had nothing to say, adding, they were in no hurry.

The young girl, who without murmur or hesitation had submitted to the authority of the law, on being thus addressed, turned for an instant round. She lifted her large piercing eyes to the spot where O'Shane still remained. An indescribable expression hovered over her face, as she made a farewell gesture with her hand upon her lips.

"Father, your daughter says, Good-bye!"

"You are no daughter of O'Shane's!" he cried. "God help me!"—added the old man with frenzy, "am I O'Shane myself?"

* * * * *

The extraordinary manner in which this criminal had been convicted for child-stealing—the youth and ignorance of the poor creature—and the fact that through her confessions the lost infant was traced and restored to its family, created a supposition that her case would be considered with indulgence.

Whether, however, from the dubious light in which the morals of this family were viewed, or the fear of such a crime's recurrence, or the impossibility of treating it with greater lenity, the daughter of O'Shane was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

On the day of this decision, the rest of the family removed from the country, and it has never been known what became of them.

Those who saw the unfortunate O'Shane previously to his departure, remarked in him so great a change, that they predicted he would not long survive his daughter's sentence.

H. R.

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The truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing; the primary object, with them, is to secure the applause of their fellow-men, and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.

EDMUND BURKE.



Edmund Burke, whose name fills so large a space in our political and literary annals, was the son of an eminent attorney, and was born at Dublin, January 1, 1730. After having received his early education from Abraham Shackleton, a quaker schoolmaster of Ballytore, he went to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746, where he remained three years, and pursued an extensive course of study, on a plan of his own. In 1753, he entered as a law student at the Temple, but applied himself almost wholly to literature; his unremitting attention to which at length injured his health. During his illness he became an inmate in the house of Dr. Nugent, a physician, to whose daughter he was afterwards united. This union he always described as the chief blessing of his life. His first acknowledged work, which was of course published anonymously, was his *Vindication of Natural Society*; an admirable imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and manner of reasoning, which deceived even some of the best judges. This was followed, in the ensuing year, by his *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. It completely established his reputation as a man of genius and a fine writer, and brought him acquainted with some of the most eminent personages of the age. His political career did not commence until 1761, when he accompanied the Irish secretary, William Gerard Hamilton, to Ireland. Nor can he be said to have entered fully on that career till 1765, when he became the private secretary and friend of the marquis of Rockingham, then the first lord of the treasury, who brought him into parliament, as member for Wendover. Thenceforth he took a prominent part in the debates of the house of commons. In 1774, without any solicitation on his part, he was elected for Bristol; but this seat he lost at the next election, in consequence of his having displayed too much liberality of principle, with respect to the catholics and to Ireland. He subsequently set for Malton. In the meanwhile he gave to the public his *Observations on Grenville's State of the Nation*; a *Short account of a late short Administration*; *Thoughts on the Causes of the present Discontents*; and his *Speeches on American Affairs*. To the impolitic contest with America he made a strenuous and eloquent resistance as a senator. On the downfall of Lord North's ministry, Burke obtained the office of paymaster-general, and a seat in the council; and he availed himself of this opportu-

nity to carry his celebrated reform bill, which he had previously brought forward in vain. The expulsion of the coalition ministry of course deprived him of his office. The prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and the opposition to Mr. Pitt's regency bill, were among his next and greatest parliamentary efforts. Though the former of these has drawn down upon him much censure, and even calumny, there can be no doubt that he undertook it as a sacred and imperative duty. This is irrefragably proved by his recently published letters to Dr. Laurence. When the French revolution took place, he early foresaw the result, and, in 1790, he produced his celebrated *Reflections* on that event. A breach between him and Mr. Fox was also occasioned by their difference of opinion on this important subject. In 1794, he retired from parliament, and a pension of one thousand two hundred pounds a year was bestowed on him by the government. From the time when his reflections were published, till his decease, his literary hostility to the doctrines of revolutionary France was continued with unabated vigour. The last work which he gave to the press was *Two Letters on a Regicide Peace*: the concluding two were posthumous. He died on the 8th of July, 1797. His compositions have been collected in sixteen volumes octavo. In private life Burke was amiable and benevolent; in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of meanness and injustice. It was this latter quality which rendered him a persevering advocate of the Irish catholics. As an orator, he ranks among the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendour of his diction, richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be acknowledged that there are few who equal and none who transcend him.

EDWARD GIBBON.



Edward Gibbon, one of the three greatest of English historians, was born, in 1737, at Putney; was imperfectly educated at Westminster School, and Magdalen College, Oxford; and finished his studies at Lausanne, under M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister. It was, however, his having embraced popery that occasioned his being sent to Lausanne. Pavillard reclaimed him from popery; but, after having vibrated between catholicism and protestanism, Gibbon set-

tled into a confirmed sceptic. In 1758 he returned to England, and entered upon the duties of active life. Till the peace of Paris, he was much engaged as an officer of the militia; but, during that time, he read extensively, and published, in French, *An Essay on the Study of Literature*. More than two years were next spent in visiting France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it was while he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, and the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing a history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire first arose in his mind. Several other historical schemes had previously occupied his attention. Of this great work the first volume appeared in 1776, the second and third in 1781, and the concluding three volumes in 1788. It raised him at once to the summit of literary fame; but its artful attacks on Christianity, excited great disgust and indignation, and called forth several antagonists, who unfortunately possessed more of zeal than of discretion. One of them impeached his fidelity as an historian, and thus provoked a reply, which gave the assailant ample cause to repent his rashness. Gibbon had already displayed his controversial powers in his *Critical Observations*, which demolished Warburton's theory respecting the descent of *Æneas*. In 1774 he became a member of parliament, and, throughout the American war, he gave a silent support to the measures of Lord North; Liskeard and Lymington were the places which he represented. A Justificatory Memorial against France, which he wrote, in French, for the ministers, gained him the place of a lord of trade; which, however, he lost when the board was suppressed by Mr. Burke's bill. In 1783 he retired to Lausanne, whence he twice returned to his native country. He died, January 16, 1794, during his last visit to England. His posthumous works were published, in two quarto volumes, by his friend Lord Sheffield. Exquisitely polished in its style, though occasionally blemished by tumidity and affectation, happy in description, and in the delineation of character, full of deep and varied research, and imbued with a philosophical spirit, Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* would have been entitled to almost unqualified praise, had he not rendered it the vehicle of opinions calculated to unsettle the faith, or at the least to shock the feelings, of every christian reader.

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For the Lady's Book.

LEAF FROM MY UNWRITTEN JOURNAL.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

Visit to the Hospital.

WHAT a piece of work is man!—Aye, my friends, what a piece of patchwork! “Now surely!”—Now surely, madam, you will let me finish my speech, before you reply to it. I say how much like a patchwork quilt is the heart of man. With the gay and the grave, the dark and the light, not a patch, not a passion, without its contrast—all curiously fitted and dove-tailed

into one heterogeneous whole;—old pieces, or prejudices, from our grandmothers' dresses, sewed, in manifest disregard of scriptural injunction, to the new piece of gaudy French chintz, that covered the grand-daughter.

“Well, now, who ever heard of sewing new and old calico together, for a quilt! What you say about the dark and the light is very true; and, to my mind, the greater the contrast, the greater the beauty. But, as for sewing new and old cloth together, I never saw it done; and I reckon I have made more quilts, than ever you did, in my time. I'll tell you just how the last was made; it *was* beautiful!”

“My dear Madam, excuse me, I must go;—I have something to attend to:—Adieu!”

At any other time, I could have borne very well with her prosing; for I have often been richly repaid for my patience, during an hour or two of the somewhat tiresome details of garrulous old age, by some original anecdote, or striking trait of character, beside the pleasure of having gratified the narrator, by listening to his or her reminiscences. What a fund of anecdote, feeling and history, is buried in the grave of the humblest individual!

I could have borne with her prosing propensities at any other time, as I have before observed; but it was too much to ask—after overturning my illustration—my own original simile! Never mind, part of it remains good, and will do excellently good for a beginning.

They say “the first step in crime, once taken, the rest follow of course;” however this may be of crime, I am sure it is the case in composition.

The beginning—*how* shall I begin? Some commence a story with a description of scenery—others dash into the middle of a conversation—some begin with the beginning, even favouring us with a sketch of the hero or heroine's grand parents—others, again, begin in the middle, and leave off at both ends. Now, which of these ways shall I take? Would some kind friend but write four lines for me, I would engage to write on—on—on, till my quire should be full.

Thus *have* I exclaimed—but thus need I exclaim no longer—I *have* a beginning;—Eureka! I have found it!

What a piece of patchwork is the life of man! This struck me forcibly the other day, as, parting from the gay crowds which thronged Chestnut street, I stood before the Philadelphia Hospital, and, gazing at its massive walls, thought what an amount of sorrow and suffering was enclosed by them!—The sick stranger, far from home and friends, languishing on the bed of death, without one loved voice to whisper words of comfort in his ear, and smooth the path from time to eternity!

Oh! what a blessed privilege should we deem it, to walk forth in the balmy Spring-tide, and drink in the sweet, free air of Heaven!—Yet, how little gratitude have we for health, while we feel it bound in our veins and sparkle in our eyes! Onward we madly rush, in the pursuit of wealth, ambition or pleasure, thinking not that the time might come when our day-dreams should be realized: Love and Friendship smile—Ambition and Wealth lay their trophies at our feet—the goal seems won:—when lo! sickness lays her pallid hand on our shoulders;

palsied and fainting, we sink in her withering embrace. We feel her hot breath, like the perfume of the deadly Upas, poisoning the springs of life, and petrifying our vital energies, till, in the anguish of wilted hope, we exclaim: Oh God!—Oh God!—Take away riches and honours, yea, *all* wherewith thou hast gifted me—but, oh! restore the energy of health, without which nothing in life is desirable! Yet how do we wantonly trifle with, and throw away this inestimable jewel, as if it were a mere bauble—a toy!

But we shall never get into the Hospital, if we continue moralizing at the gate. My Pegasus is a wayward steed—sometimes he twitches the bridle from my grasp, and gambols on, heedless and unrestrained—sometimes pausing in a bye lane, to crop the green herbage, or drink at the brawling rivulet—then, tossing his proud head, and shaking his flowing mane, he bounds on, over the level plain.

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After conversing some time with the invalid for whom Mrs. M. had brought a few delicacies, she inquired after the young English sailor whom she had seen at her last visit.

"Poor fellow! They say he cannot recover," was the reply.

"Let us go and see him," said my friend.

There he lay in a troubled sleep—a fine looking lad he must have been—his rich brown hair, curled over a high bold forehead, and his attenuated countenance was beautiful in its chiselling. He murmured in his sleep, "Mother! Mother!" He awoke—a dream had placed his fond mother by his side—and he groaned heavily, as he met the gaze of a stranger.

Poor boy, the wide Atlantic rolled its billows between him and those he held dear. Those who would have wept over their sailor-boy, pursued, perhaps, at that moment, some scheme of giddy pleasure; while friendless and alone, he lay on that bed, whence he was never to arise.

"Can we do any thing for you?—is there any thing you would like? Tell me freely," said my kind companion, as she put down by his side the little jar of jelly she had brought for him.

"No ma'am, I thank you, nothing!" said the poor boy, as the large tears rolled heavily down his cheek. "I want nothing but my mother. Oh! I wish I was at home, home—home!" His faint voice died away in a low wail. When he again opened his eyes, they rested on a bunch of violets in my girdle; I saw the direction of his glance, and put them into his pale thin fingers. He received them with a faint smile; our eyes met. It seems to me, that the sick unto death have a vivid and keen strength of those perceptive powers, which are so soon to depart forever: for he read in my eye the sympathy, the compassionate yearning to relieve his sorrow, which swelled my bosom. He lifted up the violets. "Yes—yes—my little sisters are at play in the green meadows, making cowslip-balls and wreaths of daisies and violets. Oh! that I could be with them! Oh! that I *could* but be at home, to lie down in my mother's arms, and die with her cool hand on my hot forehead!"

Oh! how the "hysterica passio" rose in my throat, as if it would choke me, as I leaned over the couch of the dying boy—fain would I have tended on him as a sister—willingly would I have held his fevered hand, or bathed his burning brow, and watched by his side till the last faint flutter of the decaying pulse told that the dread struggle was over—but to me he was neither "kith nor kin;" and the stern laws of decorum tore me from his bed-side. We departed with a promise of soon revisiting him.

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"He sleeps as before," said Mrs. M., as with light steps we entered the room—he moved not—he slept; but it was the sleep that knows no waking—he was laid out decently for burial—the violets I had given him still clasped in his right hand.

I scarce know why I took such an interest in this poor lad; but I rebuked myself, as I thought of his bereaved sisters, for the many repinings I had indulged in, because I was not blessed with a brother. Better, far better, never to have enjoyed the holy affection of a brother, than thus to lose one forever!

Will you have patience, nor criticise too hardly, the following lines which I wrote on returning home?

Untimely cropt by death's rude hand,
Far from thy home, and father-land,
Fair flower of Britain's isle:
Methinks, I see thy mother's tears,
When thy sad fate she mournful hears,
And cries "Oh, wo!" the while.

With merry feet and voices gay
In English fields thy sisters play,
And gather spring's fresh flowers;
No garlands o'er thy grave they strew,
Perchance for years they may not know,
That numbered are thine hours.

Perhaps, around thy mother's knee,
At twilight dim, they ask for thee,
And wish thy wanderings o'er;
Each boasts "My brother from the sea
Will bring some shells and toys for me"—
Thou wilt return no more.

A stranger drops a pitying tear,
Poor boy! upon thy humble bier,
Where lonely thou dost lie,
As pure, as full of feeling, deep
As e'en thy mother's self could weep
If she instead were nigh.

* * * * *

Now enter we the courts where mystic madness,
Straw-crowned and sceptred, holds her wild dominion!
Old Play.

"Remember that all whom you see in this ward, are crazed," said my friend. An old man, who was peeping at us from behind the door of his cell now came forward, and, with several low bows, besought us to consider ourselves at home! "God forbid!" I ejaculated, involuntarily. My friend bowed courteously, in return, and we passed on. Poor old man! he has been there forty years, and fancies the hospital and the grounds around it, are all his own property. He speaks with ludicrous gravity of the repairs he intends to make, and if he discovers any thing out of order, he rails at the laziness and negligence of his servants. He is happier in his harmless hallucination, than many who style themselves sane.

Yet it is a dreadful thing that the empire of reason—the only thing which raises man above the brute, so well expressed in the words of the old song, “My mind to me a kingdom is”—it is dreadful to think that a blow—a fall—a stroke of the sun—an apparent nothing—can make this kingdom a desert, or peopled only by wild fantastic things, like the worlds, which, in Byron’s Cain, Satan showed to the first homicide! The followers of Mahomet regard the idiot or the maniac as a sacred being. There is something mysteriously awful in the idea of a living, thinking, speaking being, with imaginations, passions, feelings, all—all vividly and busily at work in the brain, without the controlling power of reason.

“There is a joy in being mad,
That none but madmen know!”

So says some poet—a *mad* one doubtless. They do say that *all* poets are a little crack-brained. I opine that the cracks, are (as the backwoodsman said of the stars) hobs to let the glory through. Natt Lee, the mad poet, *par excellence*, said that not *he*, but *all* the rest of the world were mad! In good truth, have we not all, some monomania, which makes us at times as crazily disregardless of other feelings and interests, as the wildest maniac? Is the raving madman, who thinks himself a king, or a hero, a whit more mad, than the raving politician who destroys all his domestic comfort and calmness of conscience, to satisfy the fierce rancour of party feeling, or place himself for a transitory moment on a point above his fellow citizens. Or than the soldier “who seeks the bubble reputation even at the cannon’s mouth,”—or the poet, the philosopher, the painter who pursue their fevered schemes and destructive labours, with the vulture consumption preying at their vitals, till the laurel crown they have struggled for, but gleams in marble mockery over their tombs.

Whatever may be my monomania, and, doubtless, I too, have my mad vein, it is *not* the thirst for posthumous fame.

I do not wish or ask for fame,
Unless I can obtain it now;
I would not take a laurel wreath,
Unless it bound my *living* brow!

I do not wish for *future* fame,
When in the gloomy churchyard lying;
What should I care tho’ half the world
Above my humble grave were sighing!

He, too, who “puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains;”—on this theme I *could* write pages, and *will*, but not now. The duellist—but we need seek no further for an illustration, than yonder gloomy cell. See the savagely melancholy tenant, conversing in a corner, glancing for a moment at us with sullen apathy, then turning his bloodshot eye to the floor. His brow is furrowed and his matted hair is white, yet he is young—yes, in the very prime of his life. He was once gay, handsome, wealthy and happy. He was a *duellist*. He fought with his friend, for some trifling quarrel, some fantastic point of honour, or perhaps a deeper offence—for none but the principals knew the cause of the duel—

one of *them* lies in an early grave, the *other*, lives, but *how*? They were bosom friends, they had been so from childhood. They met—his friend fell—the watches of that night were passed in sleepless agony—the next morning found him a raving and hopeless lunatic!

Years have passed away since then, but on the first day of May, the anniversary of his unhappy duel, he stalks from his cell to the grounds of the hospital, he paces off the distance, seems to act over in imagination the fatal tragedy—seems to see again before him the bleeding body of his early friend—then, like Orestes pursued by the furies, he rushes into his cell, where he remains crouching in sullen misery, counting the days, till another year of his monotonously wretched existence has passed away.

Speaking of different kinds of madness, reminds me of a rather singular instance, related to me by a friend. I give the account as nearly as I can recollect in her words. “I was,” said my friend, “several years ago, visiting the Almshouse, in Philadelphia, with some ladies, to see a young girl, with whom they had been acquainted in better days. We were ushered into a sort of hall from which the cells opened; two or three of the quiet inmates were seated on either side of the room, while the ravings of others were heard through the small wickets in their closed doors. Helen was not in the room when we entered, and while waiting I glanced through the wicket of a cell whence came the hoarse murmurs of its inmate, and beheld seated on her bed one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She appeared to be addressing a strain of the most impassioned eloquence to some imaginary visitor—her black eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy—her cheeks were crimsoned with excitement. I saw her but for a moment, when she caught a sight of my face, and overpowered with a sense of her condition, she shrank down and concealed her face in the bed clothes.

Helen came from an adjoining cell, and welcomed us with the air and grace of a lady receiving her customary morning visitants. She asked us into her room, and then first appeared to think there was something wrong. The cell, as usual, contained nothing but a small bed, she requested us to sit upon it, and, as a faint colour spread over her sunken cheek, she begged us to excuse the want of chairs. “I don’t know why they have taken all the chairs away; you must excuse them, I suppose they are clearing up.”

She was tall, and her countenance and person can be well described by the term interesting. Her dress was simple—an old black silk frock, and a white cape, but twisted round her head was a piece of coarse domestic gingham.

“Helen,” said her friend, “why do you wear that ugly check on your head?” “Oh,” said she, “I had some very pretty caps when I came here to board, but I lent them to the other ladies to take pattern, and some how they got torn to pieces, they did not take the least care of them!” “I will send you a cap,” said the lady, “but don’t wear that.” “Oh,” cried the poor girl, “this my mother sent me for an apron, but I thought it was prettier for a turban!” We gave her some cakes and fruit, which we had brought for the purpose, and took leave. As we left her, she took hold of the arm of one of the ladies, and ad-

dressed her in a whisper. "No, my dear," said the lady, and we left her. "She asked me," said the lady, "if I had seen her lover lately." Her history is soon told. Her mother was a widow, who by the death of her husband, had found herself reduced from easy circumstances to embarrassment and penury. She was passing rich in two fair daughters, a species of wealth only valued in these days, according to the chance of getting rid of it.

To eke out her scanty income, she took as boarders, some medical students from the south. Between one of these, the son of a Carolina planter, and the younger daughter, poor Helen, an attachment commenced, that to the eye of her prudent mother seemed fraught with danger. She warned her daughter of the little probability there was, that his father would sanction such a marriage, and then contented herself with keeping them, as she thought, totally apart, in the hope to estrange them from each other without dismissing from her house a lucrative boarder. Some time after she discovered that they kept up a correspondence by putting letters under a pillow on his bed, and she suspected that they met at other places. She remonstrated with the young gentleman, and desired him, unless he intended to address her daughter openly, to find another home.

Alas! for poor Helen! Though not too proud to gain her affections, and trifle with her happiness, he was too proud to marry her, and excused himself on the plea of not daring to wed, contrary to his father's wishes.

In compliance with the mother's desire, he left the house, pledging himself to keep no farther correspondence with her whatever, and without taking any particular leave, he bade her adieu at the same time with her mother and sister, and immersed in the study of his profession and the societies of the city, he lost all recollection of poor Helen.

"They parted as all lovers part,
She with her wronged and breaking heart,
But he, rejoicing he was free
Bounds like a captive from his chain
And wilfully believes that she
Hath found her liberty again!"

What to him was but the amusement of an idle hour, was to her the business of life. She did not believe that he had or would forsake her; she thought his absence, his neglect, the result of what she, poor mistaken girl! called the tyranny of her mother, and night after night, regardless of the inclemency of the season, she rose softly from her bed, and wrapped in her cloak, stole from the house to visit the former places of meeting, in the hope, the expectation, that he would be there to see her. As might be expected, she took a violent cold, which terminated in a brain fever, from which she never entirely recovered. She was harmless, but would embrace every opportunity to get out of the house, for the purpose of wandering round the hotel, to which he had removed from her mother's, and where her disordered imagination still whispered that she would find him. Her shrieks and cries when brought back from these excursions were dreadful, and not to lose her boarders, her only support, the afflicted mother boarded her at the

Almshouse, for the double purpose of having her under the care of its skilful physician, and because of its proximity to her own habitation. She had been there now for some months, and was tranquil and apparently better.

Some time after the visit I have narrated, I met the lady who had accompanied me. I asked her of poor Helen. "Oh! poor girl," said she, "her sorrows and her troubles are over, she is no more! Shortly after our visit, she was taken home, and hopes were at first entertained that her mind would be restored. She was quiet and gentle, but her thoughts were still fixed upon her truant lover!

One sabbath evening she was sitting with her mother at an upper window that commanded a view of the public square—every gentleman and lady that passed, drew from her the exclamation, "Oh mother! if it had not been for you, I should have been walking so, with my dear S——." Tired, worn out with these complaints, her mother left her for a moment, to speak to her elder daughter, who was seated in the parlour with some friends: she had scarcely entered the room, she was yet speaking, when something white flashed by the window, a shrill shriek from below, and all was still!

They rushed down, extended on the pavement, bloodless, uninjured except by the concussion, lay the breathless body of the unhappy Helen. Poor victim to man's heartless trifling, and her own ill-regulated imagination."

Verily, truth is stronger than fiction: we need not task our minds, or rack our imaginations, for romantic incident or tragic event, while Hospital or Almshouse rear their massive walls.

THE BONDSMAN'S FEAST.

ONCE on a time there flourished in the town of Troyes a citizen whose name was Arthault de Nogent. This person, of obscure and servile parentage, had begun the world without one of the advantages which are commonly supposed to predicate a successful career. A link in a long line of bourgeois, that had grown in the feudal domain of the Count de Champagne, he appeared to be destined for nothing else than to transmit unbroken the chain of bondage to another generation. By some strange concurrence of circumstances, however, assisted by great industry, strict honesty, and a natural pride, of that kind which raises its head haughtily above every one but a superior in power of fortune, Arthault gradually emerged from obscurity, and at least gilded the hereditary fetters which he could not throw off.

His first patron was Sir Launcelot Sansavoir, a knight of ancient family. When boys, they had played together on the terms of political equality dictated by nature; and even in other respects they seemed to be pretty nearly on a level; for if the balance of strength and courage was on the side of Launcelot, that of skill and address on the part of his low-born companion held firm the equipoise. As they grew up, however, and the laws of nature were gradually superseded by those of society, Arthault was reminded, by many a bitter token, of the artificial

distinctions which hedged round his heretofore playfellow from the degrading familiarity of a bourgeois. But the hard lesson was never taught directly by the freeman to the serf. Launcelot, although of a fierce and rough temper, was generous withal. He loved his humble companion with the love which simple contact inspires in the open and guileless heart of boy; and when the days of boyhood were over, he still continued to evidence, by the kindnesses which then acquired the name of patronage, that his early sentiments were unaffected by the accidental distinctions of the world. He assisted his protegee both with influence and money, countenanced his first efforts to assume a rank in society from which he might have appeared to be excluded by his birth, and fairly set him afloat on that tide of fortune which was to carry him to prosperity and power.

As he returned from time to time to his native town, in the pauses of the career of arms to which he had devoted himself, he saw with new surprise, and for a season with new satisfaction, the changes which were taking place in the waxing fortunes of his dependant. The corresponding changes, however, in the mind and manner of the bourgeois were not so pleasing, and to one acquainted with the world would not have been so surprising. Arthault, the farther he advanced from the point at which he had set out, wished the more ardently to forget it. Every word that reminded him of what he had been went like a dagger to his breast; and the unconscious remarks of Launcelot on the subject rankled and festered in his heart. The wincing of wounded vanity was little understood by the knight, who only thrust the deeper as the other shrunk back; till at length Arthault looked forward to the return of his former patron from the wars both with terror and disgust.

By-and-by, he had attained a station of importance sufficient to encourage him to return the unintentional insults of Sir Launcelot by at least reproach; and the fiery knight, in retaliation, seized several opportunities, both public and private, to mortify the pride of the base-born *ingrate*. By this time Arthault felt himself strong enough to fling back injury for injury; and thus a war of words, rather than actions, commenced, which ended in the deadliest hate on both sides.

This consummation, however, was in part brought about by circumstances foreign to the original cause of quarrel. Sir Launcelot's temper had been soured by reverses in fortune, almost as great as the advances made by the bourgeois, and a kind of jealousy was awakened in his naturally frank and generous mind, by occurrences of a precisely opposite nature to those which had wounded the feverish jealousy of Arthault. A reproach for supposed unkindness thus sounded to the one like a cowardly insult levelled at his falling fortunes; and a burst of anger at the imaginary wrong, to the other, like an intentional affront to the merit which had raised him from the dust.

Sir Launcelot was at length completely ruined in the wars of his prince; his estate was pawned piece-meal; and the chateau of his ancestors, the only fragment of his patrimony now his own, fell into ruins. Arthault, on the other hand, advancing step by step in wealth and honour, ar-

rived at length at a high financial post, under that very prince who had discarded or forgotten the bankrupt knight, and without the actual title of minister, became in every respect the confidential agent of Count Palatine of Champagne.

But all this, it may be supposed, was not the work of less than many years. The families of the knight and the bourgeois, were for a considerable time, intermingled in friendly intimacy; and the rupture, gradual as it was, was yet too sudden to take place without being attended by grief and tears.

Arthault's only child was a son, who owed nothing to his father but the prospect of a fair inheritance, for he was little like him in form, and not at all in mind; he was a fine, manly, generous, and high-spirited youth, such as would have been thought too early born, had his appearance been made before the hereditary servility of his family was forgotten. The knight, too, had an only child, a daughter; who, in personal appearance and moral qualities, contrasted in as remarkable a manner with her father. She was little almost to a fault, in the standard of beauty, if there be such a thing; her form was moulded with a delicacy which gave the idea of one of those aerial shapes that dance in the beam of poesy; and there was that gentle and refined playfulness of expression in her fair countenance, which artists have loved to picture in the nymphs of some sylvan goddess, whose rudest employment is to chase one another on the green bank, or sport in the transparent wave.

Guillaume loved the beautiful bourgeoisie before he knew that such love was a condescension; and Amable, when, on being desired by her father to refuse her heart to Guillaume, she thought of inquiring whether she possessed such a thing at all, started with surprise to find that she had given it away to Arthault's son long ago. But where was the use of repining? Guillaume was young, and handsome, and generous, and brave; and what harm could befall her heart in such keeping? Amable turned away from her father with a light laugh and a light step, and stealing skipingly round the garden wall,—for already the paternal prohibitions had gone forth,—bounded towards a grove of wild shrubs at the farther end.

The trees were bathed in sunlight; the air was filled with the song of birds; the face of heaven was undimmed by a single spot of shade; and the earth was green, and sparkling, and beautiful beneath. Such was the scene around her; but in Amable's mind, a warmer and brighter sun shed its light upon her maiden dreams, and the voice of the sweet, rich singer Hope, drowned the melody of the woods. "Away!" she thought; "it cannot be that this strange, unkindly mood can endure; my father loves his friend in spite of all, and the noble and generous knight could not hate if he would. They shall not be a week apart when they will both regret what has passed; and when they meet again I will laugh them into a confession that they have done so. Then the two friends will embrace; and then Guillaume and I will sing, and dance, and read together again—and then—and then—and then—" It seemed as if her thoughts had run her out of breath; for at this point of the reverie she paused,

and hung back for a moment, while a sudden blush rose to her very eyes. Soon, however, she recovered; she threw back her head gayly, and yet proudly; legends of happy love crowded upon her memory, and minstrel songs echoed in her ear; she bounded lightly into the wood, and as some one, darting from behind a tree, caught her while she passed, Amable, with the stifled scream of alarm which maidens are wont to give when they wish it unheard by all, save one, found herself in the arms of Guillaume.

The predictions of her heart were not verified; for the breach between the heretofore friends became wider every day. Her meetings with Guillaume were more unfrequent, and no longer in the daytime, but by the mystic light of the moon. Then came the fall of her father's house, more precipitous as the descent went on, till it stopped amid darkness and ruins. The family chateau sunk into decay: and rising near it, in an inverse ratio, a princely mansion appeared, the shadow of whose towers fell cold and stern upon the blackened walls where the father and daughter disputed an abiding place with the owls.

This new edifice was the Chateau de Nogent, built by Arthault, who was already styled the Lord de Nogent. He was now one of the wealthiest citizens of Troyes, and so completely in the confidence of the count, that to gain his favour was esteemed an indispensable preliminary in business of any kind to be transacted at the court. This arrangement did not injure much the interests of justice and true policy; for Arthault wanted neither in benevolence nor judgment; and it is even to be supposed, from his general character, that, at this epoch of his prosperity, he would have gladly consented to a reconciliation with the now impoverished patron of his earlier years. Sir Launcelot's hatred, however, became more bitter and uncompromising as the decline of his fortunes went on; and so fearless were aggressions, so far as speech could go, that, even in the lowest depth of poverty, he was an enemy to be dreaded rather than despised by the morbid sensibility of Arthault.

There were some instances, it may be remarked, in which those who knew the secret of his fortunes, and thus the grand weakness in the character of the bourgeois lord, contrived to warp his opinion to the side of cruelty and injustice. One or two of the errors into which Count Henri had in consequence been betrayed were accidentally exposed; and that prince, surnamed *Le Large*, or the Liberal, turned for a moment an eye of suspicion on his counsellor. The lucky stars of Arthault, however, prevailed, and the Count found his single failing of jealous pride so amply redeemed by many good and useful qualities, that he continued him in his favour as before. To such a height, indeed, did he at length arrive in the estimation of his prince, that on the completion of the Chateau de Nogent, Henri paid him a visit in person, and partook of the hospitality of his house for a day and a night, not in the manner of a noble thus seizing on the feudal tax due to him by his serf, but with all the form and courtesy of a friend visiting his equal.

This was a proud and a happy day for Arthault. His head was in the clouds—he scarcely seemed to touch the earth with his feet; but yet with the strong control which worldly men are wont to

exercise over their feelings, he schooled his aspect into the bland and lowly expression of grateful humility. When, in the early part of the morning, the echoes of Nogent were awakened by a flourish of trumpets, which proclaimed the approach of the count, instead of waiting to receive him in the arcade under the belfry, according to the common usage of lords at that period, he walked bare-headed to the gate of the outer court, and kneeling, held the prince's stirrup as he dismounted.

The breakfast was served in cups and porringers of silver, set on a magnificent gold tray, and consisted chiefly of milk made thick with honey, peeled barley, cherries dried in the sun, and preserved barberries. The bread was of the *mias* cakes composed of rye-flour, cream, orange-water, and new-laid eggs; and the whole was distributed among the guests by Guillaume; the host himself having been compelled to take his seat at the table by the count.

The morning was spent in viewing the improvements of the place, and riding about the neighbourhood; and at ten o'clock the company partook of a dinner served in the same style of tasteful magnificence. The viands included among other things a lamb roasted whole, the head of a wild boar covered with flowers, fried trouts, and poached eggs, which were eaten with boiled radishes, and peas in their shells.

A profusion of the precious metals graced the table, more especially in drinking cups; those of horn, which were formerly in general use, having about this period gone out of vogue. The luxury of forks, it is true, had not yet been invented; but when it is remembered that the hands were washed publicly, before and after meals, not as a fashionable form, but in absolute earnest, it will not be feared that any indelicacy in the feasters contrasted with the taste and splendour of the feast.

The wines filled by Guillaume, who waited particularly on the count, besides the fashionable vin d'Al of the district, included the vin de Beaume of Burgundy, the vin d'Orleans, so much prized by Louis le Jeune, and the powerful vin de Rebrechien (another Orleans wine), which used formerly to be carried to the field by Henry I. to animate his courage.

After dinner the guests partook of the amusement of the chase, which afforded Arthault an opportunity of exhibiting, in all its extent, his newly acquired estates—and which, indeed, comprehended a great part of the family property of Sansavoir; although the count did not observe, and therefore no one else was so ill-bred as to do so, an old blackened building mouldering near the garden wall, which Sir Launcelot had still preserved, and where he continued to reside in a kind of dogged defiance of his enemy.

The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid supper, attended by music and minstrel songs; and when the sleeping-cup had passed round, the Count Henri retired to the chamber prepared for him, which he found to be not at all inferior to his own in luxury and magnificence. Vessels of gold, filled with rose-water, were placed on his dressing-table; the curtains of the ample bed were ornamented with partridge plumes, supposed to ensure to the sleeper a long and peaceful life; and, in short, nothing was

wanting that might have been deemed pleasing either to the taste or superstition of the age.

In spite of all the Count Henri could not sleep. He listened to the dying noises in the house, and to the tread of Guillaume, who passed through the corridors, in the manner of a squire, to ascertain that every thing was secure for the night; and then invoking the protection of Our Lady, turned himself on his side, and closed his eyes. It was in vain; he felt restless and feverish, and at length starting up, he opened the window and looked out into the night.

It was a night of midsummer, clear, still, and balmy. His window opened upon a terrace which sloped down into the garden, and commanded an extensive view of rich shrubbery and shady walks. The count, after gazing for a while, imagined that a stroll in so delightful a place would sooth his restlessness, and that the perfume of the innumerable flowers, falling sweet and heavy upon his senses, might dispose him for sleep. Wrapping a loose gown about him, therefore, he stepped out upon the terrace, and sauntered slowly into the garden.

Having admired for some time the order and neatness which prevailed around, and which were rendered distinctly visible by the clear moonlight, he dived into a grove, stretching from near the house to the end of the garden, intending to cross into another walk beyond. When he had gained the middle of this retreat, where the branches were shadiest, he was startled by a sound among the leaves, different from the voice of the gentle night-wind; and by-and-by something appeared like a moving shadow. Unlike a shadow, however, it bent the branches as it went along; and when at length it passed between Count Henri and the faint moonbeams, which strayed into the other side of the wood, he saw that it resembled the figure of a tall man covered with a cloak, and gliding swift and silent through the trees.

Count Henri's heart leaped within him at the appearance of so unexpected an object in the dark and midnight grove; but being a man of courage, he presently recovered his presence of mind.

"By the Holy Mary!" said he, crossing himself, "be thou here for good or evil, I will see who thou art, and what is thy purpose;" and he followed swiftly but silently the muffled figure. In a few minutes it had cleared the wood; and Henri, waiting in the shadow of the trees, saw it advance close to the garden wall. The next moment it disappeared, and so suddenly, that the spectator was in some doubt as to whether it had leaped the barrier, or oozed, in ghost fashion through the solid masonry.

"Beshrew my heart," said he, "but thou art a tall fellow and a stout! Yet will I after, if the saints please, though I break my neck in the adventure!" and scrambling over the wall with good courage, but somewhat less agility than had been exhibited by the stranger, he speedily found himself in another garden, or in a place liable to some suspicion of having once been so, which contrasted strangely with the one he had just quitted.

The walks were choked up; weeds contested the pre-eminence with flowers, and flowers emulated the wildness and rankness of weeds; fruit-trees, long past the age of bearing, mouldering

and moss-grown, looked like monuments of the past; and every where nature was seen reclaiming to her rude domain that which once had been ravished from it by art. It was a place, indeed, which seemed to be singularly well fitted for the haunt of nightly spirits; and as the count discovered that the phantom-figure had totally vanished, a somewhat uncomfortable sensation crept over his heart.

He listened, but all was still. Had the slightest rustling among the leaves met his ear, he would have shouted out, to challenge the step of this mysterious wanderer of the moonlight; but in the absence of every sound indicating human motion, he scarcely liked to send his voice through the wilderness. At length a small solitary light appeared gleaming through the trees; and, determined to finish, like a gallant knight, the adventure he had commenced, the Count Henri made towards it swiftly but cautiously.

The light proceeded from a window in a house so far gone in decay, that, without this testimony, he would have hesitated to believe it still inhabited. As he approached, an owl, keeping sentry in the ruined belfry, startled him with his hoarse "too-who!" and, as if it had been really the *huée* of the *guàite*, or sentinel, which each vassal who heard it was obliged to repeat, the alarm was echoed by at least a dozen other discordant voices, and at the moment a large bat swooping down, circled round the visiter's head so closely that the wings agitated his hair, and thus seemed to marshal him the way to the house of desolation. The mansion had evidently been a chateau of considerable strength; and its broken palisades, choked ditches, and ruined barbicans still looked grim and threatening in their decay. Immense beams of timber swung by the walls, supported by iron cables half eaten through with rust; the drawbridge, which appeared to have been raised since the house was spoiled of all that was worth defending, was firmly bedded in the ground; and the doorways, which had, perhaps, originally been sunk a little below the surface, from the collection of rubbish, or the spontaneous growth of the seldom-trodden earth, were now half buried.

The count drew near, with a mixture of pity and curiosity; and, crossing the drawbridge, which resembled a bank of earth, being covered with vegetation growing out of the decomposed timber, reached the window which contained the light, and looked in.

A young woman was sitting alone in the black and ruinous chamber. Struck with surprise and admiration by her extreme beauty, and a certain incongruity with the scene exhibited in her manner and expression, Count Henri stood for some moments motionless, and almost breathless, at the window. Had he seen such a figure skipping along the walks of Arthault's garden, or lying asleep on a moonlight bark, he would have been in no perplexity on the subject. He would at once have rubbed his eyes, and blessed himself at the apparition of an actual damsel of faery, or imagined that his fancy, disturbed by aromatic perfume, and the agency of the brain-controlling moon, had conjured up before him a garden spirit—a personification of the beauty, elegance, freshness, and fragrance of the flowers. But here! surrounded by black and mouldering walls,

and the companion of bats and owls! He remembered to have heard the Angel of Death described in song as a beautiful and benignant spirit; but who was she, this lonely dweller among tombs and ruins,—this lady of the past?

On minute examination, however, the playfulness of youth, which sat enthroned on her fair brow, with a kind of equivocal dignity, that half-awed and half-authorized familiarity, seemed to belong more to the original mould of the features than to the actual condition of the mind; and Henri imagined that he detected a shade even of sadness hovering over her bright cheek, her sparkling blue eyes and rich and ruby lip, which proved her only too plainly to be one of earth's daughters. A powerful interest was excited by the discovery; and, as it usually happens in such circumstances with good minds, his surprise and admiration were chastened by the affectionate pity which we term sympathy.

The picture before him was rendered still more singular by the occupation of the young female; for at this midnight hour, she seemed in the act of arranging her hair, as if about to visit, or receive visitors. A part of her very long tresses hung in wildly-beautiful disorder about her face; while on the other side, they were curled up in ringlets which would have compelled the most devout admirer of the simple to admit that art might embellish nature. As the work went on, however, it appeared that art had very little to do in the matter. A bend of the hand—a twirl of the magic finger, and up ran the wreath of hair in its appointed form; nor did the cheek seem to be more indebted to the cosmetics of the toilet, for the fragment of a mirror in which she contemplated her face was the only furniture of the table.

When she had finished her toilet, she started, as if on hearing some sound, and hastily drew a large cap over her head so as to conceal the hair, and enveloped her figure in an old shawl. Presently a man entered the apartment; and a pang of shame passed across the heart of Count Henri, as he recognized—although this was not without some difficulty—in the hard and war-worn features before him, a tarnished resemblance to one of the eldest and most faithful servants of his house, the Knight of Sansavoir.

Sir Launcelot wore his hauberk, which knights seldom laid aside except when retiring to bed; and over all was a coat of faded sendal, on which his embroidered arms were almost entirely defaced by time and frequent darning. A kind of morose dignity lowered on his furrowed brow, and his sharp and anxious glance seemed to be looking out as much for cause of offence as for the approach of the troubles and vexations of the world. His shaggy head, which had been once coal-black, was completely silvered over, but so thinly, as it seemed, that the original colour was visible beneath. Although he had reached an age when the figure may gracefully bend under the load of years, his was still as erect and stiff as a lance; which, taken conjointly with his expression, conveyed the idea of force and constraint, as if he compelled himself to bear up against the ills and insults which poverty is heir to, and struggle desperately even with Time himself.

"My child," said the stout old knight—and his grim features relaxed as he addressed his daughter—"Why, Amable, are you up so late?"

"It is so fine a night!" replied Amable; "and besides, dear father, I am anxious to know the result of the meeting of our creditors. You have not spoken one word since your return from Troyes."

"I wished, my child, that you should at least sleep on the last night you are to spend in the ancient abode of your fathers. You are so changed, Amable! You who were wont to return with a smile the buffets of the world, and laugh so gleesomely at the strange, tattered garb of Poverty, when the old beggar came knocking with his iron staff at my very heart,—why now, even now, you start and turn pale!"

"It was only the moonlight, my father, passing across my face," said Amable, throwing herself into his arms.—"Is not this then the worst? Can there be a worse still? Come, I will meet it! My eyes, indeed, may be wet when I bid adieu to these old towers, beautiful and beloved even in their ruin; but through my tears you shall see sparkle the spirit of my ancestors. Let it be this night, ay, this minute, and I am ready. Go on, my father, for I will follow you; and even should the sky be red around us with the glare of burning, your Amable shall not once turn her head to inquire shudderingly what had become of all that was once so dear to her!" The old man groaned aloud.

"There is worse still," said he—"and by the blessed Virgin! I know not how to speak it."

"Speak it! and speak plainly," said Amable, hastily, "Tell me all—all but—" and she gazed with a look of terrified suspicion into her father's face, and then stealing her hands round his hauberk till they met clasped behind—"Tell me any thing but that!" she added. "Let them burn the chateau about our heads if they will, so that we perish *together*!" Her father trembled in her arms; and it was some moments before he recovered sufficiently from the agitation to trust his voice with speech.

"Amable," said he at length, "there must be no more of this. I thought we had both been schooled too well for the exhibition of such weakness.—The case is this, My creditors, influenced by the traitorous fiend—the skulking, creeping, truckling, dastardly—"

"Oh, my father!"

"In a word—for I will be calm—by Arthault the Serf—have sued at the court of Rome for my excommunication as a bankrupt knight. To-morrow I shall be hunted like a beast of prey from the ruins of my home; and if I should die the next moment, my body will be left to rot unburied. Now, mark me, girl, there is no alternative; I must forth to the Italian wars, and you—"

"I will be your page!" cried Amable, suddenly. The old man was surprised into a grim but tearful smile.

"God help thee, poor maid!" said he; "your world is still the world of romance and song! Amable, for my own subsistence I must fight, even with these war-worn arms; for yours—I must beg."

"How mean you, in the name of the Virgin?"

"Beg, I say—beg! It is but once—the first and the last. I have served my prince at the expense of my family. I have lost my all in adventures of which he should have borne the cost;

and, if I alone had been concerned—shut out even as I am from that sun which should have warmed and enlightened my age by a crowd of slaves and sycophants, with the reptile Lord of Nogent at their head—God knows, no murmur would have passed my lips, and no memento would have come from the last Sansavoir to call a blush into Count Henri's face. You, my child, however, leave me no alternative. You cannot trudge with me to the wars, where I must go; friendless and a stranger, even like a wandering Scot; and you cannot remain at home without a protector. There is no help for it. I must sue for that grace which the customs of our country sanction in such circumstances. I must beg of my liege lord to provide an asylum for you, which I am unable to give—to bestow on you—ay, girl, you droop and turn pale—but that, too, must be borne!—to bestow on you a dowry, and provide you a husband.” Amable made no reply. She had drooped her head upon her father's shoulder, and seemed to have been deprived of all sensation.

“Look up, my child;” said the old man, alarmed; “look up, beloved of my heart! I am too rough and sudden; I will be more gentle, indeed I will. But yet, the shock must have come some time, and it is not worse to bear now than again. Weep, Amable; weep, if you love your father! it will ease your heart. There, weep long and bitterly. I would myself accompany you, but my eyes are so hard now!—iron—iron!” and the old warrior covered his face with his hand.

“Enough!” he resumed with a start; “let us bear the fortune which Heaven sends with a calm brow. I pity you, my child, and not the less that I am myself the cause of half your grief. Had I done my duty as a father and a knight, you could never have formed that unhappy and degrading intimacy.”

“Degrading!” exclaimed Amable, almost fiercely, while a bright flush rose into her face.

“Nay, I am wrong,” said the father—“yes, I am wrong. Poor Guillaume! his heart at least is noble; and it is no fault of his that the blood of a slave runs in his veins. I have cursed the union, which I once looked forward to with joy; I have cursed it with the bitterest and most solemn curses of my heart; I have vowed that, while I live, you shall never be the wife of a bondsman; and if, when I am dead, you disobey me, it will be like trampling on your father's grave! Notwithstanding, I will do no injustice to Guillaume. What! was it not from me that he learned first to use his arms? Did I not teach him the cut and the thrust, the attack and defence, the rally and retreat? Did I not enter the mimic lists with him myself?—and beshrew my heart, if he struck not at last so as to make his master stagger! Poor Guillaume! I loved him as if he were my own son!”

“Dear father,” said Amable, throwing her arms round his neck, “Guillaume returned your love in all strength and faithfulness!”

“No more of this—no more of this!” cried the old man, roughly and suddenly; “to bed, girl, and sleep if you can; but pray before you sleep, and promise your heavenly Protector to deserve his care. Away! we will talk further in the morning—not a word, not a tear! Good night.”

Amable pressed her father's hand to her throbbing heart, and then raising it to her pale cold lips, lighted a taper and glided out of the room.

Count Henri debated with himself for a moment whether he should not enter the house, and beg forgiveness of his brave old vassal for the neglect with which his services had been treated; but suddenly a door opened beside him, and he had scarcely time to retreat into the shadow of the wall, when Amable stepped cautiously and noiselessly over the threshold. She paused for a moment, as if to listen, and then darted boundingly across the drawbridge, and was lost in the foliage beyond.

“Another phantom of the moonlight!” thought the startled spectator. “By the mass! if I do not trace this one to its haunt, I am no true knight;” and he sprang as lightly and as swiftly after her as the weight of sixty years would permit.

By-and-by she appeared in a clear space at some distance, skimming through the moonlight, as if scarcely touching the earth at all; and was then lost in a grove near the wall of Arthault's garden. The count, abandoning open pursuit, stole up to the part of the wall next him, through a double line of trees, and keeping cautiously within the shadow, soon reached the place where the lady disappeared. It had once been a thickly-peopled orchard, and was even now almost impervious to the moon. Henri, stepping carefully among the broken, mouldering branches that cumbered the ground, had reached the middle of the plantation, without discovering any tokens of the skimmer of the night, and was now ready to fancy that he had been thus led astray, not by Amable herself, but by some woodland spirit that had assumed her shape. In another moment, however, he heard the same touching voice which had charmed his ear at the window, and it was mingled with some deeper and fuller tones, which he recognized as those of Guillaume de Nogent.

Henri had thus discovered both the objects of his pursuit at the same time; for, on advancing a little farther, he saw the same tall, cloaked figure which he had followed through the garden. The lovers were sitting on the stump of a tree—too narrow to have held both, had they sat ceremoniously—and in the usual position of lovers, when they meet in a grove by moonlight, which is to say, with an arm round the slender waist, and a pale fair brow leaning against the taller shoulder. Amable was weeping, but not bitterly, as she had wept in her father's arms; and Guillaume seemed to have forgotten, in the sweetness of the sorrow, that he had cause of sorrow at all.

“And now that you have heard all,” said Amable, at last, “nothing remains for us but to part.”

“Ay, and to meet again,” replied her lover; “and then to part no more! Count Henri is liberal and noble-minded: I will throw myself at his feet to-morrow, after your father's petition has been made, tell him our story from the beginning, and implore him to let his choice of a husband fall upon me.”

“Alas!” said Amable, “there might be some hope in that, however slight; but there are other barriers too mighty even for hope to penetrate. You know my father's deep-rooted dislike—”

"Not to me, Amable—not to me. When I was a boy, I can remember, I seemed to be as much his child as yourself; and still, I know, the glorious old man loves me even as a son. O, would that his pride were not so strong! How many cares and distresses you might have been spared, in spite of my father's enmity! But, indeed, the wish is by no means unselfish: for, believe, me, love, the thought of your sufferings has been drinking the very life-blood of my heart for years."

"Dear Guillaume! But, indeed, my father's pride is unconquerable; for now it is fortified by an oath."

"An oath! to refuse the assistance of a son-in-law?"

"No, to refuse receiving as a son-in-law one who is—who is not—who—"

"I understand you!" said Guillaume! and the blush that rose into his face was distinctly visible in the moonlight. "I am a bondsman!" and he started up, and strode away a few paces with a hasty and unsteady step.

"These arms are as strong," resumed he, turning fiercely round, "as those of a noble! my courage is as high; I am as well acquainted with all the usages and exercises of arms; yet I never must, never can wear the knightly hauberk. O! that I were permitted to avenge the wrongs of my class, and assert the dignity of human nature! My sword would find a way through the meshes of the mailed armour, and I would teach its wearer in what true knighthood consists!"

"Guillaume," said his mistress, trembling at the vehemence of his voice and gestures; "remember, dear Guillaume, that you are the same to Amable as if you were a knight-banneret!"

"Spirit of chivalry!" cried the lover, in a paroxysm of passion, "I defy thee! there is my gage!" and he flung his glove violently into the trees. A sound was heard on the instant like the heavy tread of a man; and Amable, stifling a scream, threw herself into Guillaume's arms.

"I take up the gage!" said a voice the next moment, which appeared to proceed from the top of the wall; and a dead silence ensued, interrupted only by the beating of the lovers' hearts, who imagined for the time, in the superstitious spirit of the age, that some phantom-knight, perhaps Arthur himself, or one of his twelve companions, had replied to the defiance. Soon, however, Guillaume started, and breaking from his mistress, rushed to the spot where he had thrown his glove. It was gone.

"Fly," said he, "Amable; run, as if for your life, and show me instantly the light in your window to tell me that you are safe. We shall meet to-morrow—away, good night!" He gazed anxiously after her flying figure; and when at length the light appeared in her window, he turned round and searched minutely every corner of the orchard for his mysterious enemy. He then leaped the wall and inspected in the same manner the plantations in his father's garden. All was silence and solitude. When he had ascended the terrace, he crept noiselessly past the window of the distinguished guest, for fear of disturbing his slumbers, and at length betook himself, in perplexity and sorrow, to his own uneasy bed.

The following day being Whitsunday, Conut

Henri set forth with Arthault, Guillaume, and a great retinue, to hear mass in the church of St. Stephen, which he had founded at Troyes. During the feast, there had been one drawback to his happiness; and that was, the consideration that the world was not by to witness it. Now, however, he was about to enter his native town as it were in triumph, side by side with a sovereign prince, who would by that time be publicly known to have eaten, and drank, and slept in his house, as a friend visits his friend.

"Arthault," said the count, as they rode together into the town, discoursing of state affairs, "I have a subject of some moment to consult you upon. There is a certain matter to be transacted forthwith with a neighbouring prince, and I would ask your opinion as to the person who should be employed in the affair. He must be of mature age—about your own years, for instance: he must be a valiant knight, such as would support the dignity of his master against the companions of the Round Table themselves: and as it would be well, more especially on this blessed day, and when I am just about to enter the house of my heavenly protector, the most holy martyr St. Stephen, to combine charity with the appointment, he must be poor,—miserably poor, if possible—the poorer the better. Know you such a one?"

"Sir," said Arthault, "I do. There is the *Sire de Longueval*, a man of honour and courage,—an old man too, and passing poor withal."

"That is the noble person," remarked the count "on whose daughter, if I mistake not, you have cast your eyes for a wife for your son. If the marriage takes place, your family and his will be as one, and, therefore, passing *rich*, my friend. Set him aside."

"Well, sir, there is *Sir Gui de Marmont*, who has lately sold his estate—"

"That he may buy another. How is this sir? Have we no man in our dominions who is at once brave, bold, and poor?" The count spoke in a tone of displeasure, and spurred on.

Arthault for an instant was cast down. The description resembled in a most striking manner *Sir Launcelot Sansavoi*, and a panic struck the heart of the bourgeois, occasioned by his consciousness of the injustice he committed in omitting to name the ruined knight. Circumstances, however, had very lately occurred to add tenfold bitterness to his enmity; and as *Sir Launcelot* had informed his daughter, the harsh step now adopted by the creditors was mainly owing to the evil influence of Arthault. Even the present displeasure of the prince was set down to the account of hatred; and, with a constantly recurring pang, he found that his heretofore friend was in some way or other an object of dread even in the gulf of ruin.

When the cortege had entered the town, however, the spirits of the serf revived. The crowd gathered; the buzz ran round and round, till increasing in volume, it rose into the shout of welcome. The homage of the people seemed to distinguish alike master and servant. Henri was the great and the liberal; and Arthault, as the minister of his greatness and liberality, was scarcely farther separated from him in imagination than a member is from the body. Hats were

waved, and knees bent as they passed; and the voice that cried, "God bless our good Count Henri!" never failed to add "Honour to Arthault!"

They at length reached the steps of the great door of St. Stephen's church; and the multitude ceasing their shouts in respect to the sanctity of the place, gathered still and silent round. The noble party dismounted, and began to ascend the stairs; Count Henri walking first, and Arthault following closely behind. When the count had gained the landing place, a slight stir was observed among the people gathered round the door; and presently a knight, leading a young female by the hand, detached himself from the crowd, and approached the sovereign.

It was Sir Launcelot Sansavoir, arrayed in his tarnished coat-of-arms; and no less faded were seen the roses in the cheeks of his lovely daughter, as pale, trembling, and abashed, she tottered by his side.

"How now, musart?" said the count. "It is long since thou hast honoured our poor court with thy presence; where hast thou been?"

"I have been in the shade," replied the knight.

"And whither would'st thou now, in the name of God?" Sir Launcelot knelt before his prince.

"Sir Count," said he, "I am for the Italian wars, if you will grant me your permission. My daughter, whom you now see, has no one to protect her in my absence, and I have no property left to support her. I therefore beg of you, for the love of honour and chivalry, and in the name of the most holy martyr St. Stephen, to bestow upon her a dowry, and appoint her a husband."

"Sir Knight," said Arthault, pressing eagerly in between them, "this is ill done! Our master has been so generous and liberal already that he has nothing more to give.—Away! Room for my Lord Count!"

At this scene, so interesting to the idle curiosity of some, and to the better feelings of others, a rush made by the people towards the speakers, but almost noiselessly, so great was their anxiety to hear, and in a moment a dense circle was formed round the party. Count Henri looked for many moments sternly into the face of Arthault.

"Sir Bourgeois," said he at last, "you have spoken falsely, in asserting that I have no longer wherewithal to give away. Are not *you* my property, the serf of my domain? And is it not in my power to bestow what is my own; Sir Knight, I give this man to you, and, in the presence of these witnesses, I warrant him your bondsman!" And having so spoken, he instantly turned away, and passed into the church.

Arthault looked as if he had been struck by thunder, and was about to sink upon the earth; but in a moment his fainting senses were recalled by the rude grasp of the knight, who seized his prey by the throat; and as the two enemies gazed into each other's faces, the look of wonder, mingled with fear and horror in the one, contrasted strangely with the glare of exultation and revenge which illumined the features of the other.

The crowd for some moments were dumb with astonishment; but by degrees their feelings burst forth in various exclamations; and Arthault had the further misery to distinguish, in the shout which arose, an expression of the popular satisfaction at his downfall. Not the least interesting portion of the scene, however, was the part played by the bondsman's son. Insensible of his father's or his own disgrace, he was leaning distractedly over Amable; who, oppressed by a crowd of contending feelings, had fainted the moment the sentence of the count was pronounced. When she at last re-opened her eyes, he lifted her up tenderly in his arms, and followed with his burthen her stern father, who, forgetful even of his beloved daughter, was engaged in dragging away the slave who had thus suddenly fallen into his domain.

As they passed the Chateau de Nogent, Arthault in vain entreated his new master to enter, offering to pay him down five hundred livres of ransom on the spot.

"Come on, come on," said Sir Launcelot, fiercely, "it is time enough to talk of ransom; you shall first visit the house of your lord;" and they went on in silence. When they entered the old avenue, where the bondsman's foot had not been for many years—not since the noble oaks had been cut down, and thorns and brambles had choked up the once crowded path, and the hare had couched where the war-horse was wont to prance—he paused, and hung back for a moment.

This was the domain of memory. Every tree, every stone had its legend: and the vacant places, where trees and monuments had once stood, were filled with shadows that seemed as palpable to the senses. It was here he had played with his noble companion;—it was along this avenue he had first passed in fear and curiosity, to obtain a view of the princely mansion; it was in this place he had stood, abashed and almost appalled, with his bonnet between his knees and his hands crossed upon his breast, when a cortege of knights and noble ladies once floated along the path;—and it was on this very spot that young Launcelot, in midst of them all, had leaped from his horse, and, with a cry of joy, had thrown himself into his arms.

As they approached the ruined pile, a sensation of awe passed across the heart of Arthault. The drawbridge—that object of his boyish fear and wonder—was firmly bedded in the earth, and the broken chains swung mournfully in the wind. As he crossed, the rank weeds waved against his knees, and the rotting plank beneath, which was here and there still visible, looked like the coffin of some long buried friend. The upper apartments of the house, he could see through the rents in the mouldering walls, were hung with ivy instead of tapestry, and the wallflower surmounted the broken turrets, where silken banners had once floated in the breeze. Arthault shivered as he passed into the cold, dark shadow of the ruin; the hoarse caw of a rook, which came from different parts of the interior, fell upon his ear with a boding sound; and he started at the flapping of black wings which passed the windows, as if he had seen a spirit.

The apartment which they entered appeared

to serve at once for kitchen, hall, and sleeping-room. The knight's bed stood in a corner; one or two broken cooking utensils lay upon the fireless hearth; and on the single table with which the room was furnished, there were a distaff, the fragment of a mirror, and a church missal. Two chairs, which bore the appearance of having once been gilded, closed the inventory.

The lord of this mansion of desolation, as if fatigued with his walk, sat down; and Arthault, in whose heart the past and the present were struggling as if in a chaos, turned his eyes upon his heretofore friend. The blight of sorrow and mortification had fallen upon those features once resplendent with manly beauty. The brow which might have imaged

—the front of Jove himself,

was ploughed into deep furrows; and

The eye, like Mars, to threaten or command, presented a care-worn, anxious expression, which spoke only too plainly of bitter days and sleepless nights. His beard neglected—his grizzled hair—his faded dress, on which the family arms were still almost entire, through the patient ingenuity of pride and want—all contributed to form a portrait on which the spectator seemed to gaze as if in spite of himself.

Arthault was moved; and at last his lip trembled as he gazed. This was the house where he had been cherished when a boy!—There sat his first patron, his early friend—the proud, the brave, the beautiful, the generous, the princely Sansavoir! Perhaps his emotion was observed by Sir Launcelot, and excited an unconscious sympathy; for his look and manner gradually softened almost into kindness. He, too, thought of old times and feelings; and it may be that his present triumph enabled him to think of them with less of bitterness than usual.

"Come, come," said he at length, in a gruff and sudden tone, as if ashamed of some fancied weakness, "let us now talk of your ransom. I accept the five hundred livres you have offered. Are you still in the mind to give them?" Arthault did not answer for some moments. At last he muttered, "No!" but it was in a hoarse and broken voice.

"No!" he continued, advancing with tottering steps,—"not five hundred, but five thousand—all I possess—my lands—my houses—my gold;—they are a debt—all—are yours, my kind and noble patron—my early friend—my benefactor—my master!" and he threw himself upon his knees before Sir Launcelot, and seizing his hands, covered them with tears and kisses.

As quick as a sunbeam—as light and radiant as angels are pictured in our dreams, Amable flew, and raised him from his knees, and seated him in a chair beside her father. She drew their arms round each other's necks; and the knight overcame with emotion, dropped his head upon his bondsman's shoulder, and the two old men sobbed aloud.

"You weep, Guillaume!" said Amable with streaming eyes—"I am sure you weep—weep, or I will not love you!"

"Angel of light!" whispered the lover, hiding

his averted face in her hair; and when Amable found that her neck was wet with tears, she pressed him in her arms.

At this instant Count Henri entered the room, and advanced hurriedly to the group.

"How now, Sir knight!" said he sternly; "what is this! Do you dare to trifle with me? An hour ago you begged me to find a husband for your daughter, and now I see her—in your own presence—in a man's arms!"

Sir Launcelot appeared thunderstruck.

"My poor child!" said he, taking her by the hand, and leading her to the count, "you forgot your father's cruel and impious oath—and so indeed did I.—Sir, you may forgive her; she is as pure as was the first woman before she sinned. They were friends in childhood; they have been long separated—and they never can meet again.

"Why, who is this young man!" demanded the prince. "Methinks I know the face."

"Sir," answered Arthault, kneeling, "it is my son; and I entreat of you, for the love of God and St. Stephen, to name him as the husband of this lady, with whom he will not demand a livre of dowry."

"That may not be, my friend," said Sir Launcelot, mournfully. "I have a vow in heaven; and my daughter, were she to break her heart, can never marry a bondsman."

"Spoken like a noble and valiant knight," exclaimed Count Henri: "it were a shame that a daughter of the Sansavours should marry any but a freeman. But, to set the question at rest, I have already, in compliance with your request, provided her a husband.—Come, madam, to-day you shall visit the countess, and to-morrow the ceremony shall be performed before the court."

"To that I say nay!" cried Guillaume, in a loud and furious voice, and striding between the count and the door. "I too have an oath in heaven; and so has the Lady Amable. Long before her father's vow, she swore solemnly to be mine, and mine alone.—Sir Count, you are only our temporal prince, and have no power to stand between heaven and man!"

"Back, presumptuous boy!—Back, rebel slave! lest I smite you with my own hand, since there is not loyalty enough present to punish your presumption," and the count drew his sword. Guillaume's hand instinctively clutched his weapon. He did not draw, however, but stood grinding his teeth, while he muttered—

"O, would that I were a freeman and a knight!"

Arthault at first was struck dumb with terror and amazement at his son's phrensy; but when he saw him still maintaining his position, even when threatened by the sword of the count, he implored and commanded by turns, and at length endeavoured to drag him away by force.

"Stand back, father!" cried Guillaume, whose eyes were fixed with a gaze of growing joy and wonder upon the count's cap—"Stand back, for the love of heaven! Can it be possible? or is this but a dream!—By the holy St. Stephen! I am right—it is my gage!—Sir Count, when you took up that glove, you must have known that I was a bondsman; and you cannot withdraw from your knightly word. If you persist in the

wrong you intend, I demand battle against you, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George!"

"I cannot fight with a serf," said the count; and he smiled admiringly at the young man's enthusiasm. "I make you free!—witness all present;—and beshrew my heart if I do not think that I get almost too old to fight at all! At any rate, in this case, I will employ a substitute. There is the gage, Amable,—strike hard for the honour of chivalry!" and he pushed her towards her lover.

"Sir Launcelot," he continued, "although I perceive that you have settled your old scores with our friend Arthault, yet you and I have much to forgive each other. To see the dear and gallant friend of my family in such a situation as yours is a pain and disgrace which your obstinate pride had no right to inflict upon me. However, that is all past. I have found a husband for your daughter, according to my promise; and it will be hard if, among us all three, we cannot provide her with a suitable dowry.—Sir Bondsman, we fine you, for your rude interference to-day, in another dinner at the Chateau de Nogent, and abundance of excellent wine.—Lead on, Guillaume, and show your fair mistress the house and gardens which will one day be her own; and among the improvements you may talk of, I would suggest that a summer bower, raised on a certain seat in a grove near the wall, might be convenient for damsels who love the cold midnight hour, and for youngsters who challenge the ghost of King Arthur by moonlight!"

UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY,

IRELAND.

THE scenery of this Lake, beheld from the waters, is surpassingly beautiful. The surface of the lake itself is calm and uninterrupted, except by the island groups that rise to different heights, and are decked with various shades of colouring. It abounds in fish of various kinds, and vast numbers of waterfowl frequent its shores and waters.

WINDERMERE LAKE,

WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND.

WINDERMERE, the most extensive of all the English lakes, lies on the boundary line which separates Westmoreland from Lancashire. Its circumference is something less than twenty-three miles: in breadth it scarcely exceeds a mile; the depth is from thirty to one hundred feet.

Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence, have justly been considered the characteristics of Windermere. The extreme clearness of the waters, is such that the eye can distinctly view its finny inhabitants in its deep recess, as they play in shoals, and

"Shouting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats, dropp'd with gold."

The lake abounds with trout, pike, perch, and char: its banks with wild-fowl, which add to the scenery as sitting in black groups, they rise and sink with the waves, or circling the air, in figured files, with hesitating wing, to seize some station on its banks or surface.

Written for the Lady's Book.

To a Flower from the Acropolis at Athens.

BY G. HILL, of WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAIL, withered leaf! thy tints are shed,
Thine odour scents a distant air;
No spirit, here, survives the dead,
And seems to say—"the relic spare!"
Around me, flowers in sunshine sleep,
Whose dewy sweets arrest the bee,
Or blushing at my casement peep,
Yet do I turn from them to thee.

For thou wast cradled, nurtured, where
The men, whose birth was Freedom's, rose;
There still survive their trophies, there
The bones of heroes, gods, repose—
Memorial of feelings high!
As met the mount my awe-struck gaze,
Whose relics, though in dust they lie,
Bespeak the pride of former days.

Prized, in remembrance of a spot,
Whose time-worn image haunts me still;
For who has marked and e'er forgot
The trophies of that glorious hill?
Still, though in shattered pride, elate,
But soon to perish, like the flower,
Sprung from the dust that strews the seat,
The monuments, of human power.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FIESCHI TO THE FRENCH.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

YE slaves to a Bourbon, a twice broken rod
Brought back on our land by the vengeance of God,
I have striven to free, yea, have striven in vain,
You crouched to your tyrants and cling to your chain.
Long may you keep it like *Slaves*, as you are,
Till every hope shall be quenched in despair,
Till they *lash* you like *dogs* if ye speak the word
Free—

Then howl in your fetters and think upon me.

All who have been great and good without Christianity, would have been much greater and better with it. If there be amongst the sons of men, a single exception to this maxim, the divine Socrates may be allowed to put in the strongest claim. It was his high ambition to deserve by deeds, not by creeds, an *unrevealed* heaven; and by works, not by faith, to enter an *unpromised* land.



UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.



WINDERMERE LAKE.



For the Lady's Book.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

A Brief Sketch.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

AUBREY FITZHENRY was brave, hardy, and handsome; would spend freely what he won lightly, and if one day fortune scowled, he would, like a wild beast, bask in the sun to rid himself of chagrin the next; if she were propitious, swag-ger about, gallant and gay as a lord of a manor. Like all the sons of God, he could make love to the daughters of men, and touch the heart of a gentle maiden. He was wild and reckless, it is true, but then he made up for this by so many good qualities, and was so engaging, that all unmarried ladies delighted in his company. And then he could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that even the old dames leant back in their arm-chairs to weep whilst he sung. He had one of those deep, melancholy voices, which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a long-
ing realized. In one of his rambles, he met with Kate Seyton, the pride and the boast of her native valley, beyond which she had never been. Familiar as a household tone, was every step of the garden of her dwelling-place, belted with shrubs, and enriched at the border by a deep ravine, over which it looked. At the bottom of that ravine flowed the river, rapid, and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature: and the whole contributed to form such a picture as an artist might travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Kate, however, had looked upon it from her childhood; it had never been forced upon her mind by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles beyond the pale of her residence, and she would sit and sing, in the soft, low tone, peculiar to her voice, and beyond which she had no compass, and ply her knitting-needle, and dream, without even raising her eyes. Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the opposite rocks, although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a note which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen.

"And he who there at such an hour had been,
Would wistful linger on that hallowed spot,
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world, he had almost forgot."

On the present occasion Kate listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost to a whisper; she sang another stanza in a louder key; the challenge was accepted, and a rich sweet voice took up the strain of a favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Her first impulse was to fly—her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music—and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence it seemed to proceed.

There was Aubrey—his face upturned like a

star, watching for the appearance of that maiden, of whom he had long been enamoured. He had, unseen, been gazing upon her as she sang to beguile the time. The soft profile of the young girl had been clearly defined to his admiring gaze. There was the lovely brow, and the dark chestnut-hair, parted simply across it. The small, regular features, the long black eye-lashes, deep eye-lid, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Madonna, till she raised her bright blue eyes—speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age—and showed her parted coral lips, with their sunshiny smile. Her slight, low figure, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by the cotton handkerchief, had all the grace of youth, and more than are generally found in an obscure peasant. He ascended—they exchanged salutations—they conversed; there was nothing mysterious in their communings. He was bold and vigorous of mind—and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprang from a rock into the torrent, as fearless as a chamois, alternately vanishing and reappearing on the summit of the rocks, where no human foot had ever stood before. He was brave, and proud, and beautiful; and this glorious creature—this Apollo of a childish imagination, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself at the maiden's feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon. The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to the bewildered Kate. Their sentiments they avowed without disguise—their faith plighted beyond recall. But why delay the truth? They married. Love wove his gayest wreath to deck their bridal, and hope whispered that happiness would crown their union. For a time it was so, and Kate thought that the bright and fragrant flowers that adorned her path would bloom forever.

The day was just breaking, as Aubrey, having spent the night in gambling, emerged, with his companions, into an obscure street. His frame was exhausted by intense excitement, and the cold damp air of the season came over him with a sickening weight.

"Your losses seem to sit heavy on you, Fitzhenry," said one of his veteran associates, "but you will soon be able to put off these horrors; a little more experience and you may command fortune at your pleasure."

Some further remarks passed, revoltingly illustrative of their habits, and they separated. With a sunken and blood-shot eye, that told but too plainly of the want of rest, while the just awakening city was rising to new life, and to the glorious pageant that already was colouring the reddening sky, he sought, in the troubled and feverish sleep of a weary spirit, forgetfulness of scenes that had robbed him of a more tranquil repose.

In a small habitation, whose situation was, indeed, beautiful, sat the wife and mother. The house stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on a gentle mead, rich in wood and water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the deep, distant ocean. And yet there was something about the dwelling itself, which seemed to speak of desolation so much in unison with the heart of its mistress. Her marriage had been productive

of misery. Five years had glided down the dark and deceitful current of time, into the deep and noiseless gulph of oblivion, three of which had been happy. But a natural propensity for play, had lured Aubrey from his home of love, and the once gay and joyous Kate was neglected and forgotten; the fountain of unspeakable affection which she bore, thrown away as a priceless bauble. Look upon her as she sits there watching the stars go out, one by one, in that pale dome, as though the glory they had all night showered upon the silent earth had exhausted their eternal fountains of brightness. Gracious heavens! what a change is there; the Kate of bygone days can scarcely be recognised. The sunny smile was gone; the rose had fled from her cheek, the light from her eye, and buoyancy from her step; but her hair was still soft and beautiful, and her voice sweet and gentle, as in the palmy days of youth and hope. The lovely child was the very image of herself at that fairy age, save that a shade of thoughtfulness, perceptible even in slumber, which the mother had not then, played over the chiselled features. She leaned over the sleeping innocent, her eyes suffused with tears, and murmured, "Have mercy, oh my God, upon my child! let it not share its mother's fate; that smile, 'tis all his fond, sweet smile, that won my virgin heart. Oh, keep in the pale of thy mercy, this green leaf of promise—this sweet bud of hope and delight! My child! my own, my beautiful! may the breath of flowers and shrubs—the coolness of the air—the murmur of the water—all nature, animate and inanimate, lend to thy existence a charm; and mayest thou never, never know the agony, the heartache, which has been all mine own in this chequered pilgrimage. My youth—my dream of love and happiness—my obscure and unpitied death—and, above all, far, far above all, my still dear husband, where are you now? Oh, Aubrey! how inestimably dear, fallen as thou art, to this breaking heart of mine art thou; if you but knew the anguish that rends my bosom in your absence, and the sunshine which your presence can give, even now, to the world of my existence, methinks you would make it more spring-time with me." At that instant the child stirred, and she turned to hush it, and gaze upon that fair and beautiful face, looking like some lovely statue of Cupid; there was a sort of fascination in the contemplation, and she watched more closely. There is an awful something stirs the soul's deep places in looking upon those we love dearly in sleep; that extraordinary suspension of the communing with external things; that temporary extinction of being, so like death itself—an extinction that would make death too fearful in the contemplation, if we did not escape from it in the hope of immortality. Sleep is his youngest brother—his very counterpart; the body lies senseless, while the soul takes a new range of activity—it lives in another world. There, divested of its materiality, it looks into the secrets of nature—holds communion with higher powers. The sight is nearly allied to pain; it is not the picture of our own dissolution which presses so heavily upon the mind, it is the prophetic spirit within us, speaking of ties to be broken—hopes to fail—affections to wither—and a thousand

other cherished memories that rise up in dreadful array before the vision. Oh! what a feeling of desolation—of the breaking up of the heart's dearest associations—came over that mother's mind, as her eye wandered round the apartment. Every corner of that sweet thing—home, had its feelings, and their eternal vacancy and destruction, shot through her heart like an ice-bolt. This was the very spot in which she had passed the time since her marriage, and when every fresh idea, won by her young mind from the world around it, was a positive joy. The places where she had ranged, when every look was watched, and granted ere made known, by a well-beloved being: all those bright hours—the transient sorrows—the sports—the visions—bright, youthful dreams of never-ending love—the melancholy voice of silence told her now that they were mingled with, and belonged to the solemn, the unchangeable, the irrevocable past! The trees, round about, with their immemorial branches, tall and dark, rose calm and clear in the still moonlight, like a green sea of waving masses. There was the heavy oak and chesnut, the trim poplar, with its tall straight rows—each grove, and glade, and avenue, and lawn, looked forth phantom remembrances of the past. The whole scene was fraught with living associations; but they were associations that for every by-gone smile, called down a shower of tears. That wringing, yearning of the heart; that hopeless anguish for the return of halcyon hours—forever lost on earth, and that only lived in the memory as a remembered thing. Exhausted with watching, sleep overtook her, and fancy, or imagination, did its fairy work most splendidly. She was again, as of old, by that being whom she loved more than any thing else on earth—his brow was wreathed in gladness—her eye undimmed by a tear; again she lived on every joyous look and feature—the bright light shining from those beautiful eyes, overflowed her soul with gladness; she listened, enraptured, to the magic tones of love, and the thrilling tones of joy; the laughing hours of other days came back again with all their mirth and guileless thoughtfulness, and hope and joy were all that was before her in the cloudless perspective of the future. From such blessed meditations—replete with such anticipations of pleasure and happiness, she awoke to find herself—alone.

A heavy tread in the passage, and the sound of approaching footsteps, broke upon the ear. In an instant the tear was dashed aside—the head raised—the eyes flashed—and the mouth curved in a bright, sweet smile.

"My husband! my dear husband," she uttered, as she started forward to greet him. His face was pale and altered, and the cold dew stood on his garments like one fatigued; the damp air had numbed him, as he stood the object of so much love. He took her hand; his own was cold as ice; its touch thrilled through and through her frame.

"You are ill, love; why, oh why, will you wander through the damp night!"

"I am not ill," said he; "my body is strong enough to bear me, and you are my spirit's love. Oh, Kate! Kate! if you but knew how bitterly worthless and mean in mine own eyes your

matchless devotion makes me appear, scorned and despised as I am, you would still pity and forgive me."

"Oh, Aubrey! I would rather thou shouldst in hot words of anger chide me, than hear thee talk thus. I have been sitting here in my solitude, imagining thee lost to me forever."

"Kate," he murmured, unconsciously, "thou knowest I love thee."

"Aubrey! would I might say I loved thee; but see," and she stepped nervously to his side, then dropping her head on his shoulder, she took his hand and placed it beneath her bosom. He started, for he thought her heart was bursting from her side; but tears came to her relief, and she became calm, for she felt that his were mingled with them, and that his arms were round her as they were wont to be.

"Aubrey," said the wife, as she looked up imploringly into his face, "why will you not abandon this mode of life? It is this, combined with your long absence, that, like a cold spectre, lays his hand upon all within his reach, and sends shivering and death into my heart's inmost core; it is this that frightens, and finally unnerves me. You tell me of success at play; alas! if successful, are you happy? Is it not at the expense of health, quiet, happiness, nay, even remorse, honour, that you succeed? Is there no principle to betray, no obloquy to follow?"

"Fear not, dearest," he answered, fondly, "that dear, delightful, exciting being, Hope, assures me that we shall yet be joyful as we once were."

"Be it so," she replied, "for whilst you are a—alas! my lips will not utter the word which crawls in my brain, and chokes in my throat. That thought, my husband, haunted me by night and by day. If I kneel to pray, that only will rise to my lips; if I would kiss our child, it rests between her eyes and mine; there is but one time it comes not—when I think not of it—when with thee, thee, Aubrey. Thou art not guilty, with thy smile bent on me; heaven is on my heart and soul; then am I thine, thine—proudly thine."

Aubrey promised, and for a time it was so, that every moment, not consumed by him on absolute business, should be devoted to her, and to their child. In the cultivation of the earth, in the beauties of nature, and the society of those he still loved, he found employment, enjoyment, and content. At length he began to yield to the seeking of those haunts, that, like an evil conscience, haunted his wife, and pressed dark and gloomy upon his own soul. Each day he resolved more strongly to disentangle himself from his dissolute companions, and seek that calm retreat, and bestow those thousand nameless little attentions that his wife now doubly merited; but he remained, now, longer absent than before, knowing that he had given pain he did not choose to witness, and fearing, not reproaches—her nature was too loving for that—but tears, and the wan cheek and faded smile of her who should have claimed all his kindness.

Brilliant glowed the autumn, with its many-coloured leaves; it was that calm hour, when the solemn light of the radiant stars shine through the straggling branches of old trees—when all living and timid things throw off the restrain-

ing fears of the steps of man—and when we calm our sorrows, and exalt our spirits by a communion with external objects. There is a rich music in every intonation of nature's voice, and the melody of that sweet voice is never still; all that has life has a season or an hour for its eloquent and sweet song—each bright bird, each beautiful and laborious insect, pours out its tributary streamlet into the deep ocean of universal harmony—the winds and plummy forest—waves and sinuous caverns, and shells, their miniatures—the upspringing plant, and herb, and budding flower, all mingle in the hymn of general jubilee, and the soft influence of sleepless sounds, with their cadence, to which passion's voice ministers, and their contemplation, make the spirit gentler and wiser.

"Kate," said Aubrey to his wife, one evening, towards the latter part of November, "where is my cloak; I must go forth to-night, my word is pledged with my partners in infamy, and I will redeem it."

That pale cheek grew paler at this intelligence, but she knew it would be useless to remonstrate with her husband, for, lawless as he was, he would not break his word idly.

"Look not so drooping, wife, I promise, nay, more, I swear, by Him who is Almighty and powerful, and all merciful, that after this night I will quit that accursed trade forever."

"May God, in his mercy, have it so," she added, in a low and deeply agitated tone; "then can I resign my soul into the hands of my creator, and die in peace."

With the deepest agony and remorse, he clasped to his bosom that being who had, indeed, given him so many beautiful proofs of the depth of woman's undying love—and thus they parted.

Her tenderness and affection had unclosed the flood-gates of memory, and as he called to mind her counsel and excellent warnings, he determined, internally, to abandon this mode of life and live for her alone.

With the very resolution upon his lips which would have proved his safety, he was lost and ruined. Oh, that fatal morrow, which was to have witnessed reformation for the past, and joy for the future, never came! He had tottered for an instant upon the brink of a dark and yawning precipice; he had pushed rudely aside the friendly hand which would have saved him from destruction, and even as the ground crumbles beneath the feet, he was whirled headlong into the abyss.

It was with great anxiety that this erring man wandered forth that night; the hours seemed to pass with painful tardiness; time appeared to his restless mind to stand still; and the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the trees, sounded to his ear like the knell of death. He heard the sullen moaning of the dash of the waves at the foot of his dwelling; he thought of his wife, alone and deserted by him who had sworn "to cherish her," and of his only child, till he wept—stern as was his soul, he wept in very bitterness. Now it was, that the pure and upright would have looked and clung to the hope which never forsakes the righteous; but there had been, too long, no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation, in the gloomy hour of tribulation,

where alone it was to be found, and therefore was he desolate.

The moon, as she sailed along the heavens, imparted a distinctness to the surrounding scenery; and the tall trees, with their leafless branches, resembled so many spectres, with their gaunt arms extended to clutch the unwary traveller at every step.

The cloudless sky was studded with millions of brilliant luminaries that seemed to be shining with more than ordinary lustre, as a figure, closely enveloped in a mantle, glided into a lonely street. Had he been a lover of nature, the silent beauty of the heavens must have attracted his observation; but he was seemingly too much wrapped up in his thoughts to throw a single glance towards the gem-like orbs that glowed so beautifully in the overhanging firmament. A piercing wind swept through the street, moaning and sighing, as if it felt the pain that it inflicted. Doors and shutters were closed against the common enemy, and the streets were forsaken, except by a fearless or necessitous few, who glided along like grim ghosts of the night. Aught, save love or murder, would hardly venture forth on this bleak night, it would seem; and yet pleasure sends forth her thousands, and necessity her millions, to brave all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

The place to which our wanderer directed his footsteps, was a lonely back building, in the heart of the city of —, but so concealed by the surrounding houses, that it might as well have been in the silent bosom of the forest. He ascended a narrow flight of steps that led from the outside of the edifice, with the familiarity of an accustomed visitant, and soon emerged from the gloom of the night, into the light and life of a gaming-room—that gay altar of dissipation and temple of pleasure, which too frequently makes those that laugh, and that within its precincts, feel more desolate than the house of mourning.

The countenances of the assembled group, bore the gloomy and absorbing earnestness of men whose hopes are thrown into a fearful hazard. Oh! that Aubrey had, ere that fatal night, detached himself, at once and for ever, from this haunt of dissipation and subsequent misery, and stood forth a redeemed and unfettered being; his virtue would have acquired new strength daily; and those faults which scathed his maturity, been then thrown back among the rubbish of his youth.

But we know not what we do; we weave the garlands of joy even at the precipice of death, and disport in the sunbeam, unmindful of the storm that is lowering afar off, and will soon be at hand.

Aubrey left that room a beggar; his last cent had been staked and lost; he was irretrievably ruined. His prospect over the bare wilderness of life was, indeed, a desolate one, with not one bosom to gladden his path. All that made the past delightful, was a curse, and an abyss of misery. His heart was like the sands of the desert, parched and barren—no living stream of hope or gladness quickened it—it was a bleak and withered region, the fit abode of never-ending gloom and comfortless despair.

In the meantime, deeper sorrow than ever fell upon the unhappy being left to pine in solitude.

There was a weight on her spirits, an abandonment in her heart, and a chilliness in her limbs. A calm, such as comes over a wound that mortifies, had settled down upon her mind.

Memory tuned her harp of a thousand chords, and the joyous days, lost to her forever, came crowding thick and fast upon her brain; an unsullied nature, a light unbroken spirit, child-like thoughts, and merry gladness, in all their freshness, had departed. Who could restore them? The sunshine of existence was gone—the brightness of hope extinct. Life was now before her unveiled; the beautiful, the bright romance was at an end, and she had waked to grieve awhile—to mourn—to struggle—and to die!

How strong is that desire of the thing called happiness, implanted in our hearts; and yet it exists not; its promises dazzle our eyes, but its reality is unknown; there may be joy and pleasure—happiness never. If we look back to each moment we have experienced happiness, how has it ever been mingled with fever and with fears. It is the mirage which leads us over the desert of life, ever fated to end in disappointment. Or, like the clear and azure waters, that, in the east, seem to flow before the weary and parched traveller, yet a little further, and on he urges his weary way; but in vain—the fair stream is a delusion!

The dews fell heavily, as with hasty and rapid strides that lost-one left the city, and pursued his path homewards; the red stars were still visible in the heavens, and the dangerous damps clung to him as he wandered onward. Silence was on that crowded city, and deep sleep, for it was long after midnight; the latest lingerers had disappeared from the streets, and the lights from the long line of windows in the dwellings of the rich. Even the voice of wrangling and debauch was stilled in its own haunts—for men, the dissolute and wicked, were gone to their repose.

It was not the frown from the brow of his lovely wife that he feared; to him that had always been unclouded, and her lips had only breathed affection. She was one of those gentle beings whose sweetness withers not with the hour or the season, but endures through all vicissitudes. It was the recollection of that fervent and forbearing love that now pressed like an incubus upon the conscience of the gambler, and he bitterly reproached himself, as he thought of the many little delicacies he had deprived her of, and squandered in selfish dissipation. His imagination wandered to the past and future, and every picture he conjured up, added keenness to his pain.

In an agony of terror he reached his dwelling—once so happy, now cheerless as the tomb. That pure, angelic being, whose very existence seemed bound up in his, why comes she not to meet him?

He entered. Silence hung o'er the hall—a death-like and breathless gloom. His senses reeled, and his brain whirled round and round with giddiness. He strode hastily to his apartment; a number of persons were passing through it with appalled looks, as if assembled there by some event of horror. "What has happened." The tone of his voice was almost in a whisper, and yet so solemn, so thrilling, that it arrested the step of her to whom it was addressed.

"Look, and see." He threw an anxious and confused glance upon the marks of recent disorder and desolation. In one corner his child lay sleeping on the floor, but not with the soft quiet that is wont to lie on the lids of a babe; it seemed to have wept itself to slumber, and sobs were yet breaking heavily from its surcharged heart. Poor child! is there no one left to take care of you? Alas! the eyes that have hitherto watched over your slumbers, are closed forever. Sleep on, poor babe! you will waken no more to the kiss of maternal love.

He stepped towards the bed; his wife, still young, and bearing the traces of loveliness, lay there evidently in the agonies of death. A dead new-born infant lay in smiling beauty near her, and a few attendants stood, awaiting in tearful silence, the last sigh. He stood aghast. His lips moved fruitlessly for awhile, at last he uttered, audibly: "I have killed you." His eye was wild and staring, yet expressionless, as he left the room. All the hopes of his ill-spent life were crushed; the only prop that had so long withheld him from his doom, had been suddenly taken away.

What fearful sound is that, which, borne upon the night-wind, breaks the surrounding stillness?

Come hither, and learn. That blood-stained floor, and out-stretched human form, discover in the features of the mangled corse, the once gay and thoughtless Fitzhenry. But yesternight he sat, amid his proselytes, full of excitement and hope; now his own hand has done the deed that nothing human can remedy.

How little does a gambler reck of his work: or of the horrors which result from a practice, of which many think so lightly. The aim of a gambler embraces the robbery of a fellow-being, and the ultimate ruin of self. However successful he may be, his end at last is crime. How many still persist, by this baneful practice, in destroying the good feelings of a mind, whose opening promise was fair; many souls, who partake largely of kindly and noble elements, who, if they could dissolve the illusions of vice, might be rescued from this guilty enthrallment. With a determined effort, let them throw aside their partners in iniquity, and detach themselves, at once and forever, from their pestiferous influence. If they have talents it will call them into public favour; if of too mercurial a temperament to remain inactive, let their attention be drawn to the politics of the day, and in the frequent discussions opposing opinions call forth, the higher tone of their minds and sentiments may be displayed, the precocity of genius brought into action, and they may finally ameliorate the condition of their fellow-citizens, and instead of having the name of a gambler, blazoned forth as a monument of everlasting infamy, their names may be recorded, and handed down to posterity, as among the benefactors of mankind.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth is as common as wealth without independence.

THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. VII.

THE ORPHAN—By William Carey.

Poor Boy, though in thy tender years,
Thy eyes are dimm'd with flowing tears,
Thy little heart is pierc'd by grief,
Thou canst not hope, from Man, relief.

Oh! child of Sorrow cease to weep,
Though in the dust, thy Parents sleep,
The bonds of death thou canst not break,
Nor from the tomb, the Slumb'ers wake.

An early Orphan left alone,
Upon the world unfriended thrown,
A Mother's love, who can supply?
Or watch thee with a Father's eye?

Though all unmindful of thy good,
Forgetful of a brother's blood,
And, heedless of thy woful state,
Thy kindred cast thee off to fate,—

The God, who gave to them the power
To aid thee in this trying hour,
To thee his mercies will extend,
And ever prove thy steadfast friend.

His love thy tender youth will shield;
His hand exhaustless treasures yield;
His wisdom pours the precepts kind
Of life eternal in thy mind.

Cease, Child of Sorrow, cease to weep,
Though in the dust thy Parents sleep,
The Saviour of the world shall be
A Father even unto thee.

EXTEMPORE ON LIFE.

Of Life the emblem is a flower,
That buds and blossoms in an hour.
'Tis subject to the same decay—
For time and death sweep both away.

ON A PALE WOMAN WITH A BARDOLPH HUSBAND.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose,
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Dispute the palm with beauty's queen;
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue—if 'tis seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams,
And the sweet blush of modesty
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

ON A CORRECT LIFE—By the Rev. Dr. Young.

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude—
High stations, tumult—but not bliss, create—
None think the great unhappy but the great.
Fools gaze and envy—Envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain unhappy as a king.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A publishing Month.

The subscriber commences this month the publication of the Bulwer novels—a re-issue of the Marryat Novels, being the fifth edition—The Sketch Book of Character and the Celebrated Trials—the 13th vol. of the Lady's Book—and the Philadelphia Saturday News. ~~On~~ Bulwer's novels it is unnecessary to speak. The merits of the writer, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Scott has fallen, are as well known in this country as in his native England. The reputation he has acquired by his novels of Pelham, Devereux, Disowned, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, Falkland, and the Pilgrims of the Rhine, will be as lasting as the language in which they are written. For the accommodation of those who may have part of his works in their libraries, the subscriber will make their sets perfect at Fifty cents the novel. A remittance of One Dollar will command any two of the novels—Two Dollars any four of his works—Three Dollars any six—Three Dollars and Fifty cents the whole set complete. Three sets will be furnished for Ten Dollars.

Marryat is also re-commenced, and will be forwarded to subscribers on the most accommodating terms. This is the Fifth Edition issued by the publisher and the demand for it still remains unsatisfied.

This work will be sent to subscribers with the Lady's Book one year for Five Dollars—The Sketch Book of Character to be published in five numbers, semi-monthly, for One Dollar, will be found a very agreeable miscellany.

The Celebrated Trials is a standard work for the Lawyer or for a private Library. It will be furnished complete for Two Dollars, issued semi-monthly, and to be completed in September. Sooner than was at first contemplated.

The Lady's Book will still go on improving. It is with unfeigned gratitude that the subscriber acknowledges the steady patronage that he has received from the public; and in consideration of this he has at a large expense engaged the assistance of several ladies and gentlemen of the highest literary reputation in the country, who have accepted the offers made to them to contribute to his magazine. Their contributions will commence with the fourteenth volume, and their names will be given before the conclusion of the thirteenth volume. Commencing with the fourteenth volume, the Lady's Book will be principally composed of original matter of the best kind to be procured in this country, and purely American in its character. The embellishments will probably be the same, perhaps, the Steel Engravings may be dispensed with and a FASHION PLATE GIVEN EVERY MONTH. Great care is now taken with the mailing of each number, but errors will now and then occur against which it is impossible to guard.

The Philadelphia Saturday News and Literary Gazette was commenced on the 2d of July. The subscriber's acquaintance with the publishing world, the fact that he has correspondents and agents in all parts of the country, and in Liverpool, England, give him facilities in the publication of a weekly paper that few others possess. These facilities he intends making the most of, and the public will reap the benefit. The two gentlemen engaged with him, are well known. Alderman McMichael was the original for the first four years, of its existence sole editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier—and Joseph C. Neal, Esq. has been from the commencement the editor of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum. The following notices will shew in what estimation these gentlemen are held by the Daily Press of this City.

"We see that Mr. Godey is about to issue a Newspaper to be called 'The Saturday News,' in which he will be aided by Alderman McMichael and Mr. Joseph C. Neal, two good men and true, with genius and judgment, power to draw tears or create smiles.

Well, success attend the young folks."—*Phila. U. S. Gaz.*

"*Clever Trys*—Our enterprising and talented young townsmen seem determined that the public shall not suffer for want of Newspapers. Not less than half a dozen have been commenced within the last month or two, among them 'The Saturday News,' a weekly paper on the plan of the Saturday Courier, and to be under the editorial supervision of Messrs. Godey, McMichael, and Neal, three gentlemen well and favourably known to the Philadelphia Public. The success of a literary enterprise with such aids and abettors cannot be doubted. We cordially wish them success."—*Phila. Enquirer and Courier.*

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new weekly paper, the prospectus of which is now in circulation. It will be conducted by Morton McMichael, Joseph C. Neal, and Louis A. Godey, Esqs. A better trio for a weekly Journal cannot be found in the Union. Mr. McMichael is a writer of vigorous and versatile talent, and Mr. Neal is our *beau ideal* of an Editor. We doubt if there exists his equal in a peculiar "walk" of writing among all the Journalists of the land. We sit down to his columns as we would to a dinner, being certain of nurture and refreshment, the course and the desert. Mr. Godey is himself a spirited Scribe, and has a felicitous knack in what he writes of hitting the taste of the Times. To use a novel phrase, we wish them all success."—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new paper to be published by Messrs. Louis A. Godey, Morton McMichael, and Joseph C. Neal, all of whom are experienced in the matter of periodical literature, and are familiar with the Gray goose quill. Mr. Godey is well and favourably known as the enterprising publisher of the Lady's Book, one of the best magazines issued in this country, and is likewise a writer of much ability. His aid will be of essential service to the enterprise. Mr. McMichael has long been connected with the Philadelphia Press, and has few superiors in the management of a periodical. His style is easy and vigorous, and possesses an invaluable tact at seizing upon the most popular topics, and treating them in a manner which enhances their interest. Of the third individual of this trio we shall not speak. His merits, if he has any, and his demerits are so well known to the readers of this paper as to render any thing we could say unnecessary."—*Pennsylvania.*

The following is from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, and alludes to Mr. Neal, who was formerly editor of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum.

"The portrait of Peter Brush, which is going the grand tour of newspaper travels, is a capital portrait of a lazy, idle, noisy, grog shop politician, that could hardly have been better painted by Hogarth himself, is wrongfully credited to the Cincinnati Farmer. It is one of the good things of the Vade Mecum; and was written for that paper by one of the most amusing and perfect delineators of humorous Originals in this country. Indeed, we have for several years been of opinion that the gentleman in his particular line has not his superior on either side of the Atlantic."

With all these advantages the subscriber unhesitatingly asserts that the Philadelphia Saturday News will be second to no other paper in the Union. The best English Magazines, such as Blackwood, the Metropolitan, New Monthly, Tait's, and Fraser's, with a host of others are laid under contribution, and the public will have in a Two Dollar paper that for which the Subscribers to the New York Albion pay six. There are other prominent features in the publication to be developed as the work proceeds, which will no doubt be of the most satisfactory character.

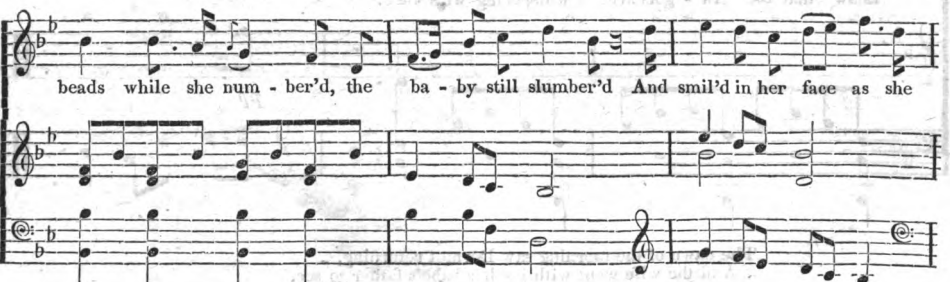
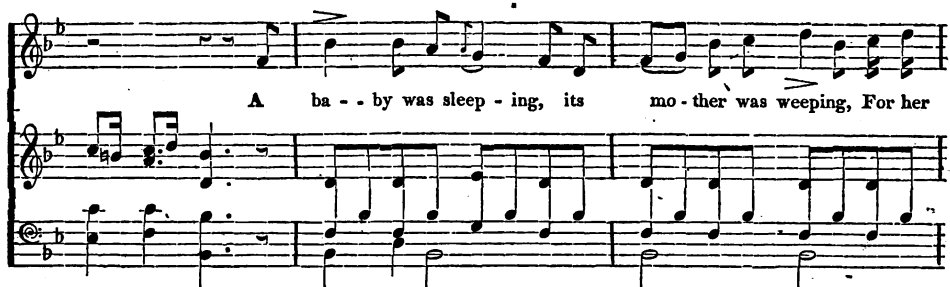
The Lady's Book has no connection with any other publication. The matter is exclusively set up for it and is not afterwards used in any other shape.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER:*

A POPULAR BALLAD,

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

Molto Espressione.



* A Superstition, of great beauty, prevails in Ireland, that when a Child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to Angels.

bend - ed her knee, "Oh! bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing, For I Colla voce.

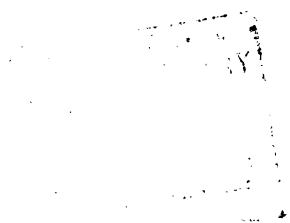
Lento.
know that the An - gels are whispering to thee." And

while they are keep - ing bright watch o'er thy sleep - ing, Oh! pray to them soft - ly my

ba - by with me, And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy Father, For I Colla voce.

Lento.
know that the An - gels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the Angels were whispering with thee."



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Return from Cila
Engraved for the Ladies Book

THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST. 186.

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* The allusion is to Marmont's conduct at Esconne
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Austrians approached it in March, 1814.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1886.

RETURN FROM ELBA.

The following account of Napoleon's first landing in France on his return from Elba and his arrival at Paris is from the pen of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott.

THE evening before Napoleon sailed (February the 26th), his sister Pauline gave a ball, to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig (the *Inconstant*) and six small craft had meanwhile been prepared for the voyage, and at dead of night, without apparently any previous intimation, the soldiery were mustered by tuck of drum, and found themselves on board ere they could ask for what purpose. When the day broke they perceived that all the officers and the emperor himself were with them, and that they were steering for the coast of France; and it could no longer be doubtful that the scheme which had for months formed the darling object of all their hopes and dreams was about to be realized.

Sir Neil Campbell, who had been absent on an excursion to Leghorn, happened to return to Porto Ferrajo almost as soon as the flotilla had quit- ted it. The mother and sister of Buonaparte in vain endeavoured to persuade the English officer that he had steered towards the coast of Barbary. He pursued instantly towards Provence, in the *Partridge*, which attended his orders and came in sight of the fugitive armament exactly when it was too late. Ere then Napoleon had encountered almost an equal hazard. A French ship of war had crossed his path: but the emperor made all his soldiery lie flat on the decks, and the steers- man of the *Inconstant*, who happened to be well acquainted with the commanding officer, had re- ceived and answered the usual challenge without exciting any suspicion. Thus narrowly escaped the flotilla which carried "Cæsar and his fortune."

On the first of March he was once more off Cannes—the same spot which had received him from Egypt, and at which he had embarked ten months before for Elba. There was no force whatever to oppose his landing; and his handful of men—500 grenadiers of the guard, 200 dra- goons, and 100 Polish lancers, these last without horses, and carrying their saddles on their backs—were immediately put in motion on the road to Paris. Twenty-five grenadiers, whom he detach- ed to summon Antibes, were arrested on the in- stant by the governor of that place; but he de- spised this omen, and proceeded without a pause. He bivouacked that night in a plantation of olives, with all his men about him. As soon as the moon rose the reveillee sounded. A labourer going thus early afield, recognized the emperor's person, and, with a cry of joy, said he had served in the army of Italy, and would join the march. "Here is already a reinforcement," said Napo- leon: and the march recommenced. Early in the

morning they passed through the town of Grasse, and halted on the height beyond it, where the whole population of the place forthwith sur- rounded them, some cheering, the great majority looking on in perfect silence, but none offering any show of opposition. The roads were so bad in this neighbourhood, that the pieces of cannon which they had with them were obliged to be abandoned in the course of the day, but they had marched full twenty leagues ere they halted for the night at Cerenon. On the 5th Napoleon reached Gap. He was now in Dauphiny, called "the cradle of the revolution," and the sullen si- lence of the Provençals was succeeded by popu- lar acclamations; but still no soldiers had join- ed him—and his anxiety was great.

It was at Gap that he published his first pro- clamations; one "to the army," another "to the French people," both no doubt prepared at Elba, though dated "March 1st, Gulf of Juan." The former, and more important of the two, ran in these words—"Soldiers we have not been beat- en. Two men raised from our ranks,* betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their be- nefactor. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, despite all obstacles, and all perils. We ought to forget that we have been the masters of the world; but we ought never to suffer foreign interference in our affairs. Who dares pretend to be master over us? Take again the eagles which you fol- lowed at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmi- rail. Come and range yourselves under the ban- ners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging step. The eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Notre Dame! In your old age, sur- rounded and honoured by your fellow citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome, and Berlin, and Madrid, and Mos- cow—and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason, and the occu- pation of strangers."

It was between Mure and Vizele that Cam- bronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The

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colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon himself came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted, and advanced alone; some paces behind him came a hundred of his guard, with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on all sides until he was within a few yards of the men. He then halted, threw open his surtout so as to show the star of the legion of honour, and exclaimed, "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his emperor—let him do it now. Here I am." The old cry of *Vive l'empereur* burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with chevrons and medals by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old Moustache, could'st thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same." Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble.

Some space ere they reached that town, colonel Labedoyere, an officer of noble family, and who had been promoted by Louis XVIII., appeared on the road before them, at the head of his regiment, the seventh of the line. These men, and the emperor's little column, on coming within view of each other, rushed simultaneously from the ranks and embraced with mutual shouts of *Live Napoleon! Live the Guards! Live the Seventh!* Labedoyere produced an eagle which he had kept concealed about his person, and broke open a drum which was found to be filled with tricolour cockades; these ancient ensigns were received with redoubled enthusiasm. This was the first instance of an officer of superior rank voluntarily espousing the side of the invader. The impulse thus afforded was decisive: in spite of all the efforts of general Marchand, commandant of Grenoble, the whole of that garrison, when he approached the walls, exclaimed, *Vive l'empereur!* Their conduct, however, exhibited a singular spectacle. Though thus welcoming Napoleon with their voices, they would not so far disobey the governor as to throw open the gates. On the other hand, no argument could prevail on them to fire on the advancing party. In the teeth of all the batteries, Buonaparte calmly planted a howitzer or two and blew the gates open; and then, as if the spell of discipline was at once dissolved, the garrison broke from their lines, and Napoleon in an instant found himself dragged from his horse, and borne aloft on these men's shoulders towards the principal inn of the place, amid the clamours of enthusiastic and delirious joy. Marchand remained faithful to his oath; and was dismissed without injury. Next morning the authorities of Grenoble waited on Napoleon, and tendered their homage. He reviewed his troops, now about 7000 in numbers; and on the 9th of March, recommenced his march on Lyons.

On the 10th, Buonaparte came within sight of Lyons, and was informed that Monsieur and Marshal Maedonald had arrived to take the command, barricaded the bridge of Guillotierre, and posted themselves at the head of a large force to dispute the entrance of the town. Nothing daunted with this intelligence, the column moved on,

and at the bridge of Lyons, as at the gates of Grenoble, all opposition vanished when his person was recognised by the soldiery. The prince and Maedonald were forced to retire, and Napoleon entered the second city of France in triumph. A guard of mounted gentlemen had been formed among the citizens to attend on the person of Monsieur. These were among the foremost to offer their services to the emperor, after he reached his hotel. Surrounded by his own soldiery, and by a manufacturing population, whom the comparatively free admission of English goods after the peace of Paris had filled with fear and discontent, and who now welcomed the great enemy of England with rapturous acclamations, Napoleon could afford to reject the assistance of these faithless cavaliers. He dismissed them with contempt; but finding that one of their number had followed Monsieur until his person was out of all danger, immediately sent to that individual the cross of the legion of honour.

This revolution had been proceeding during more than a week, ere the gazettes of Paris ventured to make any allusion to its existence. There then appeared a royal ordonnance, proclaiming Napoleon Buonaparte *an outlaw*, and convoking on the instant the two chambers. Next day the *Moniteur* announced that, surrounded and followed on all hands by faithful garrisons and a loyal population, this outlaw was already stripped of most of his followers, wandering in despair among the hills, and certain to be a prisoner within two or three days at the utmost. The *Moniteur*, however, was no very decisive authority in 1815, any more than in 1814; and the public mind continued full of uncertainty, as to the motives and every circumstance of this unparalleled adventure. Monsieur, meanwhile, had departed, we have seen with what success, to Lyons; the duke of Angoulême was already at Marseilles, organizing the royal Provençals, and preparing to throw himself on Grenoble and cut off the retreat of Buonaparte; and Louis continued to receive addresses full of loyalty and devotion from the public bodies, of Paris, from towns, and departments, and, above all, from the marshals, generals, and regiments who happened to be near the capital.

This while, however, the partisans of Napoleon in Paris were far more active than the royalists. They gave out every where that, as the proclamation from the gulf of Juan had stated, Buonaparte was come back thoroughly cured of that ambition which had armed Europe against his throne; that he considered his act of abdication void, because the Bourbons had not accepted the crown on the terms on which it was offered, and had used their authority in a spirit, and for purposes, at variance with the feelings and the interests of the French people; that he was come to be no longer the dictator of a military despotism, but the first citizen of a nation which he had resolved to make the freest of the free: that the royal government wished to extinguish by degrees all memory of the revolution—that he was returning to consecrate once more the principles of liberty and equality, ever hateful in the eyes of the old nobility of France, and to secure the proprietors of forfeited estates against all the machinations of that dominant faction: in a word, that he was fully sensible to the extent of his

past errors, both of domestic administration and of military ambition, and desirous of nothing but the opportunity of devoting, to the true welfare of peaceful France, those unrivalled talents and energies which he had been rash enough to abuse in former days. With these suggestions they mingled statements perhaps still more audacious. According to them, Napoleon had landed with the hearty approbation of the Austrian court, and would be instantly rejoined by the empress and his son. The czar also was friendly: even England had been sounded ere the adventure began, and showed no disposition to hazard another war for the sake of the Bourbons. The king of Prussia, indeed, remained hostile—but France was not sunk so low as to dread that state single-handed. It was no secret, ere this time, that some disputes of considerable importance had sprung up among the great powers whose representatives were assembled at Vienna; and such was the rash credulity of the Parisians, that the most extravagant exaggerations and inventions which issued from the saloon of the duchess de St. Leu (under which name Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Buonaparte, had continued to reside in Paris), and from other circles of the same character, found, to a certain extent, credence. There was one tale which rung louder and louder from the tongue of every Buonapartist, and which royalist and republican found, day after day, new reason to believe; namely, that the army were, high and low, on the side of Napoleon; that every detachment sent to intercept him, would but swell his force: in a word, that—unless the people were to rise *en masse*—nothing could prevent the outlaw from taking possession of the Tuilleries ere a fortnight more had passed over the head of Louis.

It was at Lyons, where Napoleon remained from the 10th to the 13th, that he formally resumed the functions of civil government. He published various decrees at this place; one, commanding justice to be administered every where in his name after the 15th; another abolishing the chambers of the peers and the deputies, and summoning all the electoral colleges to meet in Paris at a *Champ-de-mai*,* there to witness the coronation of Maria Lousia and of her son, and settle definitively the constitution of the state; a third, ordering into banishment all whose names had not been erased from the list of emigrants prior to the abdication of Fontainebleau; a fourth, depriving all strangers and emigrants of their commissions in the army; a fifth, abolishing the order of St. Louis, and bestowing all its revenues on the legion of honour; and a sixth, restoring to their authority all magistrates who had been deprived by the Bourbon government. These proclamations could not be prevented from reaching Paris; and the court, abandoning their system of denying or extenuating the extent of the impending danger, began to adopt more energetic means for its suppression.

It was now that marshal Ney volunteered his services to take the command of a large body of troops, whose fidelity was considered sure, and who were about to be sent to Lons-le-Saunier, there to intercept and arrest the invader. Well

aware of this great officer's influence in the army, Louis did not hesitate to accept his proffered assistance; and Ney, on kissing his hand at parting, swore that in the course of a week he would bring Buonaparte to his majesty's feet in a cage, like a wild beast.

On reaching Lons-le-Saunier, Ney received a letter from Napoleon, summoning him to join his standard as "the bravest of the brave." In how far he guided or followed the sentiments of his soldiery we know not, but the fact is certain, that he and they put themselves in motion forthwith, and joined the march of Buonaparte on the 17th at Auxerre. Ney, in the sequel, did not hesitate to avow that he had chosen the part of Napoleon long ere he pledged his oath to Louis; adding that the greater number of the marshals were like himself, original members of the Elbese conspiracy. Of the latter of these assertions no other proof has hitherto been produced; and the former continues to be generally as well as mercifully discredited.

In and about, the capital there still remained troops far more than sufficient in numbers to overwhelm the advancing column, and drag its chief to the feet of Louis. He intrusted the command of these battalions to one whose personal honour was as clear as his military reputation was splendid—marshal Macdonald; and this gentleman proceeded to take post at Melun, in good hope, notwithstanding all that happened, of being duly supported in the discharge of his commission.

On the 19th, Napoleon slept once more in the chateau of Fontainebleau; on the morning of the 20th, he advanced through the forest in full knowledge of Macdonald's arrangements—and he advanced alone. It was about noon that the marshal's troops, who had for some time been under arms on an eminence beyond the wood, listening, apparently with delight, to the loyal strains of *Vive Henri Quatre* and *La Belle Gabrielle*, perceived suddenly a single open carriage coming at full speed towards them from among the trees. A handful of Polish horsemen, with their lances reversed, followed the equipage. The little flat cocked hat—the gray surlout—the person of Napoleon was recognised. In an instant the men burst from their ranks, surrounded him with the cries *Vive l'empereur*, and trampled their white cockades in the dust.

Macdonald escaped to Paris; but his master had not awaited the issue of the last stand at Melun. Amid the tears and lamentations of the loyal burghers of the capitol, and the respectful silence of those who really wished for the success of his rival, Louis had set off from the Tuilleries in the middle of the preceding night. Macdonald overtook him, and accompanied him to the frontier of the Netherlands, which he reached in safety. There had been a plan organized by generals Lallemand and Lefevre for seizing the roads between Paris and Belgium, and intercepting the flight of the king; but marshal Mortier had been successful in detecting and suppressing this movement.

On the evening of the 20th of March Napoleon once more entered Paris. He came preceded and followed by the soldiery, on whom alone he had relied, and who, by whatever sacrifices, had justified his confidence. The streets were silent as the travel-worn cavalcade passed along; but

* Napoleon took the idea and name of this assembly from the history of the early Gauls.

all that loved the name or the cause of Napoleon were ready to receive him in the Tuilleries ; and he was almost stifled by the pressure of those enthusiastic adherents, who, the moment he stopped, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him so in triumph up the great staircase of the palace. He found, in the apartments which the king had just vacated, a brilliant assemblage of those who had in former times filled the most prominent places in his own councils and court : among the rest was Fouché. This personage was not the only one present who had recently intrigued with the Bourbons against Buonaparte—with as much apparent ardour and perhaps with about as much honesty, as in other times he had ever brought to the service of the emperor. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, as he walked round the circle, "it is disinterested people who have brought me back to my capital. It is the cabinetiers and the soldiers that have done it all. I owe every thing to the people and the army."

Written for the Lady's Book.

MUSINGS.

BY MISS MARY E. MACDONALD.

Thou love of woman should be kept like a devoted bird,
Whose melody is only in the temple arches heard;
A spiritual soul, in no business confided,
Whom other hearts seek only with the ravishes of mind.

I met thee first beneath the stars, beneath the silver moon,
Till the fragrance and the music of the busy month
at June,
And thy presence fell upon my soul like eve upon the sea,
And stilled it to a mirror of the starry hosts and thee!

That starry host I've worshipped as nature's light, till now,
But a sweeter beauty is shining o'er thy brow;
I bring no gift of passion to stain the altar stone,
But the pure and holy worship of the intellect alone.

My lips may not be passionate, for human hearts will weak,
At the crushings of affection that impatiently rebel;
But the smaking of the incense-cup defileth not the shrine,
And the weakness of my spirit must not be felt by thee.

THE SOUL'S PARADISE.

BY DR. T. A. WYRELL.

'T is evening—and unbroken stillness round,
In the high feelings met of mortal birth,
In what I have found
Which is not of earth,
—a happiness like this—
—pure bliss!

Beautiful—richer than the ocean's gem,
Flows the bright stream from the Eternal's throne!
And earth and time, what is my soul to them,
Or they to me? My spirit stands alone!
'T is sweet to dwell in happiness like this—
It is enough—pure bliss!

Life is pure love within this form of dust,
And mind must find eternal being there.
Shrine of the breathings mingling with the just,
Earth cannot dim what he has made so fair—
There is unfading happiness in this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

'T is evening—thought is like a vision spread,
Sweet, but most solemn moment still to me:
When like a chrysal fountain from its bed,
Love gushes forth, bright as a summer's sea:
I ask no more than happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

The past, the future, what a mighty thought!
One point uniting the vast sum of time:
Mind, matter, all which has been, will be sought,
In visible conjunction, rise sublime!
My moments flow in happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

I have not lived in vain, if joy be love,
And love be endless in the spirit light;
I sought and found the peace that is above,
Rest to the soul in essence purely bright!
I cannot ask more happiness than this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

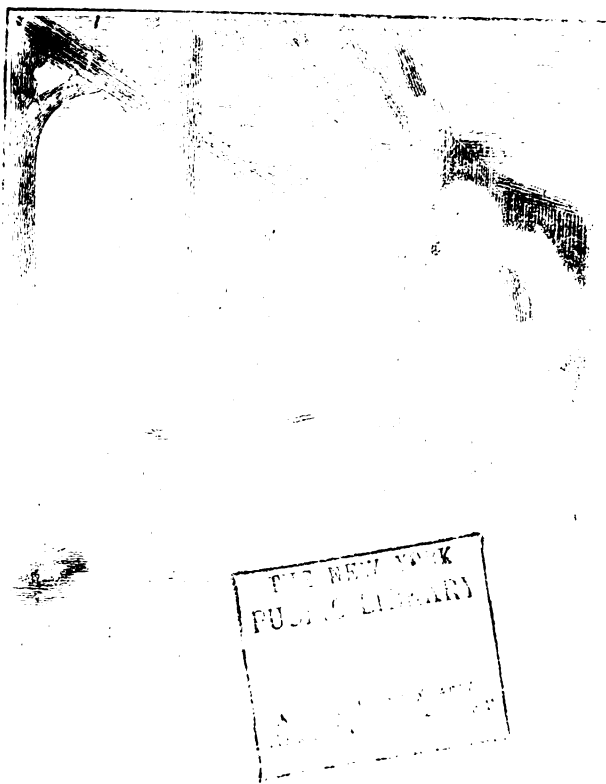
I walk the earth—yet am not of the earth,
Dweller with men—I do not feel as MAN—
The mystic life in higher, holier birth,
Has taught the problem earth has sought to scan;
I feel unmingled happiness in this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

There is a harmony of soul to me,
There is a gladness which my being fills;
A child, Oh, Father, I am fed by thee,
Thy love like oil, into my breast distils,
Flow on—flow on—such happiness as this,
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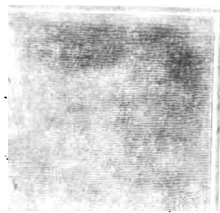
The star of morning marks the perfect day—
The leaves of being step by step unfold:
And when the soul has triumphed o'er its clay,
Spring's flowers are turn'd to autumn's fruits of gold.

Endless will be the happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!

Of method, this may be said, if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me, that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and, on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius enough himself to write any thing worth reading.



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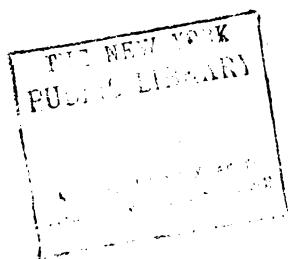
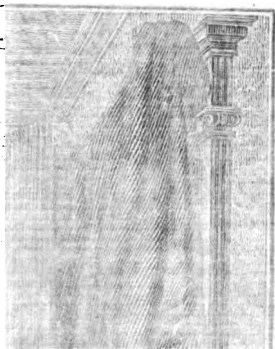
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Engraved by

MURDER OF THE REGENT MURRAY.

R. S. Gilbert.



Engraved by

SCENE FROM ROB ROY.

R. S. Gilbert.

SCENE FROM ROB ROY.

[To illustrate Engraving.]

THE scene, from one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, is laid in the mean inn where Osbaldiston and Baillie Nicol Jarvie receive a rough reception from the occupants of the hostel.

The picture most truly represents the scene thus described by the great novelist; "'We are three to three,' said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; 'if ye be pretty men, draw.'" And, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Baillie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabblie*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I grieve to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, 'Fair play! fair play!' seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our rencounter on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meantime the Baillie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeper from the floor on which he reclined, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant." This is the moment chosen by the artist. In conclusion we may add, for the information of those who have not read the story, that this terrible affray ended without bloodshed.

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Extract from the History of

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[To illustrate Engraving.]

Among the six prisoners there was one man whose life it proved the keenest, yet probably unconscious, cruelty to spare. This was Bothwellhaugh, a gentleman of the clan of Hamilton, and a blood relation of its chief, the Earl of Arran (Duke of Chatelherault in France), the first peer of the realm. He had married the heiress of Woodhouselee, and resided with her in

her own ancestral home in the lovely vale of Esk, and where she had just given birth to a child. At this moment the tocsin sounded throughout Scotland; the queen had escaped from Lochleven; and the loyal Hamilton, tearing himself away from his new-born hope and his young wife, ran to join the muster of his clan.

The result of the struggle is known. Mary stood on a hill to look on at the battle which was to decide her fate; and the Hamiltons in the van, led on by Lord Claud Hamilton, knowing that they fought under the eye of "the most unhappy of queens, the most lovely of women," left their ground in a burst of enthusiasm, and rushed on to the encounter. The space between them and the enemy was considerable, and their force was almost spent before they came to close quarters. When at length the spears of the two opposing lines were locked together like the arms of lovers, and the tug of battle commenced, a continuous fire of musketry opened upon one of their flanks, while on their other, they were attacked by the elite of the regent's troops. The main body of Mary's adherents behind, disheartened by a spectacle for which they were unprepared, or controlled by the destiny of the fated queen, remained stupified; and the Hamiltons unsupported, or rather sacrificed, gave way, and the battle became a flight.*

When Bothwellhaugh, a dishonoured soldier and a condemned criminal, ascended the scaffold soon after, it may be conceived with what feelings he turned his eyes towards the south, and saw in imagination his "pallid rose" drooping feebly yet fondly over his little bud. When delivered from death—he scarcely understood why or how—it may be conceived how eagerly he spurred his steed towards the lonely valley of the Esk.

To describe the scene which met his view, and the tale which knelled in his ear, without a creeping of the flesh, a curdling of the blood, and a sickening of the heart, is impossible. His estate of Woodhouselee had been given away to a favourite of the regent; and this man, sir James Ballenden, eager to enter upon his new possession had, seized the house at night, and turned its mistress and her infant out into the open fields. The young mother had but lately risen from the bed of her confinement; she was undressed; the night was bitterly cold. The result is told to this day in the superstitions of the peasants of the Esk; who see a lady thinly clad in white, with an infant in her arms, flitting wildly around the spot where the mansion stood. A frenzied scream sometimes thickens their blood with horror, as the phantom sinks among the ruins.

Bothwellhaugh turned back from Woodhouselee.

Sir James Ballenden, who held a high and honourable office in the law, would have been a fair mark for vengeance under any ordinary circumstances. But the wrongs of the Hamilton were not such as could be weighed in the common balance of blood. Something must be done—he knew not what. Something that would shake the very realm to its centre. Something that

* Melville says, that the vanguard was composed chiefly of commoners of the neighbouring barony of Renfrew.

would be heard by every ear in Scotland, as distinctly as the scream of the lady of Woodhouselee had thrilled along the Esk. Sir James Ballenden was but an agent, a servant—a pitiful dastardly hound, who only worried at the command, or under the protection of his master. That master was the true offender. The blood of the first man in the country would be a fitting libation. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh determined to slay the regent of Scotland.

He dogged his steps for some time like fate. He followed him to the borders, and when the regent had dismissed his army, at a motion of Elizabeth's royal finger, returned upon his traces to Edinburgh. He was with him in York and London, when Murray went crouching to the footstool of the English queen, to prefer a charge of murder against his sister; in Perth, in Glasgow, in Stirling, he hovered around him, like a bird of prey circling above its quarry, and only waiting an opportunity to strike.

The regent, in the meantime, held on his way, successful alike in policy and war. When about to pass through Linlithgow, on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, a warning reached his ear. It came from John Knox, and the first-named place was mentioned as the spot of danger. There was nothing preternatural in the foresight of the Scottish apostle; for the frightful wrongs of Bothwellhaugh, were already well known, and Linlithgow, besides being favourable to the cause of the queen, was a seat of the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, who had there a house.* This house was more particularly pointed to the regent, as the place to be avoided.

Constitutionally brave, and steelled more against the sense of danger by a long course of daring and success, James Stewart smiled scornfully at the warning. Was his wonderful destiny in the hands of the petty laird of Bothwellhaugh? Was the blood of a line of Scottish kings to sink in the ground at the command of a vassal of Hamilton? In vain had the Earl of Huntly beset his path, as if he had been stalking a deer; in vain had Bothwell—in vain had Darnley, raised the dagger against his breast; in vain, but a few months ago, had a hedge of Northumberland and Westmoreland spears risen up to prevent his return to Scotland alive. All were in vain. Secure alike from war and treachery, he bore a charmed life; and when his gallant steed swerved at the sight and cheers of the tumultuous crowd, as they commenced their march through Linlithgow, the regent probably addressed him inwardly with the Roman's encouragement, "Quid timeis? Cæsarem vehis, et fortunam Cæsaris!"

At this moment, however, the warning was repeated still more emphatically—perhaps for no better reason than that they were now approaching the house of the Archbishop of St. Andrews: the alarm spread among the friends who encircled him, and murmurs arose, that it was madness to expose a life so precious to them, and to the kingdom, to any unnecessary risk. The regent himself began to think that his danger was something more than imaginary; and,

at length, turning his horse, he gave orders to the cortege to face about, resolving to quit Linlithgow by the same gate by which he had entered, and make a circuit round the town.

The house which had excited their fears, and which they thus left behind, formed part of the line of buildings; and a sort of gallery, or apartment, projecting from the walls, overlooked the street. In this gallery stood the Revenger, a brass carbine of peculiar construction, the barrel being rifled, raised to his eye, and a lighted match grasped between his fingers. The floor was carpeted with a feather-bed, that no sound might be heard from his footsteps, and the wall behind was hung with black cloth, that his shadow might not be observed by the passers-by. A fleet horse stood saddled and bridled at the back door, the front entrance was strongly barricaded, and the *closets*, or covered courts, in the neighbourhood, leading to the rear of the houses, were stuffed with furze. And so stood Bothwellhaugh, his eye fixed grimly on the visy of his piece; his lips as hard as stone, yet half open with expectation; and impatience, mingled with iron resolve, scowling on his brow.

When the regent reached the gate of the town, he found the crowd of citizens, thus thrust back, struggling with a tide of population, rushing in with equal force, from the neighbouring country, to see the show. The way was for the moment impassable; and Murray, chafing with impatience scorned to wait till it was cleared. Changing his determination as suddenly, and as unconsciously as before, he turned his horse again, and passed on his allotted path.

It may be that, on finding himself again pursuing the same track, against which he had been warned, and which he had but a few minutes before determined to shun, some unusual sensation passed across his heart. It may be that his thoughts were carried at that moment, by association, to the other epochs of his wonderful story. Perhaps the heart-broken moan of his queen and sister rose upon his ear; perhaps the frenzied scream of the lady of Woodhouselee pierced through his brain. These are the speculations of poetry. We only know that the regent, determining to defy and baffle the danger which it seemed he could not shun, called to his followers to dash hastily past the archbishop's house, and thus frustrate the scheme, if any such existed, of his lurking enemy.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlan's plaided clan.

Glencairn, and stout Parkhead, were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

But the regent could not dash over the bodies of his countrymen, and would not if he had been able. The crowd before was as dense as the crowd behind; every dwelling, every close, continued to pour its quota into the flood. They were near the house of the archbishop, and perhaps the very circumstance retarded their progress, from the eagerness of the vassals to crowd round their master at the dangerous spot, and if

* The Archbishop was the natural brother of the Duke of Chatellerault (the chief of the Hamiltons), and uncle to Bothwellhaugh.

need was, to die with him, or for him. The order of the line was broken; the chief was encircled by devoted friends; and only now and then the waive of his proud plumes could be discerned from the gallery among the crowd of heads. They were opposite the house. The window was open, but the gallery empty; for there was no footstep on the floor, no shadow on the wall. They did not see the glare of the tiger-eye of Bothwellhaugh—the damp of deadly hate standing on his brow—the hand which clutched the carbine trembling with impatience. Another moment and the regent is safe. It came not. A shot was heard above the cheers of the crowd; and he fell, mortally wounded, from his horse. *

To mark the fate of his victim; to fly to the rear of the building; to bound upon his steed, were but the occupations of an instant. The Revenger gained the open country unmolested: for to force an entrance into the house was a work of time; and he fled, at full speed towards Hamilton, the capital of his clan. But not alone. Leaving their comrades to force an entrance as they might, some ready-minded vassals of the regent had darted away, almost at the moment of the deed, to intercept him. Owing to more accurate knowledge of the neighbourhood of the town, he had the start; but now, serving as a guide himself, the whole party, pursuers and pursued, scoured over the heath together.

Bothwellhaugh was hardly a spear's-throw in advance; but his horse, which had been the gift of Lord John Hamilton, was all muscle and mettle. Onward the noble brute bounded—straight as an arrow—over field, and moss, and dyke, and burn. When his strength began to fail, whip and spur were applied, till his sides welled blood and sweat at the same time. But even the rowels at length failed in their effect, and the sense of pain became dead in the wide wound they had formed. The pursuers were close upon his heels. At every leap he had taken, however, mad and desperate, they had come thundering after; and he now distinctly heard the groan-like panting of their steeds, and the sobs with which the riders caught breath as they flew.

A stream was in front, broad, deep, and sluggish, winding through a morass. There was no purchase in the soft ground for the animal's heels, even if in full vigour for the leap; but, spent as he was, and callous even to the spur, what hope remained? Bothwellhaugh, however, still held on his course. As he neared the water, he tried the rowels again, to the very hilt—without effect. A hoarse cheer arose from the pursuers behind. He then suddenly drew his dagger, as he had gained the brink—struck it deep into his horse's haunch; and the affrighted animal sprang madly over the gulph.

He was now safe, and arrived speedily at Hamilton; where he was received in triumph by his friends and clan. After having remained there for some time, Bothwellhaugh passed over into France, and offered his services to the Guises, the kinsmen of the queen of Scots. By them he

was treated with much distinction; and even a circumstance which he felt as a bitter insult, was probably intended as the very reverse. When it was the question among them to murder the famous Coligny, the leader of the protestant party, overtures were made to the Scottish assassin, with the view of engaging him to strike the blow. Bothwellhaugh spurned at the proposal with scorn and indignation. "The admiral," he said, "was no personal enemy of his. A man of honour was entitled to avenge his own just quarrels; but would cease to be so if he committed murder for another!"

I may add that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, two months afterwards, fell into the hands of his enemies at the capture of Dumbarton castle, and was hanged without ceremony; and that the heir of the regent Murray was murdered in the prime of his youth by the Earl of Huntly.

DAVID HUME.



DAVID HUME, an historian and philosopher, was born in 1711, at Edinburgh. After having made a brief attempt to reconcile himself to mercantile labour, he relinquished it, and, determining to give himself up to literary pursuits, he went to France, to study in retirement. In 1737 he came to London, and published, in the following year, without success, his *Treatise on Human Nature*; which he afterwards recast, with the title of *An Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*. In 1742 and 1752 appeared his *Essays*; *Political Discourses*; and *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*. In the interval between the publication of these works, he accompanied, in 1747, General Sinclair on an embassy to Vienna and Turin, and in 1752 was appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. In 1754 he brought out the first volume of his *History of England*, which was so coldly received that all his equanimity was required to support his disappointment. He persisted, however, and his work gradually gained ground. It was completed in 1761. The sum which he was paid for the copyright, together with a pension from government, made him completely independent. After having attended the British ambassador to Paris, and been left *charge d'affaires* in that capital, and after having

* The fire-lock of the carbine in the engraving involves an anachronism, for which Mr. Cattermole is not to blame. The piece is preserved at Hamilton Palace; but somebody, from a singular species of taste has thought proper to replace the original match-lock, with the modern invention.

from 1767 to 1769, been under secretary of state, Hume settled at Edinburgh, where he died in 1776. His Correspondence with Madame de Boufflers was published a few years ago. On the metaphysics of Hume it is unnecessary to enlarge. Innumerable pens have been drawn in the hope of showing the fallaciousness and the danger of them. His History, which has long been popular, charms by the ease and spirit of its style, and its philosophical tone; but it is often exceedingly unfaithful, and betrays somewhat more than a leaning towards principles which are abhorrent to every friend of freedom.

ROBERT BURNS.



ROBERT BURNS, a poet of whom Scotland has reason to be proud, though her scanty patronage of him ought to make her blush, was the son of a small farmer and gardener, and was born near Ayr, in 1759. Some education he received, and he acquired the French language and practical mathematics. Reading was his delight, and every leisure moment was devoted to it. The perusal of some of the best English poets gave him a taste for poetry, and love inspired him to pour forth his feelings in verse. At his outset in life, Burns was engaged in the labours of agriculture. He then became a flax dresser, at Irvine; but his premises were destroyed by fire. In conjunction with his younger brother, he next took a small farm, and in this also he was unsuccessful. Fortune now seemed resolved to thwart all his wishes; for a female whom he loved, was refused to him by her parents, and he was at once in danger from the kirk and the magistrate. In this situation, he resolved to print his poems, for the purpose of raising some money, and then to seek his fortune in the West Indies, as an assistant overseer. His passage was actually engaged when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, recommending a visit to Edinburgh, put an end to his scheme of immigration. In the Scottish capital his poems had excited universal admiration. Brighter prospects thus opened upon him. For more than twelve months he remained in Edinburgh, invited, feasted, praised, and caressed, by the fair and the great: at length, with the sum of five hundred pounds, the produce of his poems, he withdrew to the country, married the object of

his affection, took a farm, and also obtained the office of an exciseman. Of all the offices which could have been given to him this was the most unpoetical and the most unsuitable. It is marvellous that none of his professing and powerful friends saw the disgrace and ridicule of suffering their favourite bard to be thus degraded. Among the numerous places, either sinecures or of little labour, which are so lavishly distributed, one might surely have been conferred on him whom the Scotch delighted to honour! No effort, however, appears to have been made in his behalf. For three years and a half he strove to derive a subsistence from his farm. But his confirmed habits of intemperate conviviality, and other circumstances, forbade success; and he was at length compelled to give up his lease, remove to Dumfries, and depend upon his profession of an exciseman. While he was occupied in watching stills and hunting smugglers, and, at the same time, labouring under disease and dejection, he wrote his admirable songs, for Thomson's Collection. Worn out with vexation, and the consequences of his love of inebriating liquors, he died on the 26th of July, 1796, leaving his wife and family in an unprovided state. A subscription made by his friends, and the profits arising from an edition of his works, raised his family above want; and a splendid monument, has, within these few years, been erected to his memory. Humour, pathos, vivid imagery, energy, and no small share of elegance, distinguish the poems of Burns. His prose, though sometimes overstrained, is flowing and full of spirit. In conversation, too, which is not always the case with men of genius, he fully sustained the character which he had acquired by his writings.

He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion, he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

The intoxication of anger like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

ALFRED assisted the heart-stricken father and daughter to the house; he would then have pursued the Indians, but Nicholas offered his services.

"I will go," said the black, "massa Drayton used to me, I dandled him when he a babe. I 'spect no one dare say as much to him, when he was in his tantrums, as I could; but I don't 'spect him back nohow; old massa tried until he try no more."

Alfred thought it more advisable to allow the black to follow his own opinion, as there seemed sufficient need for his presence at Enesdale. Ada remained stupified and bewildered for a considerable time; at length hysteric sobs, followed by copious showers of tears, relieved her heart from its overwhelming load of woe. Mr. Mowbray did not evince as much emotion as might have been expected, for despair had nearly deadened every feeling of his soul. His son, his guilty son, had been wounded almost by his sister's hand; every hope of his return to the home and religion of his fathers, was now lost. That hope had clung to the deserted parent's mind, and had kept him in a state of fevered anxiety from the moment of his abduction; but now it was gone. In the beautiful language of inspiration, he exclaimed, "My child has forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no gods; he has trodden my portion under foot; he has made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness."

Sadly and drearily passed the day. The beaming sun; the glad song of birds; the perfume of opening flowers, could not bring comfort to wounded hearts. They separated early, and gladly did Ada seek the aid of prayers to soothe the anguish that rankled in her bosom. In lowly attitude, with clasped hands, and eyes upraised to heaven, she poured forth her sorrows to the throne of mercy; she prayed for her father and herself, but most for her misguided brother, that the error of his ways might be revealed to him, and that he would return to the home and the God he had forsaken. While thus she prayed, her sorrows became hushed, and as she bowed herself, in humility of spirit, to the decrees of Providence, she experienced the truth of that merciful promise, which tells the sufferer that they who seek in purity of heart for consolation and support, will in nowise be cast out.

As the Red Men retreated, Nicholas followed in their track, but not being able to keep pace, as they trod the unfrequented forest paths, he lost sight of them; and in attempting to return, he missed his way. Poor Nicholas wandered about through the whole of the day, with only such refreshment as the clear stream afforded. At every step he became more and more bewildered, and as day declined, and no habitation appeared in view, his feelings became uncontrollable—sometimes he ran, sometimes he shouted for help—but in vain. No welcome sound betokening the proximity of his kind, met his ear; the low wind that ruffled the branches of the

trees on the approach of evening; the murmur of the brook; and the chirp of some solitary bird, were all that broke the stillness of the woods. In fearful suspense he walked on as the sun descended. At last it sank, and his sensations amounted to agony. In every sound, as night approached, he fancied he heard the footsteps of the bear or panther, and his terrified imagination pictured venomous reptiles in every uneven substance upon which his foot pressed. Still night came on, gradually enveloping the earth—calmly as when none but the aborigines of the soil trod those solitudes, and the poor black, faint and exhausted, seemed as if the violence of his fears had blunted their intensity. It was awfully dark, and despairingly he climbed a tree, resolved to shelter himself in its branches until morning. He had kept his mournful vigil for some time, when to his joy he beheld a vivid flame quivering among the trees. Fear and terror fled, and Nicholas capered nimbly from his elevation. He ran—shouted—paused for want of breath, and ran and shouted again; but he was at too great a distance from the fire to meet a response from those by whom it had been kindled. After the first impulse given to his limbs, by the hope of meeting with companions in the wilderness, the fatigues he had undergone checked his speed, and gave him time for a little of that reflection, which, had it been sooner exercised, would, in all probability, have prevented the adventure in which he was now engaged.

"I may as well tink, before I put myself in the way of those desperate fellows," soliloquized Nicholas. "I 'spect they tink great deal about massa Drayton; and maybe as they can't let out a little of the white man's blood, in return for young massa's, they'll content themselves with poor black's. Whew! I am low enough, now, to do without bleeding." Nicholas continued his soliloquy until, after some meanderings, he came within a few yards of the fire which had lured him from the lodging he had selected for the night. He then stopped, and concealing himself behind a tree, surveyed the scene before him. A partial opening of the woods formed a resting place for the very group he had pursued. There was a clearing of the trees; but whether the hands of man had caused it, or whether it was a whim of nature, was uncertain. In the centre of this clearing burnt a pile of wood, which, it would appear, had been kindled to give light, for the warmth of the atmosphere rendered its heat unnecessary. The Indians formed a circle round it, while on a couch of leaves, over which was thrown the skin of some animal, lay the renegade, Drayton Mowbray—his pale face, no longer disfigured by the Indian paint, forming a strong contrast to the red countenances of the savages; his eyes were fixed upon the flame, as it threw its fitful gleam on the dark trees and the stern visages of the Indians. The black looked upon

the group in dread, and even the features of his once beloved young master, seemed, in his mind, to be endowed with a portion of that fierceness which characterized the remainder of the party. In breathless agitation, he continued for some time; at length Drayton Mowbray broke the stillness which reigned around. He rose from his rude bed, and notwithstanding the pain and weakness which he appeared to suffer from his wound, he stood erect and firm, while his Indian costume added a more lofty and warlike appearance to his naturally tall stature. He advanced within a few paces of the fire, and waved his naked arm for the others to approach; silently and quickly was he obeyed.

"My brethren," he said, "you have accompanied me hither, with much inconvenience to yourselves, to gratify me; you have disarranged your plans, and I feel your compliance with my desires the more, because I know they are, such as you could not participate in. There was one tie which bound me to the abodes of the white man—one tie alone—the love I bore my sister; it clung to my heart even from the moment in which I cast off the trammels of my race, and proved that there were souls which need but opportunity to free themselves from the vanities of what is termed the civilized world, and could adore their Creator, amid his works, as purely and as fervently as beneath the tenement which man, in his pride, rears for his worship; but one feeling drew me to my home—one weakness of my white brethren held me in its thrall; it was the attachment which I still owned for that being who armed her lover, or her husband's hand, I know not which, against me." The voice of the misguided enthusiast faltered slightly, and he paused. An observer so acute as Nicholas now was, could perceive that the insensibility of the Indian character was not altogether attained by their proselyte.

"The white warrior," observed Radensah, "throws his glory down before women; he calls himself the sovereign of the earth, but he bends before the glance of the young maiden, as a reed before the wind."

"True, true!" responded Drayton, "another deviation from the track of nature. The Great Spirit made woman inferior to man, but he endows her with artificial powers; he tries to elevate her to his own rank in the scale of intellect, and deludes himself with a belief of his success. Alas! the only proof we receive of that phenomenon is, that man prostrates his soul, and fancies that it is woman's that has been exalted. Away with such dreams! Radensah, where is that lock of hair which the lesson of civilization taught me to prize so highly?"

"It is here. I have seen my white brother wear it next his heart. I thought it was a powah, and took it from the ground to day." As he spoke, he produced the gory tress which had once adorned Ada's head. Drayton took it.

"Yes, it was a charm, indeed—a talisman that withheld me from pursuing the dictates of reason and nature; but now, perish such recollections," and he flung the hair amid the burning wood.

"It is good, it is good," murmured the Indians.

"Shout, my brethren, shout, that the white

man has cast away the claims which fettered down his soul. Let thy voices tell to these ancient woods, these shady dells, which, for ages, have remained inviolate, free from those scenes which stain the soil peopled with the sons of refinement. Here no proud monument is raised to tell of deeds of glory, which also proves the faithful record of crimes of the deepest dye. Thus, for the vanity of preserving acts of splendour from oblivion, they would seek to palliate wrong and rapine. Thank heaven, one people is found upon the earth which knows no act to immortalize the black deeds that sully thy fair work. Here, amid these despised, untutored beings, shall my life be passed. Here, that Mighty One, whom the red and white man worship, although in different guise, has set his seal alone. Here, grand in his works—works which the worms of the earth dare not aspire to imitate, I call upon ye to proclaim to the spirits which surround us, that one mind, brought up in reverence of customs and habits which have accumulated the dross of centuries, now flings off their trappings, and renouncing the tortured paths of his fathers, adopts the plain track of nature—beautiful in its simplicity, and rational in its ways. Shout, brethren, shout!" The Enthusiast was obeyed, and the unearthly yells of the Indians, struck fresh terror to the heart of the unsuspected witness of the scene.

"What delish fellow they be," groaned Nicholas; "and massa Drayton is as bad an Ingee-man as any of them. If I get safe back, all the coloured men in Merica may go Ingee-hunting for me."

The energy to which Drayton Mowbray had given way, exhausted his strength; a livid paleness overspread his face; the flashing of his dark eyes ceased, and they moved in heaviness and languor. These appearances were not lost upon the Indians; two of them retired a little from the group to consult upon the best way of attending the wounded man. Their dialogue took place some distance to the spot in which Nicholas lay concealed, but although he could hear their words distinctly, he was not informed of their intentions, as they conversed in their native tongue; but a fresh spur was given to his fears, when he heard Radensah announce to Drayton, that it was advisable for him to take a draught of a soporific nature. The danger he should incur if discovered, while his young master, as he called him, lay unconscious of his presence, struck the mind of the black. To escape unnoticed was impossible; at once to make himself known was the only feasible plan. Accordingly, while some of the Indians were preparing the soporific, Nicholas darted forth, and flung himself upon his knees before Drayton.

"Oh, massa, massa! do not take sleepy ting until you leave word for poor black man not to be killed while you doze. Oh, massa! I nebber thought you were such a desperate Ingee-man, or I nebber would have come after you. Oh, massa! sure you nebber go to sleep and tink when you wake you see poor blackey dead. Poor blackey that nursed you when you were one of his own sort—that is, when you were a little white chap no higher than my knee. Oh! do tell the Ingee gentlemen to let blackey go before you take your nap."

Drayton raised himself and demanded of Nicholas "How he came there." The story was soon told, even though embellished with the scintillations of Nicholas' fancy. "And what purpose did you suppose your presence here would answer," was the next inquiry.

"No purpose, massa Drayton; but when I saw you bleeding, and poor Miss Ada crying, and old Massa looking like sorrow itself, Nicholas tought he better come and let you know how desperate bad every ting was."

"Aye, bad enough, Nicholas, when my sister would not hear me; for several days have I tried to speak to her, but in vain."

Now Nicholas, with inconceivable rapidity, recounted Ada's ignorance of her brother's being in existence; told how sternly Mr. Mowbray had interdicted the subject, and how he gave orders that his daughter should be permitted to believe him dead, rather than shock her by confessing that he had abandoned her, his father, and his home. All this Nicholas told, and perceiving in the countenance of his auditor a slight relaxation of its assumed sternness, he ventured to petition for his return, and concluded by supplicating for his own life, more especially.

His anxieties, respecting himself, were soon relieved, but, as may be supposed, his wishes for the return of Drayton, were of little avail. It was not without many misgivings that he beheld the potion administered, which was to soothe the senses of the Renegade into forgetfulness; but he was drawn from the contemplation of danger, by the appearance of refreshments, which were given to him by one of the Indians. These consisted of cakes of Indian corn, and a piece of half roasted fish; but Nicholas had fasted too long to be very nice in his appetite, and he proceeded to cook his supper with much satisfaction, a little more to his taste. The decaying embers of the fire threw but a faint light upon the recumbent forms of the Indians, as they stretched themselves upon the turf and sank to slumber. The moon, which struggled from behind the heavy clouds, cast its straggling beams beneath, and gave a gleaming of light and shade to a scene worthy the genius of a *Salvator Rosa*.

Having satisfied the cravings of his appetite, Nicholas, too, stretched himself upon the grass, and by degrees the drowsy god shed his influence upon him, and notwithstanding his efforts to resist, he soon slept profoundly. The sun was high in the Heavens, when the Black awoke; he looked around for the Indians, but they were gone; a suspicion darted into his mind, that he had been a partaker of the draught administered to "Massa Drayton;" but whether such had produced a sleep so heavy, or that it was the natural effects of an exhausted frame, he could not judge. He started upon his feet, and proceeded to reconnoitre the place where he stood. The remains of the repast of the preceding night were on the grass, and in a conspicuous spot lay a written paper. This, Nicholas carefully committed to his pocket; having broke his fast with the fragments of food, he resolved to lose no time in retracing his steps to Enesdale. With aching limbs and exhausted frame, after his toilsome and fruitless journey, one difficulty was yet to be encountered, which was, to find his way to some habitation, where he could learn in what

direction of the country he now was, and obtain information respecting the road he should pursue. This was soon overcome, by meeting with a farmer's wagon, in which he was readily accommodated with a seat, and the black in return recounted his wonderful adventure with massa Drayton, and the Ingee-men.

The same morning found Alfred Berrington, in a state of torturing anxiety, in which apprehensions for the safety of the black were mingled. When Jane entered the parlour with his breakfast, he eagerly inquired respecting Ada.

"She is now with her father," returned she, "but since sunrise she has been on her knees, communing with her Father in heaven. Ah! Mr. Berrington, she has been heavily visited, and I fear that the removal of Mr. Mowbray from this abode of sorrow, will soon call for a fresh exertion of her fortitude."

"But what can have induced young Mowbray to so strange a dereliction of every human affection," asked Alfred.

"It is, indeed, sir, inexplicable," returned Jane; "but he was always an eccentric youth. Mrs. Mowbray was an Englishwoman, and to all appearance had been brought up amongst the high and mighty of the land. Mr. Mowbray visited a distant relation of his in that country, and we heard that he had contracted a rich alliance there. I was engaged by old Mr. Mowbray to wait upon the new married lady. Oh, sir! how beautiful she was—just like Miss Ada, now; only she had a grander look, as if she was above us all. She seldom conversed with any of the people about the house. When she wanted anything to be done, she always gave her orders to me. She generally sat all day reading or embroidering, and very seldom busied herself in household affairs. I do not think she was happy; I believe our habits and her's were very different, and that she grieved for being absent from her friends; but Mr. Mowbray was always occupied, and did not see as much as I did. When her son was born, she used to sing to him. Oh! how sweetly her voice sounded. Once, I remember, she was singing him to sleep, in gayer tones than was her wont; Mr. Mowbray sat with his letters and other papers, in that window; he seemed intently engaged with the writings, but her singing interrupted him.

"My dear, I wish you would not make a noise until I have done," he said, and then went on examining his papers—quite ignorant that he had wounded her feelings; but Mrs. Mowbray seemed to think it very unkind; tears started to her eyes, and she left the room. I longed to tell her that he did not mean to vex her, but she was so distant, that I could not. When Mrs. Arundel came here, she saw how matters were, and advised Mrs. Mowbray for her good, but to no purpose; her fits of melancholy increased, and after the birth of her daughter, ill-health was added to her sorrows, which I cannot help thinking was half fancy. Mrs. Arundel took the little girl with her to New York, and brought her up; but her visits here were frequent, and looked for with delight by us all, but chiefly by Drayton. There was no school near this place, and Mrs. Mowbray undertook to educate her son herself—it was the only occupation she seemed to take a pleasure in. Mrs. Arundel disapproved of the eccentric ideas which

he imbibed in his solitary pursuits; she advised her sister-in-law to send him to a public school, but Mrs. Mowbray, gentle, and even careless on every other subject, on this point was stubborn. Mr. Mowbray did not see the error of his son's education until it was too late; when he attained the age of fourteen, his father wished to accustom him to business beneath his own eye, but then his inclinations showed themselves. He felt disgusted with a way of life to which he was a stranger, and openly avowed his repugnance. Mr. Mowbray, whose business was his pleasure also, could not enter into the feelings of his son; Mrs. Arundel entreated Mrs. Mowbray to use her influence; her answer was, 'No, I have destroyed my own happiness by conforming to the wishes of others, and my advice to my children shall be, to follow any way of life consistent with virtue, which they deem likely to make them happy, and to suffer no inducement to draw them from it. Had I insisted, when I married, upon remaining in that society to which my wishes pointed, in place of burying myself here, how differently should I have spent my life.' Well, sir, after two years, passed in vain endeavours to give to Drayton a taste for business, the disagreement broke out between the Indians, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians. You remember, sir, that some of the latter, together with some Englishmen, were carried to a fort near Lake Erie, while others were conveyed up the Ohio. The Indians attacked this house, and carried off young Mowbray. His mother's declining health sank beneath the shock—she was seized with frequent fainting fits, and expired in a week after. Measures were at once taken for the release of the captives, which were successful—Drayton alone remained in the hands of the Savages. Mr. Mowbray, accompanied by several friends, set out, not doubting but that he could easily ransom him. On reaching the wigwams of the Savages, he was told that his son was at liberty to depart with him, if he pleased; but to the amazement of the party, the misguided boy steadily refused. Threats and supplications were equally vain. The Indians said that he might leave them, but it should be of his own free will and accord; but if the white men resorted to force, they should be repelled by force. I need not recount all the means that have been used to regain him—all have failed. This unnatural conduct of his son completely changed Mr. Mowbray's course of life. He retired from business, and lived here, brooding on his griefs; when any event takes place, which renews the subject afresh in his mind, he is subject to fits of melancholy, which prayer only can soothe. Ah! Mr. Berrington, we are weak creatures! and perhaps the Almighty may have thus heavily visited Mr. Mowbray to wean him from earthly cares, and draw him nearer to himself—for are we not told 'Whom God loveth, he chasteneth.'

These events Ada also heard that morning, though with somewhat different shades; but as her father's relation was not likely to be so impartial, we have preferred detailing Jane's narration.

When Ada had heard all, she retired to the solitude of her own chamber—a deep and solemn feeling pervaded her soul; she seemed the only being that could wake the chord of nature in her

brother's breast—who could draw him from the mad pursuits of his wayward fancies, to the way of reason and virtue. The thought of his perishing amongst those who had never heard the blessed promises of Scripture, whose hearts had never been imbued with the love of that Supreme Being who had sent his Son to be a sacrifice for sinful man—was misery insupportable. She felt that it might be in her power to awaken repentance in his heart, and she supplicated Heaven to enlighten her in the way she should take—vowing that no worldly affection should prove an obstacle to her accomplishing the mighty work entrusted to her hands.

Alfred waited for her appearance with much anxiety, but it was late ere he was gratified. Her face was very pale; all its playful expression had vanished, and she seemed to have divested herself of those little coquetries, which every pretty girl uses, in a more or less degree, in the presence of her lover. Her hair was simply confined by a single comb—no graceful arrangement of its tresses betraying that a mirror had been consulted—while her plain white robe was unadorned by zone or riband.

"Oh, Ada! dearest Ada!" said Alfred, as he led her to a chair; "can I do aught to ease your mind. How very pale and sad you look; tell me, if you think it would answer any purpose for me to pursue your brother, and explain my error."

"No, Alfred, none."

"Well, but something must be done, and, indeed, that is the only step that I can fix upon."

"Yes, something must be done, and now, Alfred, I require a proof of your regard for me, and one to which you must sacrifice, what I believe to be your most cherished hopes."

"I am ready to make any sacrifice that will bring peace to your bosom."

"Thank you, dear Alfred; it is, indeed, in your power to do much. Stay," she continued, seeing that he was about to speak, "stay, and hear me. When I told you I loved you, I was happy; I did not know the trial that awaited me; a gay and free heart was mine, and that I love you."

"And that gift I prize beyond all earthly good, Ada; I will be worthy of it, as far as lies in man's power. I will be father, brother, all to you; only give me an opportunity to prove my sincerity."

"I believe you; I firmly believe you, and now entreat you for a proof of it. Alfred, I demand your forgiveness for an unconscious fault, an imperative duty calls me from you—I trust, not forever. Then if you would not add fresh pangs to a heart so keenly wounded as your poor Ada's, tell me that you will bear a separation from me with patience and resignation."

"Ada, my life! Ada! what do you mean! Surely you cannot dream of driving me from you. You know not what you ask; you are in grief—in sorrow for your brother's conduct, and your father's declining health; and where can your sorrows be soothed, if not by me, who love you with more than a father's tenderness, with more than a brother's love. Ada! I thought when you selected me to be your husband, the reliance you could place upon me in misfortune was not forgotten."

"Nor was it, Alfred; but pray be calm. I

have a sacred mission to perform, and I would fain make my path as easy as possible—for tread it I will, with Heaven's help, let what difficulties on earth present themselves. From you and from my father I expect some. They may afflict my mind; they may weaken, but they shall not destroy my resolution. I look for my support from Him who hath said, 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them.' "

"Your calmness astonishes and alarms me. Now that my hopes have been so-nearly realized, surely you will not tell me that they must be relinquished! Do not fence your heart with Stoicism enough to prevent your seeing that such a mandate would make me supremely wretched. No, Ada, I will not believe there is any duty which should empower you to create so much misery in my breast, though, perhaps your elevated ideas may render your's insensible to it."

"You wrong me, Alfred; but I cannot become your wife while my brother wanders, in his mistaken pride, an outcast from humanity and religion."

"Why not; will your remaining single recall him, think you; or is it because, unhappily, my hand wounded him. Ada; on my knees, I beseech you to become my wife, even as you promised; together, then, we will seek your brother. Oh, Ada! have pity on me, and say you will."

"Pray do you have pity on me, Alfred," she exclaimed, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into his arms. "Do not break my heart by witnessing your grief. I must not suffer any inclination to draw me from the will of Heaven. Your grief only adds to mine, but I cannot alter my determination."

"And what is that determination."

"To seek my brother, even in the haunt of the savages," she replied, in a low, solemn tone, her fortitude returning as though the holiness of her purpose endowed her with superior strength of mind. "To implore, on bended knees, his return to the faith he has abandoned; and by holding forth the sacred promises of his Redeemer, to draw him from the snares of the heathen. 'Tis true, I am a weak, unskilful girl; but He who dropped manna in a wilderness, may give words to my tongue; and He who called to Samuel, when but a child, will not be deaf to me if I call upon him with purity of thought, and uprightness of intention."

"Ada, your enthusiastic affection for your brother, blinds you better reason. Your father will never consent to your exposing yourself to the fatigue of such an expedition, and the hazard you would incur when left to the mercy of those Savages."

"There is not the danger you may at first imagine. The Indians appeared completely under his command, and notwithstanding he was treated with violence, they evinced no desire to retaliate. My father, it is true, may, for a time, refuse his sanction, but standing, as I fear he does, on the verge of eternity, he will not, when it is properly represented to him, reject any virtuous means to lead his son to the ways of religion and peace."

"I cannot agree with you, Ada; it is true, parental feelings may uphold your father in your

absence; the hope of reclaiming an erring child may lessen, although it cannot dispel his anxiety for your fate; but where is my help, or my support. Ada, I implore you to banish all ceremonious scruples, and give me a right to accompany you."

"Heaven knows no foolish coyness should part us, could your presence be of service; but, alas! it might only mar my project. Drayton's is a strange heart; and if I sought him in the character of wife to that man whose arm was raised against him, all my supplications would be fruitless. Believe me, Alfred, all my chance is to go alone and unaided, at least unaided by so near a friend. Nicholas shall accompany me; he always had a certain degree of influence with Drayton; indeed, the more I reflect upon the matter, the less the hazard seems."

Alfred believed that he had never known misery until now; he could only hope that Mr. Mowbray would interdict her departure, or that Nicholas should, on his return, bring such intelligence as might induce her to abandon her design.

Late in the evening the Black reached Enesdale, and gave an account of all he had witnessed. When his tale was told, he gave Ada the paper he had found upon the grass. It ran as follows:—

"MY SISTER,

Much as I despise the customs of thy race and mine, yet the natural feelings of our hearts I freely acknowledge; as the dove cherishes her young, so is thy remembrance cherished by me; to indulge my affection for thee, did I steal to the home I have renounced. Nicholas tells me that my reception there was caused by the ignorance of events which took place after our mother's death—so let that pass. I fain would have seen thee alone—but now, farewell. Wilt thou not sometimes think on me, when the leaf is in the bud—when the blossom decks the shrub—when the ripe corn falls to the earth, and when the hoar frost encrusts the tree—let the image of thy brother visit thee in thy dreams; and thou shalt come to mine as the only feeling of nature which I imbibed in my days of childhood—farewell."

"Father, Alfred!" she exclaimed, as she concluded the billet; "I implore you, as you value my peace of mind, my eternal happiness, detain me not from my brother; does he not love me? Oh! he has been misled—infatuated, or he would not have left us. Father! dear father! suffer me to pursue my brother; let me be the humble instrument, under Heaven, to smooth the latter days of thy life; to conduct your prodigal child to your arms, and make your heart to sing for joy."

"Ada, my precious child!" he said, clasping her in his arms; "inestimable boon of a merciful Providence, who, if he has stricken me in one child, has made me more than amends in another. I honour your piety, your affection; but I must not sacrifice my only comfort. No, no, Ada! you must not follow the generous dictates of your soul. Offer your prayers for the restoration of your brother; and through the mercy of

Heaven, they may prevail, and he be rescued from the snares which encompass him."

"My father, seek not to restrain me; there is an inward monitor, which tells me if I undertake this mission, I shall succeed. Oh! reflect upon the happiness that would be mine if I attained so precious an object; and the misery I must ever feel from knowing that one so dear to me is living an outcast from civilized society—self-exiled from the delights of home, and above all, an alien to that church, which has for its head 'Him that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, who spreadeth out the heavens as a curtain.' Do not, I entreat you, refuse me; for although you should do so now, I will renew my supplications to you again and again; I will cast off every selfish wish of ease, every dear affection of my bosom, until I have at least attempted to awaken the voice of nature in my poor, misguided brother's heart."

It is needless to recapitulate all Ada's efforts to gain the approval of her father. Often, her heart sank at the apparent impossibility of its ever being granted to her. Whole nights did she spend without sleep, reflecting in what way she should proceed to draw him to her wishes. At times it crossed her mind that it would be better for her to depart secretly, but she shrank from such a step. Her father was gradually becoming weaker, and she too well knew that the dereliction of his son was an arrow in his heart which kept him from peace. Each day she renewed her efforts, and at length the invalid, lured by the sanguine representations of his daughter, half consented. She consulted with Nicholas on the most probable method of discovering the tarrying-place of the tribe into which her brother had been adopted. He readily entered into her plans, and she soon had the satisfaction of knowing the part of the Ohio, on whose banks they now fixed their wigwams. This intelligence obtained, she resolved to make a decisive effort for her father's unreserved sanction. She entered his chamber, and with prayers and tears besought him to yield to her desires. Her perseverance gained the mastery, and he reluctantly yielded.

"Should I die, Ada, before your return, how will it be with me in the last sad hour, when I cast my eyes around, and behold not my daughter, my pious child?"

"Dear father, hope better! if, indeed, that hard trial should be so near, Heaven, in its mercy, will guide my steps homeward, and your parting moments be soothed by both your children. Father, as Jacob prospered, with the blessing of his parent, so may I—give it, therefore, that my undertaking may be hallowed; then should peril await me, I shall have that within which shall preserve me from vain conceits or fears. Your blessing, my father! your blessing!"

She sank upon her knees. The invalid raised himself, and gazed with holy fondness upon her, as fair and innocent she bent before him, and thus devoted herself to rescue a brother from the paths of darkness; and while he uttered blessings, fervid and sincere, from that sacred font—a father's heart—a glad assurance fell upon his soul, that his Ada's efforts would not sink to earth, even though no proof of their efficacy was given to mortal eyes.

"There is a Book,

By Seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light;
On which the eyes of God, not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright."

With a calmness which could only be obtained from a reliance upon a Superior Being, did Ada prepare for her journey. But how shall we describe her lover's feelings. Madly he flung himself before her and besought her to forego her rash purpose—entreated her to pity his situation and not doom him to agony and suspense—but in vain; her heart bled for him, but her resolution was unshaken.

"Go, Alfred," she said, "to your happy home. Let the society of your parents and sisters compensate you for the loss of one who is withheld by sacred duty from claiming a portion of their affection, and who more keenly feels the severity of her lot from the sorrow it obliges her to inflict upon one who is so deservedly dear to her. Go, dear friend, and in mercy spare me from the dreadful task of bidding you farewell."

"You are mistaken, Ada, if you suppose I will return to my home without you. Your father does not deny me the name of son, though you may that of husband. Here is a letter that will acquaint you with my determination."

Ada read it. It contained a recital of the unhappy events which marred his happiness, and concluded thus:—"As in my present frame of mind it would be impossible for one to attend to any business, and as you must be aware that I endure extreme anxiety, I trust my respected father and mother will not disapprove of my intention of remaining at Enesdale until Ada's return. Mr. Mowbray is scarcely able to leave his chamber, and it will afford my heart the only consolation it can admit of to share and enlighten his grief. I send my love to Rose and Emily. Tell little George I shall be home in time to celebrate his birth day, &c."

ALFRED BERRINGTON."

"Heaven bless you, Alfred," she emphatically exclaimed, "you have eased me of one pang—you will supply my place with my poor father. Oh! bless you—bless you!"

Reading after numerous attempts the impossibility of drawing our heroine from her determination, orders were given to insure her comfort when travelling. A low vehicle, to be drawn by two horses, was procured. It was probable that their course might be in part through woods where a carriage could not pass, and in that case it must be abandoned, and the horses resorted to. Jane, with a fearful heart, arranged refreshments for the self-devoted wanderers, and Ada forgot not a packet of gaudy trinkets to present to the Indians, whom she might find it necessary to conciliate.

At length all was in readiness, yet difficult was it for Ada to appoint the day on which she meant to set forth; often as it rose to her lips her heart sank at the prospect of separation; but the hour must come, and even that obstacle was removed, though not without fresh calls upon her firmness and patience. The deep sorrow of her father, the impetuous anguish of Alfred, could not shake the exalted purpose of her soul; she rejected all temptations which could draw her

from the path her duty seemed to point out. But, oh! what unutterable sorrow reigned in the parting hour. Tears, those strangers to the eyes of man, fell from the weak and agonized parent. Ada's voice essayed to speak of comfort, but her broken sighs told too plainly how much her words and feelings were at variance. "Father I shall ere long return and you shall hold your son in your arms—you shall rejoice that we purchased with so little suffering—so great a joy. Alfred you will take care of my father, I know you will until I come home."

"Ada," said the weeping father, "if you should never see your home—if my darling should find her grave in the wilderness—her death by the tomahawk!"

"Dear father, banish such gloomy thoughts, all will be well. Farewell—farewell. Soon I shall be here with joy and gladness all around me."

Mr. Mowbray wept over her as he held her in a sad embrace—in silence Jane and Rachel kissed and embraced her—a solemn feeling stealing over all as they beheld this fair young being leave her father and her lover's arms. Once more she suffered Alfred to hold her to his bursting heart and kiss her clear forehead.

"You will forget the sorrow I have occasioned you Alfred, and be a son to my poor father."

"I will, I will, my dearest Ada; but you have indeed imposed a heavy trial on me."

"I have, I know I have. But you'll forgive me, add now farewell to all—to you, my father—to you Alfred—to all."

She sprang into the carriage in which Nicholas was seated. "Drive on!" she exclaimed, "quickly—quickly."

She was obeyed. The horses proceeded rapidly—as they came in front of the house, she waved her handkerchief in the air; it was observed by the weeping group who stood in the portico; they answered the token of recognition—another moment and she was out of sight. No friend whom her griefs could pain, save Nicholas. Freely she gave way to the gush of we which gathered in her bosom; yet not long did she yield indulgence to her feelings: she recalled her duty, her rage, and sought to preserve that of duty, unabated. But the home she had quitted was indeed sad and desolate. Jane and Rachel wept, but in whispered tones, and the desolated father seemed overpowered by the intensity of his grief. Alfred tried to cheer the little family, and, perhaps, his efforts were as efficacious as those of most young men might have been. But a tender and assiduous nurse—the gentle director of the lively companion, was gone—and her place was not to be supplied. Alfred attended to the favourite garden, but the occupation which might have charmed him when she shared it had lost its power to amuse. Keenly he felt

"How ill the scene that offers rest,
"And heart that cannot rest agree."

Nicholas and Ada proceeded on their journey with as much speed as the nature of the path by which they had to travel would admit of. On the two first nights they fared tolerably well; being lodged at the habitations of their kindred beings. The admiration of Ada's affectionate

heroism, which these early settlers of the wilderness testified, was ardent and sincere; and the sympathy she experienced from the entertainers of her own sex fell on her soul like the balm on Gideon's fleece. May the unaffected and genuine hospitality which she enjoyed never be exchanged for the glare of false politeness. May the lessons of history warn us in our march of civilization, that "what we gain in refinement we may lose in integrity—that while we weave the roses of elegance and luxury we may remember not to enervate ourselves by their sweets, lest we bend beneath the noble exertions for which we are destined. No glare of compliments dazzled Ada—a warm cordiality told her she was welcome and made her feel her temporary resting place a home—and when, on the second morning, she left the abode in which she had passed the night, and was informed that her next lodging must be beneath the canopy of Heaven, her kind hostess shed tears. Ada almost wished she had not met with so much friendship, as it served only to soften her; she was prepared to meet danger, but the pity of a stranger overpowered her. Through the day they journeyed by the borders of an interminable forest, uninterrupted. Silence reigned around; Ada had now time to arrange her thoughts, which the anxiety to be permitted to pursue her brother had hitherto kept in a state of agitation. Several times during the day they halted to refresh their weary steeds and partake of the refreshments which Jane had prepared. Towards evening they alighted when a convenient spot offered to pass the night. Nicholas kindled a fire; but how did she repose. Ada, the beautiful, gentle and tender Ada, rested beneath the spreading trees, a mantle thrown on the earth her only couch, and Nicholas keeping watch while she slept—when she awoke she took the post as sentinel, while her faithful attendant sought the rest he needed. Then she set her thoughts reverting to her father and her home; and well did she, in those lone moments, appreciate the lessons of forbearance which her aunt had imparted to her. The next day, and the next, passed on; still the magnificent scenes of nature alone met their view. The majestic waters of the Ohio flowing through wood and vale, even as it does now. Ages pass away and leave it as before; while she who gazed upon it then, in hope and fear, is gone, her very existence no more remembered. Towards the evening of the sixth day the wigwams of the Indians appeared in view. Their fearful aspect, and the strange language they uttered, and she was scarcely able to restrain herself. "Not long were their figures concealed from the Aborigines of the land. A shout, which was re-echoed by the surrounding hills, told them they were perceived, and several of the tribe appeared in view. "Now heart be firm," thought Ada. As she urged her jaded steed forward, various sounds mingled with the dashing water-fall and rustling leaves. The setting sun threw a deeper tint on the countenances of the Red Men as they approached, making them seem more hideous in the heroine's sight, who now recalled that courage which she knew was needed."

Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE most wretched of children is the spoiled child—the pet who is under no subjection, and who gets all the trash for which his little mouth waters. 'Tis he who bumps his head, in the act of going somewhere he was forbidden to approach; and 'tis he whose little stomach aches considerably in consequence of eating too many sweet things, coaxed out of the cupboard of a fond but injudicious mother.

Spoil the boy, and what are we to expect of the man? Will the dog be well-behaved, which was let to go his own way when a puppy? Will the steed be steady in harness, if, when a colt, no care was taken of it? The spoiled boy inevitably becomes the wilful man, and with the wilfulness comes discontent.

Unfortunately, those who have always been accustomed to find others yield to them, and to have their own way, become habitually selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of those about them. Self-gratification is naturally the first wish of the child; but it is the fault of parents, if, by injudicious indulgence, the man is led to anticipate that, as everybody yielded to him in boyhood, everybody must yield in after life.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent, and good-looking, he soon became a favourite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful, and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity. Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected at school.

As for study, he never got further than "stud," and was much more frequently seen in a scarlet hunting-coat, than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford during term time is not likely to do much good at home during the vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Ere he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a "lady's man," flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by everybody, Frederick became the especial favourite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakly Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty his father died, and being then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's baronetcy and estates, he naturally became a greater favourite than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson: he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth flattered, butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought of the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquish-

ing old privileges, he still had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who viewing his attentions, in a serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress and the prettiest girl of the county; and when the old Baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sitting together in corners at night, he secretly exulted in the probable realization of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his favourite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his attentions; there was indeed a tacit understanding between the young couple: but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had in so many words distinctly said, "Maria, will you marry me?" Months flew away, two years had already elapsed, and though Frederick certainly seemed attached to Maria, yet, when other pretty people came in his way, he still flirted in a manner not quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay almost an engagement elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the dictation of a grandfather. Opposition to the match would immediately have brought matters to the desired point,—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him: she had been too accessible, too easily won; and really loving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state, of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven by doubt or by solicitude to pause and scrutinise the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering feigned opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things in the world, a marriage with the woman who was really dearest to him, of all beings on earth, would be the very worst.

"My dear sir," he cried one morning at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, "how you do tease me about Miss Denman!"

"Tease you, Fred," said Sir Peter, "tease you! for shame: I am urging you to secure your own happiness."

"Surely, sir," he replied, "there is plenty of time,—I am still very young."

"Young Sir!—you are a boy, Sir; a boy in

judgment and discretion, a very child, Sir, and what's worse, a spoiled child."

"Well," said Frederick, laughing, "don't be angry, if I am a spoiled child the fault is not mine."

"Yes, it is Fred—I say it is, things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled."

"Indeed!" said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and, taking up Sir Peter's gold watch, which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

"I see what you mean, you satirical monkey," cried Sir Peter, laughing; "give me my watch, Sir, and let me now tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred, I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance, resulting from over-indulgence in childhood."

"I wonder then any one should care about a selfish, consequential fellow, like myself," said Frederick.

"You mean to insinuate that you have been and are a general favourite, popular with everybody, and well received wherever you go? I grant it, my dear boy, I grant it,—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately."

"How do you mean?" said his grandson; "when and where?"

"Why, for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there?"

"He asked me my intentions," said Frederick, "my views with respect to his eldest daughter, Caroline—he inquired, in fact, if I was serious."

"A puzzler that, hey, Fred?" chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

"It was awkward, certainly," said the youth, "but how could I help it? They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another."

"Possibly not: but depend on it where there are unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visits of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences. However, for Susan Simmons, I care not three straws; I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society."

"That is a very different affair, Sir," said Frederick; "surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "that delights me, now you are coming to the point, the other was a mere flirtation—all your former fancies have been mere flirtations; but with Maria (as you say), it is different; you really love her, she is the woman you select for a wife."

"I did not say any such thing; I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will."

"Unsteady enough I admit," said Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders, "but by no means too young; besides your father being dead, and your

mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable for your sisters."

"I wonder you never married again, Sir," said Frederick.

"You would not wonder," said Sir Peter feelingly, "had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a taciteulogium on the marriage state I grant you; but I consider it anything rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passions if you will as an apology for second marriage, but never talk of the affections; at least never name the last and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first, and vow at the altar to love and to cherish her."

"Why, my dear Sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?"

"Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censuring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose."

"I wish you would then, my dear Sir," said Frederick, carelessly, "for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into a marriage." With these words he left the room, and Sir Peter cogitated most uncomfortably over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighbourhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakly Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed by his extraordinary conduct.

"I wish our Frederick would come home," said Sir Peter, who had been watching his ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker in a worsted work-stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

"Our Frederick!" said Maria, starting.

"Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?"

"I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never given me any reason to—"

"Stop, stop, no fibs," said the Baronet.

"He has never told me that a——" Maria hesitated.

"He has never formally proposed for you; is that what you mean to say?"

"Decidedly."

"And never will, if we don't make him; but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?"

"Pray, my dear guardian," said Maria, evading a direct reply, "look at your grandson; you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him. He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man."

"Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman that he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are!—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick I'm determined——"

"Pray make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned."

"I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him," said Sir Peter. "I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavour to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain; I see as plain as possible that you are dying for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow."

"Oh Sir!" cried Maria, rising in confusion, but she again sank into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria," said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side and taking her hand; "you are very dear to me, you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and believe me Frederick devotedly loves you."

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakly Park. Maria had, however resumed her cheerfulness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment had discovered several matters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and those presumptive proofs having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print, which when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing-room had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered nosegay, which Maria recognised as one that she had gathered and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses addressed "to Maria," and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of justice no jury would have adjudged damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her resemblance could not be altogether indifferent to her, and she at last felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often elc-

seted together, and one day after an unusually long discussion, she said,

"Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more; I consent."

"There's a dear good girl!" cried the old man, affectionately kissing her "and now we'll be happy in spite of him. But now for my plans. It will never do to stay here at Oakly Park with all these servants to wonder and chatter; no, no. To-morrow you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor, the quietest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us."

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, and to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh, who now began to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

"Ah," thought he, "more good advice I suppose, urging me to marry. One thing at all events I'm resolved on, never to marry a widow: if people would but let me alone, really Maria after all is—but what says the Baronet?"

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather,

PETER FAIRLEIGH.

"Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last!" Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new-married couple. On inquiring for "Beach Cottage" he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very beau ideal of a house to "honey-moon" in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was a relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, "there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you."

"Yes, Sir," said Frederick, "pray permit me to pay my respects—to—to ask her blessing; pray, Sir, present me to—my grandmother."

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of old body could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach the room, (rather decrepid, thought he); a hand touched the lock of the door: it opened; and Maria stood before him clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand, and welcomed him to Beach Cottage.

"Good heavens!" cried Frederick, sinking on

the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, "is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman that I have been; but oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice? You must have known, you must have seen my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have no right to complain, I alone have been to blame!"

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room; she hastily retreated to the window, and the Baronet in apparent amazement addressed his grandson.

"What means this language addressed to that lady, Sir; a lady you avoided when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of attachment."

"Sir Peter," said the spoiled child, springing from the sofa, "if you were not my father's father I'd——"

"Well, what would you do, young man?"

"But you are!" cried Frederick, "you are, and what avails expostulation," and he sank again on the sofa choking with agitation.

"Pray young man," said Sir Peter, "control your emotions, and as to rage, don't give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow."

"Not marry her—could not, were she free!" cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of the case flashed upon him.

"No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free."

"I would!" shouted the youth.

"Impossible! if I were in my grave, you could not."

"I could! I would! I will!" cried Frederick.

"What! marry your grandmother!"

"Yes!" said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, "yes, I repeat it, yes!"

It was impossible to hold out any longer. Sir Peter and Maria burst into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter wiping his eyes, said,

"Go to her boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly."

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover's mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian, in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having now experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion the strength of his attachment. "Beach Cottage" was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honeymoon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who purify it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a school-man, and those who release her from the cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering* her.

For the Lady's Book.

THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

EUGENE MONTCAIRN, and Walter Brook, were educated in one college. Eugene was the elder, by two years, and possessed of a large fortune. Scarcely had he passed the boundaries of boyhood; but he was tall, for his years, and his person, though not matured, was elegantly formed; he had a free gait, and elastic step; gaiety and good humour was the predominant expression of his face. His eyes were deep-blue, quick, glancing, and brilliant; his features were small and regular, his mouth wore the most mischievous expression in the world; and his flaxen hair clustered in natural ringlets around his forehead. The arrogance of wealth—that overbearing superiority with which the poor are looked down upon from the mighty elevation created by a few splendid baubles (when gold speaks all tongues are silent) is far from being confined to matured existence. That perfection of moral beauty, so naturally ascribed to childhood; that brightness of the young spirit so cherubic, so shadowless, with which we are wont to invest the fresh and frolic beings, around whom the ineffable glory of new life is yet thrown! Alas! it is only a dream! With his just perception of wearing a better garb, or possessing higher privileges, the veriest unchin will lord it over his fellow, and taunt him with his humbler condition. To Eugene, wealth and family gave the prerogative of insolence; but although a wild, reckless boy, he was free from this taint. Gifted with unusual talent, amenable to no controul, he was the very spirit of idle frolic; and yet, there was a redeeming wealth in his character—an intense ardour breaking out at times, in the pursuit of higher objects, and a richness of pure feeling, gushing, like frequent and bright fountains, along his erring and uncertain path, that elevated him far above the common herd. His handsome, though slender proportions, seemed at times dilated and instinct with the energy of his nature. His usually gay and careless features, could assume an intense expression; his laughing blue eye, could darken, with deep and troubled feeling; and the veins in his fair forehead, swell and recede with strong or contending emotion. Walter Brooks was his class and room-mate; and so unlike (though his friend) that it was the mingling of sun-light and moon-light. In form, Walter was as unlike as in disposition. His forehead was pale and ample, and bounded by the moist, dark auburn hair, and softly pencilled eye-brows, seemed a temple dedicated to thought. Thoughtful and reserved beyond his years—seldom mingling in gaiety, he chose rather the intellectual than the sensual pleasures, which he courted with assiduity. Study was with him—a habit; and indulgence in the day-dreams of the visionary—a passion. He possessed a highly cultivated taste for the fine arts; and a spirit of poetry, mingled with, and imbued all his actions. The turn of his mind prevented his forming many friendships at school; aside from his attachment to Montcairn, he possessed little in common with others. Their affections seemed moulded, and mingled by circumstances. Walter,

too, had pride, arising from a consciousness of mental superiority, which made him, unwisely, prefer the respect, to the love of those by whom he was surrounded. And while his face expressed meekness and gentleness, he nourished in his bosom, wild hopes of distinction, and passions, fearful when excited, and which vented themselves upon those who aroused them in bitter sarcasm and proud defiance. He had these deep faults, and yet his failings were forgotten in the many noble and generous traits by which they were redeemed. He had an open hand, a frank heart, and a fearless spirit. Eugene was the chief of all the sports and games, and possessed an unlimited influence over his associates—the natural ascendancy of a daring spirit. He called in vain upon Walter to join them in their various scenes of amusement; the latter pursued his solitary way, during the hours of relaxation, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of science. In the midst of their jokes, his countenance maintained the coldest immobility; sometimes he would lift his clear eye from the page he was scanning, and fix it, for an almost imperceptible space, upon the tormenting boys, with an expression of deep scorn. He had an intimate acquaintance with history, the dead languages, and those of the living, most pregnant with beauty and usefulness, and a mass of general information, truly surprising for a person of his years; he had matured and enlightened his mind from the great fountain of books—those streams so often tainted in their course by prejudice or ignorance.

Three years had passed over the head of each; already the sprouting beard upon the lip, but more, the decision which shone out in moments of difficulty, told that they were entering upon the confines of manhood. Eugene was the same careless laughter-loving being among his associates, as when he first entered upon his duties. No excursion of pleasure could be got up without he joined—it was incomplete if his song, his jest, and his pun, were wanting. Time and circumstances had likewise had their effect upon Walter; they had not, indeed, changed his character, but they had called forth new traits, and strengthened those that were. The young men had begun anxiously to count the slowly lapsing months and days which must yet separate them from the haunts and friends of their childhood. Each arrival was sure to bring to Walter the envied package, with the kind wishes and anxious inquiries of his mother and sister, and the little welcome history of domestic affairs from the latter. The common recollections of the past—the pursuits of the present—and anticipations of the future, in which they indulged, were silently adding, link after link, to the chain that bound their affections together.

"Eugene," said Walter, as they sat conversing, before retiring for the night, "as you have no parents looking for you, as a matter of course, I shall expect you to go home and spend the summer with us; and I will make you acquainted with a nice little sister of mine, who bears the simple name of Mary; and whose affectionate epistles to myself you have so much admired."

And this resolution was eventually effected; for the enthusiasm with which it was formed,

had a holier and deeper fount than the mere overflowing of a melancholy temperament.

"With all my heart, Walter," Eugene replied, "I have long had a desire to see, and judge for myself of the merits of your sweet, boasted, recluse sister."

All the preliminaries had been settled; adieux made; good wishes recapitulated; and promises to correspond regularly with those left behind. Their comrades chatted with—embraced them both affectionately—and they were gone. The bustle and activity of the journey; its pleasing strangeness and novelty; and the light railery of the elder, soon dispelled from their elastic minds, whatever of melancholy had begun to gather there at the thoughts of parting, and, perchance, forever, from those with whom one of them at least had been united in the closest bonds of intimacy. It was a perfect summer's morning. The wheat, golden from ripeness, swayed gracefully in the light breeze. The slender oaks shook their small bells in the air with ceaseless motion; the birds, twittering, alighted from the full leaved trees, scattering dew-drops from the branches, as the friends pursued their way. Upon the third day after their departure, they arrived at their place of destination. They entered the door—met no one—the tones of pleasant voices sounded upon their ear; Walter opened the door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family were assembled at supper. There sat the mother and daughter; the only companion of her solitude was Mary—and she was, indeed, all that the most sanguine wishes could desire; beautiful as day, and adorned with all the worth of heart, and susceptibility of an ardent mind. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think, that the mountain and the valley which girt her home, encircled all that was worth knowing or loving in the world.

"My dear son!"—"My dearest brother!" were uttered at once, and Walter was caressing his parent and sister by turns.

"This," said he, as Eugene advanced in the room, "is Eugene Montclair." He spoke in a tone that seemed to imply, that they were already familiar with the name; and the sudden smile of even maternal welcome, which irradiated the features of the matron, as she raised her eye to the young stranger, evinced that she received him as the friend of her son. Upon Mary, who had been led by her brother to take a deep interest in his character, not a word, nor a look was lost, and a glance of fond approval soon told the watchful Walter, that she was satisfied. The growing intimacy of the social circle seemed cemented, and the travellers joined the supper-table. Walter was entertaining Mrs. Brook with a history of his pursuits, and the manner in which he had passed his time, and Eugene forgot every sensation save that of pleasure, in looking upon, and conversing with the fascinating Mary.

"My sweet sister," said Walter, after the tea-things were removed, "will you sing for me, as of old, and charm Eugene?"

With a fond glance, she seated herself unsittingly upon the piano-stool, and after a slight accompaniment, sung with exquisite pathos, a plaintive air. There was a natural beauty in her

voice—a profound melancholy in its intense sweetness, that could dissolve the soul of the listener. Eugene was entranced; all that was dear to him in the memory of the past; the joys of home and childhood; the tenderness and truth of his first friendship—every cherished hour—every endeared spot; all that he had loved and lost upon earth—his gentle mother, seemed again to live, and again to fade, as he listened to the strains. Without paying any attention to him, and apparently without any effort to herself, she breathed forth melody after melody, for her own pleasure, like some lone nightingale, that, in a home of green leaves, sings to cheer its solitude with sweet sounds. She was lovely as one of Raphael's Madonna's; and, like them, there was a silent beauty in her presence that struck the most superficial beholder with astonishment and satisfaction. Her hair, of a golden and furnished brown (the colour of the autumnal foliage, illuminated by the setting sun) fell in gauzy wavings round her face, throat, and shoulders. Her small clear forehead, gleamed with gentle thought; her carved, soft, and rosy lips; the delicate moulding of the lower part of the face—expressing purity and integrity of nature—were all perfectly Grecian. The hazel eyes, with their arched lids and dark arrowy lashes, pierced the soul with their full and thrilling softness. She was clad in graceful drapery, pure as virgin snow; but, pure as the garment was, it seemed a rude disguise to the resplendent softness of the limbs it enfolded. The delicate light, that gleamed from the alabaster lamp, was a faint simile of the ineffable spirit of love that burned within her transparent frame; and the one trembling, shining star of even, that palpitates responsively to happy lovers, never looked so divine, as did Mary, to the enraptured gaze of Eugene, as he sat there, ardently tracing her every movement. And not alone for him was this hour the dawn of passionate feeling. The same spell was felt in the heart of the maiden, veiling the world, and lifting her spirit into vast and immeasurable regions of unexplored delight. One moment their eyes met and glanced upon each other the look of exalted, of eternal love—mute, blessed, and inexpressible. Their lids fell, and were raised no more. Rapture swelled their breasts, and swelled their full hearts—a rapture felt but not seen; for, motionless, and in deep silence, as if every outward faculty were absorbed in reverence, they continued, each inwardly knowing, hearing, seeing nothing but the divine influence and attraction of the other. Noiselessly, Mary arose and left the instrument; Eugene followed; the conversation disturbed his mood of ecstasy, and he proposed retiring. As the door closed upon his retreating figure, Walter said, “Good night, and may you sleep soundly, for I cannot leave my mother, from whom I have been so long separated, and you, my darling sister, until midnight.”

He was now in his chamber—shut out from the world—a change had come upon his spirit. He looked out upon the straight silent walks, buried in gloom and shadow; and the tingling silence of the air was holy and calm as a deserted oratory, when the last strain of the vesper hymn has died away—the last taper has ceased to burn—the last censer has been flung—and

both parties and worshippers have departed. Naught interrupted the deep stillness that prevailed. Oh, night! how intensely beautiful art thou! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, placid and pearly effulgence of thy chaste moon, who pursues her path alone; or whether thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest forth with thy tempests to the work of desolation. On the wide sea—on the wide moor—by the ocean strand—and mountain lake—and cottage—and corn-field; oh! thou art beautiful, and bow down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp; and even in thy deep and holy silence, there is a voice to which the mind listens, and stirs the heart's deep places. Eugene cast himself upon the bed, after he had drank of the beauty of nature. “I dreamt not of love!” he exclaimed, “I sought her not. She stood before me, lovely as an angel that heralds departed spirits to the kingdom of bliss; fearless, but mild, she poured the magic of her gaze upon my soul. I will lay my fortune at her feet; she shall—she must be mine.” Soon after he fell asleep; he lay the remaining hours of that too short night, entranced in bliss, as if the bright form of his beloved were still shining on him.

In the morning he awoke before Walter, and the inexpressible harmony of his new-born passion was indelibly associated with his recollection of the preceding night. As Eugene entered the breakfast-room the family had not assembled, and Mary was sitting alone in the recess of a window, wrapped in such a profound reverie, that she was unconscious of his approach, and he paused to regard her. There was, in her countenance, an expression of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, that excited the warmest admiration, and inspired sudden and deep confidence. She looked like some supernatural being that walks through the world untouched by its corruptions; like one that unconsciously, yet with delight, confers pleasure and peace; and Eugene felt the power, and thought that the terrors of life would lose their mortal weight and be resolved into beauty by her sympathy. He sat down beside her, and so earnestly did she listen, and he speak, that they were not aware of the entrance of the other members until they had saluted them twice. Mary was unacquainted with the forms of the world, and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to wile away the hours of his stay under their roof, pleasantly. It will not be wondered that the day passed joyfully over; her songs, and conversation, found him an impassioned and delighted listener, and he was perfectly captivated. He felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not that she would have treated any other, similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. The evening passed happily as the day had done, and the hour of leave-taking for the night at length arrived, and they separated.

In a small apartment was Mary sitting at midnight; her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoy-

ant character which had previously been all her own. All was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard, save the gentle ripple of the river, upon whose treacherous surface her windows looked. All seemed consecrated to silence and solitude—to the hush of nature. At once her attitude was changed; her hand was needed to brush away the drops that were gathering in her eyes; her features became suddenly overcast; the soft smile faded away, and even as spring sunshine is succeeded by the sudden shower, the light that dwelt in her sunny orbs grew dim with tears. She loved; nay, more, she had confessed that love. With palpitating bosom, and with suppressed breath, she had heard Eugene, in a soft tone, inspired by tenderness and affection, paint the bliss that should be theirs, in the wedded state—when he would throw his wealth into her lap, and his honours at her feet, and bid her wear them with him; when, with an unchanged heart, he would fulfil at the altar his plighted troth; with truth in his breast, and passion on his lips, he had offered all to her. She wept for joy; she was not distracted with worldly dreams—with no thoughts of pleasures or of worldly vanities; she lived for her lover; beneath her gentle exterior burnt a flame that was to all others a scorching fire—to him, innocent as the flame that licked the Prophet's feet. "The first, the only tears I have ever shed for this cause, and they shall be the last," she exclaimed, raising her head, like a flower surcharged with moisture. Days—weeks—and even months, rolled on, and the lovers passed hour after hour, so ardent, so halcyon, so bright, and so unreal—creating for themselves a radiant atmosphere, like that which glows around isles of eternal peace and joy.

"One hour of passion so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of heartless, and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!"

Their whole lives was a paradise of natural beauty, investing with its own loveliness the mouldering past, and mingling it with the vivid present. The winding of the shore—the deep recesses of the wood—the foliage, and inland fountain, nature's voluptuous bloom—and the breaking waves, murmured around them a woven minstrelsy of love and joy. Earth, river, and sky—like three gods, lent their aid to bestow tranquillity and animation to the scene, with a splendour that did not dazzle—a richness that could not satiate. The air was redolent of perfume; the refreshing breezes seemed to blow from Paradise—quickenings their senses, and bringing to them the odour of a thousand unknown blossoms. They had entered, as it were, an enchanted garden; the living and immortal light of the heavens above; the pure element, with its waves that shone and trembled as stars; the adorned earth; and above all, the heaven of delight they had created in their own breasts—life seemed a choral hymn of beautiful and glowing sentiments. They had lived to see all the beauty of existence unveiled to its very depths; they had mutually dreamt a dream that had steeped their souls in divine, and almost uncommuni-

cable joy. They had an insatiable thirst for the presence of each other, which only grew intenser with the enjoyment of its own desire.

"Oh, love! what is it, in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to be loved;
Ah! why, with cypress branches, hast thou wreathed
thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter—a sigh?"

"Eugene," said Walter, one day, "I have just received a letter from our old preceptor, requesting us to come and spend a few days with him; nay, frown not so, you are to be married in a fortnight, and cannot, surely, dread a rival."

"I dreaded not a rival, Walter; I would not insult Mary, by such a supposition; but the thought of a separation is bitter. However, as you so seldom make a request, particularly of this nature, I accede."

"My beautiful," said Eugene, to his betrothed, the evening preceding their departure, "you must allow me to have one of these sunny tresses to wear next my heart, as a talisman against danger."

The lock was severed—the last kiss taken—and Eugene gazed upon her a moment, as if he wanted to stamp her image yet more indelibly upon his memory. She was in tears. Alas! little did he think he was parting from his idol forever.

"Come, cheer up, beloved one; I shall return, ere long. Pledge me your word to be mine when I come back."

"I vow," said she, falling upon his neck; "nothing but death shall change me—if even that; and if ever I cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that; we will again be happy, and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while drops bedewed her lashes, and trickled down her cheek. At last he made one desperate effort, pressed her to his bosom, and bidding her a long, a last adieu, hurried from the apartment. His horse stood saddled at the door; he sprang into his seat, and his retreating figure was obscured until he again emerged from the wood, in company with Walter.

With the departure of him she loved all happiness seemed to have fled from the maiden. The places she used with him to visit in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude, short as it was to be, more lonely than she had ever felt.

In compliment to their guests, the Collegians had given a supper; conviviality was the order of the night; good feeling circulated, and the laugh, the song, and the jest were heard. A slight difference occurred between the friends, I know not of what nature; both were heated with wine; Walter gave Eugene the lie—in return he struck him. "Remember!" said Walter, "I swear, by the living God, that you wash out that stain with your blood."

"Very well," said Eugene, with the utmost composure and nonchalance, "I shall think of what you, as a foolish boy, have said."

Walter fiercely strode out of the room, and in

a few moments returned, bringing with him a pen and ink. He sat down and wrote a challenge, and it was handed by one of the company to Eugene; he read it impatiently, and exclaimed aloud, "You act like a madman," and tore it deliberately in pieces, and threw it from him.

"Ha!" retorted Walter, "you may succeed in making my class-mates think me a madman, but you have already convinced them that you are a coward."

"Stop, sir," interrupted Eugene, darting upon him a look of defiance, "dare you, even in thought, couple that word with my name; you shall have the satisfaction you demand."

The fatal challenge was sent and accepted; both were wretched. The thought of the morrow pressed heavily upon their souls; but they had passed the Rubicon, and dared not return without being sneered at. They had taken their places. The question, "are you ready?" was asked. There was a moment of breathless suspense; the awful monosyllable sounded upon the ear like the knell of death. Oh! the anguish—the heart break of that interval. The signal was given—the report was heard; then followed a convulsive shout—Eugene placed his hand upon his breast and staggered backward; the blood forsook his cheek—his brow contracted—he fell; a torrent, and a dark red stain extended itself over his vest, and saturated the earth with his life's gushing stream. They sprang to him; his voice was nearly choked; "Mary, I have your token—I love you even in death." There was a slight struggle—a contraction of the sinews of the neck—a quivering of the under jaw, and all was over. The last sad duties were now all that was required.

Blessed—blessed would it have been for poor Walter, had he too fallen.

He sprang frantically towards the corse. "Oh, God! I have killed him—him, whom my sister loved so dearly. Already her curses are hissing in my ears; I was to have been his brother, too—yet there he lies, stiff and cold. Oh, God! oh, God! speak to me, Eugene—look upon me; my brain's on fire—how it whirls. By that prostrate form I swear! I call upon the dead to witness the oath—that my heart is seared—the brand is upon me—a Cain—a Cain." He shrieked, and threw himself with frantic violence beside his murdered friend. "No breeze can revive the pulses in my heart; I am old before my time; all around is dark and dread; nature howls the curse into my ears—his blood be upon thy head; there are strange tongues communing with me—the bat and the owl—the grave worm, and each crawling thing is upon me—night—midnight is my season—I shrink from the sun, 'for he sleepeth and will not wake.'" He was stuped—stified; the air seemed to grow suffocating; he fell and became insensible.

* * * *

The day was sinking, as a traveller bent his way towards the mansion of the Brooks'. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but its radiance still burned upon the west; onward—still onward he urged his panting steed. June had trod in the steps of her sweet sister May, and the heart's-ease, the rose, and the lily, welcomed her approach. The horseman alighted—demanded an interview with Mary—and concluded his

painful narrative, by putting into her hands a lock of hair, once bright and auburn, but now faded and discoloured by a sanguine hue. It was her own—her own—the ringlet which she had given her Eugene, and which he had worn as a talisman, and kissed a thousand times, when gazing upon each golden hair. And that stain—that deep and horrid stain! could it be mistaken? Oh, no! his heart's best blood had consecrated, and dyed that fair tress. She endeavoured to look calm, whilst it was evident her heart was bursting; no shriek, no idle tear escaped her surcharged bosom; her eyes closed, and pitying nature suspended the consciousness of woe.

With its deep and mellow livery, its splendid and glowing sunset, and its rich and shadowy twilight, the autumn came and went; the winter also passed away; and the sweet notes of the wood-lark hailed the arrival of the spring. Nature reviving, assumed the aspect of gladness; and the primrose and the violet peeped out from their concealment. But Mary—the uncomplaining Mary—was unaffected by the beauties of the season; she prayed for resignation, but her heart was in the tomb; despair, quiet, but certain despair, had fixed upon the springs of existence. The worm lay buried at the root, and the fall of the flower was inevitable. Symptoms of pulmonary decline made themselves visible in the increased lustre of her eye, and in the fitful hectic of her cheek. Medical aid was summoned, but when the blight is at the core, man's art avails naught. An eternity of bliss would have been dearly bought at the price of the soul—felt anguish she had undergone; misery burst at once upon her, whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. She was a fair and stainless being—unfitted for a world of sin and sorrow—and the first rude touch of trial severed the chain, and gave back her pure spirit to the Creator who endowed it.

She turned her eye, for the last time, upon the glowing sky, and with unutterable tenderness and solemnity, grasped her parent's hand, and pressed it to that poor heart, whose pulses were fast hastening to decay. It was a trying and an awful moment, and strong as was the hallowed hope of re-union within her breast, it was evident that the frailty of nature wrestled with the spirit—for though no murmur escaped her lips, tears swam in her pure eyes, as steadfastly, sweetly, and mournfully, she continued to gaze upon the object of filial affection—so soon to be left desolate and alone.

A quivering of the under lip, a tremor of the closing eye-lids, and a long-drawn sigh, were the termination of the conflict. Beautiful, even in dissolution, she reposed upon that couch, from which she was doomed to rise no more; those brilliant orbs, closed forever—their lids—were sealed, and the long lashes, by which they were fringed, lay like a soft shadow upon a cheek, paler than the mountain snow. The bloom of vitality had passed from that enchanting lip—but still the traces of a radiant smile hung round it, and told how divinely sweet it must have been in life; while upon her guileless brow sat a calm and hallowed serenity, blended with the gentler traits of suffering and sorrow. Unshorn and unshrouded, the long auburn ringlets, which had

swept over her shoulders, like wreaths of silk,
now receding from her temples, formed a mellow
contrast with the marble hues of that transparent
face.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own—oh, death!"

What pen can paint the mute, the wild, the
despairing anguish of the mother, as, for the last
—aye, the last time, she pressed the faded lips
of the angelic child!

The evening wore away, and the noiseless—
the mysterious night came on. Then came the
brief and ceremonious visits of the undertaker—
with his hollow sympathy—his trembling voice,
but tearless eye—the cold and mechanical scrutiny
of the length of the body.

The funeral took place. Consecrated by
prayer—by benediction—by unbought tears—
they bore her to her final resting-place upon earth;
the plumes upon the hearse glanced and nodded
through the bright green trees that shaded the
pathway that led to the tomb of her ancestors.

"And what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall."

Who is that with outstretched arms, and emaciated
cheek, straining his sunken eyes after the
coffin? 'Tis Walter—the heart-riven Walter,
come home to die. That night he slept beneath
the dashing waters of the deep river that ran behind
their dwelling.

THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. VIII.

ON A COQUETTE.

Hast thou not seen a busy bee
Rove through the air supremely free?
Its slender waist, and swelling breast,
In nature's beauteous colours drest,
While on its little pointed tongue
All Hybla's luscious sweets were hung?
Such Nancy is—but, oh! the thing,
Wears, like the bee, a poisonous sting.

THE MENDICANT'S TALE—By William Carey.

Here, while I sit, and listen to the blast,
That moaning flies o'er yonder waving corn,
Back, on my road in life, a look I cast;
Ah! woful day that ever I was born!
Bending beneath a weight of ill I groan;
Poor, old, and weak, I mourn and mourn alone.

No wife, no child have I;—my sons so brave,
Who, once, my lov'd supporters round me grew,

Are gone before me, to the silent grave:

A green turf hides my treasure from my view:
I long, with them, my weary head to rest,
Where want and sorrow can no more molest.

The fool of woman's pride, in early youth,
I suffer'd all a wayward Maiden's scorn;
Another proffer'd her his love and truth,
Then falsely left her on the world forlorn.
Beside her cottage, oft, the live-long night,
I watch'd complaining, till the morning light.

But youth is strong of heart;—nor can despair
O'erthrow the mind of man—when in his prime:
The fondest love, the most distracting care,
Must yield, at length, to absence and to time.
Thus I forgot my grief; and loved again,
A milder maiden soothed my pleasing pain.

In wedlock joined—we shar'd the village joys:
Full twenty summers in my arms she lay;
Four daughters fair and good, four manly boys,
Heav'n bless'd us with; but call'd too soon away.
One died: another fell: a swift decay
Consum'd my blossoms in their fragrant May.

When of my precious darlings all bereft,
Like one half-crazed and reckless, I became:
Yet the kind Partner of my choice was left,
Though sorrow prey'd upon her weaken'd frame.
Nine months, without complaint, she droop'd her
head,
The tenth—unhappy me! beheld her dead.

I weep no more. The springs of grief are dry;
Once I had tears, but wept them all away,—
A voice, at midnight, calls, when none is nigh,
In yon lone church-yard o'er their mould'ring clay.
Where my sweet children, with their mother sleep,
On their cold bed, for years, I loved to weep.

Misfortunes multiplied—my scanty wealth
Melted, and all my worldly friends grew cold:
Age followed—sore affliction—loss of health—
Ingratitude, too tedious to unfold.
While school'd in grief—my downward course I trod,
Sick of the world—I fix'd my hope in God.

My fourscore years appear a little day!
In fleeting sun-shine, and in tempest past.
The *Morning* of my youth soon fled away;
The *Noon* was short, and clouds the eve o'ercast.
All nature round me shows her setting light;
And soon these eyes shall close in death and night.

MARIA; OR THE MOTHER'S DIRGE—By the Same.

From bubbling springs and streams that rise
In mountain grot, or willowy vale,
Bring water, while I close these eyes
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove and shadowy glen,
Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields;
Bring every flower that nature yields;
And scatter every breathing sweet
On loved Maria's winding sheet.

Blest Spirit, newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
Belov'd and watch'd, and wept in vain,
A moment more thy flight suspend :
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the silver spring,
I wash thy limbs. I spread thy bier,
And lay thee down, with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,
To slumber through thy weary night.

Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence, no more
Thy fond, fond mother shall rejoice;
Thy little dreams of bliss are o'er.
Of all the graces of thy mind
No token wilt thou leave behind :
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast, a Mother's pain ;
A mossy grave ; an humble stone,*
To tell thy years and name unknown.

GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten ; its warning sound
Reproves my long delay ;
Yet who from scenes, where bliss is found,
Would wish to haste away ?
And who would stop to count the hours
Where every path is strewn with flowers,
And beauteous prospects charm the sight!
Forgive my fault! Good night! Good night!

And, oh! if other words than these
A warmer wish convey,
My heart the welcome phrase would seize,
Its feelings to pourtray ;
Whatever comfort nature knows,
Whatever blessings Heaven bestows,
May these thy peaceful heart invite
To constant joy. Good night! good night!

Sweet and refreshing be thy sleep,
And all thy visions blest!
Angels thy watchful guard shall keep,
Nor evils dare molest.
And in the silent midnight hour,
When fancy with her magic pow'r,
Paints distant forms in colours bright,
Remember me. Good night! good night!

TO A YOUNG WIFE.

Thou art all that my fancy can dream,
Thou art all that my soul may adore,
And the glance of thine eye is a heavenly dream,
Which the vot'ries of vice must deplore.

* In Kingston Church Yard, at Portsea, the following lines were cut on the tomb-stone over the grave of Maria Sheridan Carey, who died on the 28th of February, 1807.

"In vain I watch, in vain I weep,
Still, still, and breathless is thy sleep;
And cold and dark, and damp and deep,
Thy narrow bed my Daughter."

I have bowed to thee early and long,
Thy spells are but strengthened by time,
For thy voice has a tone like a seraphim song,
And thy smoothness of brow is sublime!

We met when the heart was untam'd,
When no shadow had sullied life's sky,
When thou wert all beauty, and I, unreclaim'd,
Was as free as the breeze that swept by.
As wild as the foam on the wave,
Was the wit that flash'd free from thy tongue,
And I sigh'd in my heart at each whisper you gave,
So fair, and so artless and young.

We met as two beings would meet,
Whose spirits were cast in one mould ;
Even now, but to dream of that hour is sweet,
Though darkness has over it rolled.
Oh, God! how I pant to go back.
To that season unshadowed by gloom,
To bound but again over life's fairy track,
When youth was a bud in its bloom!

Our spirits soon mingled as streams
That unite and go down to the sea,
And whenever a ray from thy destiny beams
Its light is extended to me.
Thou wast faithful and fond when we met,
Thou art faithful and fond even now;
And tho' beauty's sweet light lingers over thee yet,
There's a shade on thy eloquent brow.

Oh! doubt not the passion that thrills
In the depths of a bosom like mine,
The world may beset us with trials and ills,
But affection shall never decline.
Thou art all that my fancy may paint,
Thou art all that my soul may adore,
As bright as a seraph, as pure as a saint—
I wish not, I ask not for more.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her arms around him—'thou art all
That this poor heart clings to.'"

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich man's sneer ;
Have brav'd the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear ;
I could have smil'd on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be alone.

I could—I think I could—have brook'd,
E'en for a time, that thou,
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now ;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back—and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been alone.

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,
And watch thy life sands waste away
Unnumber'd, slowly, meek ;

To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breath'd to bless—
And feel, I'll be *alone*.

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heaven-ward trust they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer."
Nay, dearest, 't is too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be, we may not part,
I could not live *alone*.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—By Mrs. Hemans.

'T was early day—and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd—
Still, but with nought of gloom;
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above;
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were *there*;
But, oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far;
A radiance all the spirit's own
Caught not from sun to star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye,
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality;
Some heart's deep language, when the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said "I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls—and blest
That home where God is felt!

THE SPRING JOURNEY—By Bishop Heber.

Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright was the dew on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from
the hill;

And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over
head.

Oh! such be life's journey, and such be our skill
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill!
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be
even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of
Heaven!

NIGHT.

Now is the time
For thoughts sublime,
When the stars to the heights of heaven climb;
And invite the soul
To the same high goal—
O far away from this world of crime!

Now is the hour
For feeling's power,
To fall o'er the heart like a precious shower;
Like a shower of dew,
From the night arch blue,
While its sacred tears from their fountains pour.

Now is a ray
On the hill and bay,
O sweeter far than they wear by day!
'T is the planet bright
Of memory's night,
That steals all the gloom of her shades away.

O now to dwell
On those loved well,
Who may the sad, sweet rapture tell?
O none but those
From whose deep soul flows
The music of the minstrel's shell!

I love to keep
Still watch by the deep,
While it smiles like a babe in its dreaming sleep,
And the moon above
Bends a look like love,
All the calm, fair breast in its light to steep.

The most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves; therefore it is ridiculous to see character-mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down: they generally find or make for him some ruling passion the rudder of his course; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men and women have but one *apparent* good. Those, indeed, are the strongest minds, and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant goods, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.

THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VI.



The female costume of this reign comprises all the previous fashions with fantastic additions and variations too numerous to detail in words. Gowns with enormous trains, girded tightly at the waist, and with turn-over collars of fur or velvet coming to a point in front, and disclosing sometimes a square-cut under vest or stomacher of a different colour to the robe, are of the termination of this reign. The sleeves are of all descriptions, but the waist is exceedingly short, as in Henry V.'s reign. The head-dresses are mostly of the horned or heart shape, the latter exceedingly high, with tippits or veils sometimes attached to them. (Vide engraving above.) The Harleian MS. 2255, fol. 6, preserves "a ditty against the forked coiffures," or head-dresses which the ladies wore in the time of Henry VI., beginning

"Off God and kynde procedith al bewte."

Large turbans of the true Turkish form, made of the richest materials, are frequently seen from

this period. In a poem presented by Lidgate to Henry VI. a lady is drawn sitting up in her bed with a turban on, and another with a similar head-dress attending her. (Vide figures *a* and *b*.) Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. of France, is seen in Montfaucon's work with a heart-shaped head-dress of exceeding size, and the story goes, that she carried the fashion to such an extent, that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be altered to admit the queen and the ladies of her suite when in full dress: but this anecdote, if authentic, might relate to the steeple head-dress, which succeeded the horned or heart-shaped, and was worn, as its name implies, of a portentous height. Isabella is represented with one in another illumination copied in Johnes' edition of Froissart, the prints to which are all engraved from miniatures of the fifteenth instead of the fourteenth century.

Figs. *a* and *b*, from Harleian MS. 2278; *c*, from the blade of a misrécorde in the Meyrick collection; the rest from royal MS. 15 E. 6, fol. 450.

THE CONSCRIPT.

At a time when the severity of our military code affords so popular a theme of declamation, perhaps the following tale, founded on circumstances which came under my observation a few years ago, may serve as an illustration of the rigid measures by which the discipline of the French army requires occasionally to be enforced, and convince our philanthropists that humanity would gain little by the change were our military punishments assimilated to those of that nation.

Early in the spring of the eventful year 1830, I found myself a wanderer on the banks of the

Loire, just at that period when the harsh laws of the conscription were put in operation for the purpose of augmenting the ranks of the French army, previous to the expedition against Algiers. Its stern decrees carried anguish and dismay into the bosom of many a hapless family, and every village mourned for the prime of its youth dragged from their homes and their families to take part in a quarrel wherein they felt not the slightest interest. The rigid enforcement of this obnoxious law added fuel to the smouldering flame of popular discontent. The conscripts deserted by hundreds, or were in many instances rescued from the parties who had charge of them, and

severe measures were consequently resorted to by Government to check this growing spirit of opposition to its authority.

I had left Blois in the morning, and enjoyed, so far as the confinement of the diligence would admit, that succession of interesting scenery which greets the eye of the traveller down the Loire. But as I approached the entrance of that lovely valley which forms the eastern approach to Tours, I found that even the sluggish pace of the diligence conveyed me far too rapidly past scenes on which the eye could gaze with delight for ever: therefore, as I was in no hurry to reach Tours before evening, I determined to prosecute the rest of the journey on foot, leaving my baggage to precede me to the place of my destination. I escaped from the confinement of the diligence just as the brilliant rays of a setting sun were shedding their unveiled splendour over the smiling face of nature, gilding the placid waters of the Loire with their gorgeous hue, and adding to the beauty of this romantic spot that brightness of colouring with which the departing sun in southern climes often enriches the landscape before it becomes shaded in evening darkness. The sky was clear and serene, save where some solitary cloud glided across the heavens, like a winged messenger pursuing the god of day to his western couch, while the evening breeze, which had now commenced, cooled the air, and afforded an agreeable relief after the heat of a sultry day. All nature seemed invigorated at the approach of evening: the lazy goatherd, who before lay basking in the sun's rays, now roused from his slumbers, began to collect and drive home his scattered flock. The active fisherman now turned his little skiff, and impelled it swiftly over the rippling stream, as he bent his course homewards with his finny spoil. The husbandman, released from his toilsome occupation in the field, might now be seen busily engaged in the lighter task of dressing the vines and fruit-trees which clustered around his cottage. The villagers whom business or pleasure had led into the neighbouring town were now returning in merry groups, counting their gains and displaying to each other the goods they had purchased by the sale of their farm produce. Their gaudy dress and animated figures, as they emerged from the shade of the trees which skirted the road, gave life and energy to the landscape, while the noisy laugh, the harmless raillery, with which their conversation abounded, bespoke that happiness and contentment which were quite in unison with the mild and tranquil scenes around them.

In the midst of this interesting picture might be seen small parties of peasant girls, decked out in all their country finery, hastening along the road, to join in the diversions of the evening at the neighbouring villages, or to pay visits to their town acquaintance. As I had now become tired of my solitary ramble, I thought I could not do better than enliven the rest of my journey by entering into conversation with a party of these damsels, to whom, by way of introduction, I offered my escort to Tours. An English damsel would have blushed, held down her head in silence, and taken to her heels on the first opportunity, had she received such an offer from a stranger; but, fortunately, French girls are not so timid; high or low, they all think themselves

entitled to attention, and whether his services are accepted or not, one can never go wrong in making a tender of them. The party accordingly accepted my offer, with the remark that they felt much indebted to me for my complaisance. Imagine me then escorting along the high road to Tours four laughing damsels, whose sparkling dark eyes and handsome figures made amends for the swarthy hue which a constant exposure to the sun had bestowed upon their complexions. A dress of white cotton, with scarlet sleeves and silk sash, set off their light slender forms to the best advantage, above which towered a lofty head-dress of stiff muslin, covered with a profusion of glossy ribbons, while a pair of long gilt ear-rings reaching to the shoulder, and a silver crucifix or trinket suspended by a row of glass beads from the neck, served to complete their simple decorations.

We soon became the best friends in the world, and with great gaiety pursued our way for upwards of a mile along the margin of the river, whose thickly wooded banks, clothed in the gay verdure of spring, and chequered with the gaudy tints of blossoming fruit-trees, displayed to the view every variety of brilliant colouring which the imagination can fancy. Numerous cottages and villas, surrounded by gardens and orchards in the highest state of cultivation, covered the slope of the bank, whose craggy summit was almost hid under the thick masses of green ivy and party-coloured moss with which the vegetation of centuries had clothed its rugged front: while the curling smoke, which might be seen issuing from crevices of the rock, showed where the daring vine-dresser had hewn for himself a residence even in front of the precipice which frowned and tottered over the road below. Nature and art seemed here to have combined the utmost efforts to increase the beauty of the scene. Each succeeding turn of the road varied without diminishing the richness of the prospect, till at length the view was terminated by the magnificent cathedral and bridge of Tours, which could now be seen dimly in the horizon. The sight was so interesting, that it had quite distracted my attention from my fair companions, till I renewed our conversation by inquiring the object of their journey.

"Why," said one of them, "we are going to pay a visit to a young girl, whose intended husband has just been taken away as a conscript. She is one of the prettiest girls in the whole district, and perhaps you shall see her too as a reward for your gallantry in escorting us."

Of course I bowed my thanks, and at the same time expressed a wish to learn some further particulars regarding the youth who had thus been so unfortunately baulked when on the high road to happiness.

"His name was Jean Baptiste," continued my informer. "He was quite the delight of our neighbourhood, he was so kind, so good-humoured. None could waltz or sing better than poor Baptiste. Everybody was fond of him. He and the pretty Annette had long been warmly attached to each other, but fortune was unpropitious to their union. Baptiste was poor, and had an aged grandmother to support out of his earnings. Annette's relations on that account opposed their marriage for several years, till her lover

had, by his frugality and industry, saved a little money, with which he purchased that cottage you see peeping out from among the trees. All objections being then removed, he was on the point of being married to Annette, when he was drawn as a conscript, and was forced to join the army, leaving his intended wife and poor old grandmother in the greatest affliction. I can assure you it would have made your heart bleed to have witnessed their separation."

"But why did not Annette accompany her intended husband?" I inquired.

"She would gladly have done so, but then there would have been no one to take care of his grandmother, who is quite blind, so Annette had to give up all thoughts of accompanying Baptiste, and has gone to reside with her during his absence. As she must lead a very solitary life there, we are on our way to pay her a visit, and tell her all the news of our village."

The friendly intention of their journey raised these kind-hearted damsels very high in my estimation, and made me determine to accompany them on their visit. A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the cottage, the approach to which was shaded by a row of fruit-trees, around which the jessamine and honeysuckle were intertwined in gay festoons, while the tendrils of the spreading vine covered the walls with their brilliant verdure, and almost hid the small latticed window, which could just be seen peeping through its green curtain.

The door was opened by Annette herself, whose beauty was certainly worthy of the high encomiums I had heard bestowed on it. Her figure, though small, was of the most exquisite symmetry. Her long dark hair was not confined by the same formal starched head-dress as that worn by her companions, but flowed in graceful ringlets down her shoulders, and shaded with luxuriant curls, a face of the most expressive sweetness. The grief which had chased the rose from her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her rich black eye, gave an expression of extreme softness and delicacy to a countenance which, if lighted up by the fire of animation, and the glow of health, would have been deemed attractive even in a country more distinguished for female beauty than Touraine. Her cheeks were not darkened with that sunburnt hue which generally spoils the complexion of the peasant girls in the south of France, but, pale and delicate, seemed to denote that her constitution had been too feeble, and her frame too weak to permit her to join in the laborious exercises of her more healthy companions.

Seated beside the window, and engaged in the monotonous task of turning the noisy wheel, was her lover's grandmother, over whom the young girl seemed to watch with even more than filial tenderness. She was an interesting old woman, of about seventy years of age, whose silver locks still clustered in profusion over a forehead furrowed by the hand of time and misfortune. As the company entered she raised her sightless eyeballs towards the door, till recognizing the well-known voices of her female visitors, she called them to her, and, assuming all the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, began to join in the conversation which ensued regarding their mutual acquaintance. In the mean time I was not ne-

glected. I was introduced in due form to Annette; a chair was given me to rest my weary limbs; some dried fruit and a bottle of *vin du pays* were set before me, while Annette bustled about to get ready a cup of coffee to complete my repast.

As I had now got far into the good graces of the company, they began to indulge their curiosity by numerous inquiries regarding the fashions, gaieties, and amusements of my native land, on all which points I gave them the best information in my power. My answers seemed to afford great entertainment to all the party; and I was happy to see that the shade of melancholy which had clouded the face of Annette, gradually wore off, and the old grandmother began in her turn to give me an account of the scenes of horror and bloodshed which she had witnessed during the Revolution, in which she had been a great sufferer. She was one who had evidently seen better days, her manners and language bespoke an education superior to her present humble sphere, and gave additional interest to her tale of past misfortunes.

Meanwhile time flew rapidly away. The stars began to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven, reminding me to make use of their lustre to guide me to Tours. I seized my hat and cane, gave a salute to each of the damsels, two to Annette, who already began to be a great favourite with me, and after promising to repeat my visit in the course of a few days, I slipped a small present into the hands of the old lady, and trudged forward on my way to Tours. The shades of night had now veiled the beauties of the surrounding landscape. The former busy scene was exchanged for the most tranquil silence. Nothing could be seen but the reflection of the stars bespangling the smooth waters of the Loire, and the dark mass of the cathedral raising its huge turrets above the surrounding gloom. Nothing could be heard but the gentle murmuring of the stream, and the solemn tones of the cathedral bell calling the pious to their evening prayers. I pushed forward as quickly as possible, crossed the bridge, reached my hotel, and on the down bed of mine host of the *Boule d'Or*, soon forgot the fatigues of the day, and fell asleep to meet again in my dreams the dark eyes and interesting features of the lovely Annette.

When an Englishman first arrives in Tours, he has considerable difficulty in convincing himself that he has not, by some circuitous route, again found his way to his native land—everything there being quite a *l'Anglaise*. The town was at this period crowded with British emigrants, and it certainly displayed no small degree of good taste on their part, that they had fixed upon a residence as much distinguished for its architectural splendour as for the advantages of its situation. The broad waters of the Loire, interspersed with numerous little islands, form its northern boundary, and afford an easy mode of conveyance to the delightful scenery in the neighbourhood, while gardens, orchards, and vineyards, filled with the choicest productions of a generous soil, cover the gently swelling hills which bound the view in every direction, and compose the verdant amphitheatre in whose peaceful bosom the town appears to repose.

With the assistance of a few letters of intro-

duction I was soon quite at home in Tours, and my time passed very agreeably in the enjoyment of the various amusements which the town afforded. In the morning I played cricket with the English, golfed with the Scotch, or rode steeple-chases with the Irish, and I was a constant visiter at the "Cafe Anglais," where a selection of English publications, and a mixture of society from all parts of the United Kingdom, served to divert me during the evening.

The promise of revisiting Annette was almost forgotten, till the tempting appearance of a fine afternoon reminded me of it. I was soon on my way to the cottage, where, on my arrival, I found her and the old woman enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze on a seat before the door. It was not long ere I was seated on the grass by their side. A hearty welcome spoke their pleasure at my visit, and I fancied that the bright eyes of Annette sparkled with additional lustre, as she held out her delicate little hand to salute me on my arrival, saying,—

"I am glad to see Monsieur has not forgotten us, for we have much need of some one to cheer our solitude."

"Your lover will soon return to enliven you again, I hope."

"Ah, poor Baptiste, I fear I shall never see him again. Many have left this place to go to the wars, but few, alas! have ever returned."

"Never fear, the troops will soon come back from this expedition, and you will then forget all your sorrows in a merry wedding."

"I fear that will never be, Monsieur; but tell me, I pray you, is there any news from the army—when does it embark?"

I could give her no satisfactory information on this head, but cheered her with the rumours which were then current, that the expedition would yet be abandoned. The approach of evening made us enter the cottage, where a cup of coffee with cakes and honey were set before me by Annette. The coffee was excellent, and the cakes did infinite credit to Annette's cookery. I soon got so engaged in conversation that hour after hour slipped away without my feeling any inclination to take my departure, and the evening was already pretty far advanced, when, to our surprise, footsteps were heard approaching the cottage.

"Annette," said the old woman, "were it not that Baptiste is far away, I could have fancied that was his footstep."

A glow of crimson overspread the pale cheek of Annette as she rose and approached the door. But before she could reach it, the latch was raised, and a young man in a military dress entered the cottage.

"My dear Baptiste! are you then returned to us?" screamed Annette, and, with a convulsive sob, fell senseless in his arms. His aged parent arose, and with tottering steps advanced to meet him.

"My prayers," said she, "have then been heard, and I shall embrace my dear boy once more before I die!"

The youth tenderly saluted her, while tears rolled down his sunburned cheeks. Then, throwing open the window, he carried towards it the lifeless body of Annette. It was long before animation returned, and then she held him with a

convulsive grasp, as if afraid that he was again to be torn from her.

"And are you then returned, my dear Baptiste!" she exclaimed, "never to leave me again! And are you to stay with your grandmother and me in our little cottage? Oh, how happy all the neighbours will be when they hear of your arrival! But why are you silent? Why do you turn away from me? Why are these tears rolling down your cheeks?"

A few sobs were the only answer he could make.

"For God's sake, my dear son," said the alarmed grandmother, "tell us what has happened. Why are you thus affected?"

"My dear mother, I have much to tell you, but I will do it at another time," he replied, glancing an expressive look towards me. I began to see that it occasioned an embarrassment to the party, and prepared to take my leave.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," said Annette, introducing me to him, "who has shown much kindness to your grandmother and me."

"Do not leave us, then," said he grasping my hand; "from you I can have nothing to fear, and I may stand in need of your advice."

"Good heaven, Baptiste!" said Annette,— "what have you done? Something preys upon your spirits. Ah, how pale is your cheek—how sunken your eye! You must be ill, very ill, indeed."

"I am only fatigued, I have travelled far, and scarcely tasted food," he replied.

Annette immediately ran to her little cupboard, and turning out her store of dainties pressed him to partake of them. But it was in vain. His heart was full. He could not eat, and falling backwards on his chair he burst into tears, while Annette and his grandmother endeavoured in vain to soothe him. His heart at last was relieved. He recruited his fainting spirits with a little food, and then began to detail the circumstances which had led to his unexpected return.

"After I left you," said he, "I was marched off with the rest of the conscripts from this quarter to Lyons, where I was separated from them and drafted into a regiment stationed at the camp at Marseilles, mostly composed of young conscripts, torn as I had been from the bosom of their families, and forced into a service quite at variance with all their former habits. Unaccustomed to the use of arms, we made slow progress in learning our military duties, and therefore were treated with unusual severity by those officers who had the task of drilling us. Reproofs, confinement, nay, even blows, were resorted to in order to quicken our progress. Such treatment was not likely to remove our aversion to a military life. The conscripts murmured and seized every opportunity of deserting from the service. Several of my comrades urged me to do the same, but in vain. I determined to return home with credit or never. A circumstance soon, however, occurred which left me no other alternative. I had unluckily fallen under the displeasure of our Adjutant, for some harmless raillery which I had exercised on him, and he took every means in his power to be revenged on me. Unluckily his situation gave him frequent

opportunities of gratifying his resentment. For a time I endured his insults, though my blood was boiling with rage; till one day, when I and several of my comrades being under his charge, at a distance from the camp, and beyond the reach of a superior officer, he took that opportunity of indulging his spleen against me. Every thing I did was found fault with. He abused me; I bore the insult quietly. He threatened me; still I remained passive. At last he struck me across the face with his cane; rage then made me frantic; I seized my firelock, and with the butt-end felled him senseless to the ground. My comrades looked on in silence, but the deed was no sooner done, than the consequences which might result from it flashed across my mind.

"If you return to the camp you are lost," said my comrades; "your death will be inevitable. Join us then and fly from a service you detest."

"There was no time to deliberate. I followed their advice, and, leaving my foe prostrate on the ground, plunged into the neighbouring forest, walked all night, and next morning found myself thirty miles from the camp. Here I separated from my companions, who took the road to Lyons, while I with a sad heart hurried here, to see my dear Annette and grandmother once more, before I quit my native land for ever."

"Oh, no!" cried Annette, entwining him in her arms: "you must not leave us; you shall never part from us again."

"Peace, child!" said the old woman, who, though almost overcome by her own emotions, endeavoured to calm the agitation of Annette. "Baptiste must depart; for to remain here after what has happened would only ensure his destruction. But you need not be separated from him; he will have much occasion for some one to comfort him in his exile, and, go where he may, I trust his industry and good conduct will always enable him to provide for you."

"I can never," said Baptiste, "think of removing Annette from her family, her friends, and her native land, to accompany a banished outlaw whose union with her can only bring with it dishonour and disgrace."

"Oh, talk not so," said Annette, "I will not leave you. Your misfortunes would then prey upon your mind, and, if left to yourself in a foreign land, would soon bring you to the grave. See how poorly you look already!"

"But what is to become of our grandmother if we go away?" inquired Baptiste.

"Hear me, my children," said she; "let not the wish to add to the comfort of my declining years ruin for ever your own happiness. Remember that you, Baptiste, must quit your native country—not for a short time, in which case Annette could await your return; but perhaps for ever, and if you value her happiness or your own, you must marry her and take her with you. This little garden and cottage will supply all my wants, and Annette's relations will look after me when you are gone. I shall no doubt feel your loss deeply, but it must be borne with resignation. Have you yet settled where you are to fly to?"

Baptiste informed her he had not yet arranged his plans, but he thought there would be least danger in going down to the sea-coast and taking shipping for England. Here I was called upon to join in the consultation. I frankly told him

that though England might be the easiest of access, and the most secure place of refuge, still I did not think it likely to answer his purpose. His ignorance of the language, the great difference of manners and customs he would experience, as well as the numerous obstacles which a foreigner has to encounter in earning a livelihood under such disadvantages, were, I considered, insuperable objections to his plan. These difficulties had never occurred to the ardent mind of Baptiste, who now saw them in all their force. He then anxiously inquired of me where I would recommend him to fly to? After some hesitation I advised the Netherlands, where, though under a different government, he would still be in a manner in his own country. The language, habits, and customs were similar, and he would be equally safe as in Britain. The plan was obviously the best which could be adopted, but many difficulties attended its execution. In order to reach the Netherlands, it was necessary to pass through the greater part of France. This could not be done without a passport, nor could the passport be obtained without almost a certainty of discovery.

"I return home through the Netherlands," said I; "and if you have no objections to pass for my servants, I will procure passports as such for you both without incurring suspicion."

"God bless you for your kindness!" said they all, as they saw their difficulties vanish before this suggestion.

It was accordingly settled that Baptiste should remain in concealment till the following evening, when he was to be privately united to Annette, and the day after they were to bid adieu to their friends, and proceed with me on their journey. Having made this arrangement, I quitted the cottage and proceeded to Tours: quite well pleased at the idea of cheating Charles X. out of a conscript, and happy that I had it in my power to contribute my aid to the union of a pair whom nature seemed to have destined for each other.

The whole of the following day was spent in bidding adieu to my friends in Tours, and in making the necessary preparations for my journey. Without much difficulty I obtained passports for Baptiste and his spouse as my servants, and thinking everything was now secure, I ordered a coach to be in readiness for my departure. Then, as soon as evening approached, I proceeded to the cottage to witness the nuptials of the young couple, at which I had engaged to be present.

I found the happy pair gaily dressed for the occasion. The homely garb in which I had hitherto seen Annette, was now exchanged for one of white muslin, which rendered her sylph-like form yet more light and airy. Her raven locks, which before were allowed to float loosely over her shoulders, were now plaited and braided with more than usual care. The bloom had returned to her cheek, and animation sparkled in her eye, though tears of regret frequently hung trembling on her long dark eyelashes, as the idea of her approaching separation from her home and kindred recurred to her mind. She was attended by her sister, who was to officiate as bridesmaid, and nothing now was wanting but the

priest to complete the ceremony. In the meantime I chatted with the bride, joked with her sister, talked of the weather and crops with the bridegroom, and endeavoured to make the anxious moments of expectation glide past as rapidly as possible.

Footsteps were at last heard approaching. Baptiste stepped to the door to welcome the priest, but, instead of meeting him, was seized in the rude grasp of a gendarme. The door was thrown open, and a party of soldiers entered the room, dragging with them the unfortunate prisoner. A shriek of horror burst from the lips of the wretched Annette, as she fell senseless in the arms of her sister. The grandmother hurried to her assistance, but the feebleness of age overcame her agitated frame, and she sunk to the floor in a state of insensibility. The ill-fated Baptiste for some time gazed on these scenes of anguish in a state of stupor. Not a sigh escaped his lips, though the heaving of his ample chest showed the struggle which nature held within. His eye was fixed; his features betrayed no emotion; his soul seemed occupied in the contemplation of his misery. A fleeting moment had blasted all his hopes, and consigned him to a punishment from which he knew there was little hope of escape. The large drops of perspiration which rolled down his forehead marked the agony of his soul, while the angel of death seemed already to have set his seal on his pallid features. The distressed state of his bride, at length aroused him from his stupor. He shook off the soldiers who held his arms, and, rushing towards her, endeavoured to recall the spirit which appeared to be deserting its frail tenement. His efforts were successful; the soothing tones of his well-known voice awoke Annette to a sense of her misfortunes, and while he endeavoured to calm her, I exerted myself in assisting and consoling his aged parent, on whom this misfortune threatened to produce a fatal effect.

The soldiers, though accustomed to such heart-rending scenes, could scarcely refrain from tears, and, to cheer the spirits of his friends, endeavoured to persuade them that the crime of their prisoner would only subject him to a short imprisonment. In this belief Baptiste also encouraged them, for though he was aware he had little chance of escaping with life, yet he wished not to deprive them of hope—the last comforter of the wretched. When they were so far recovered as to be able to bear the pangs of separation, Baptiste was marched off to Tours, and, as I could be of very little service at the cottage, I left its inmates in charge of Annette's father, and accompanied the party to town; where, after undergoing an examination, Baptiste was committed to prison, to await the issue of his trial, and as I learned that this was likely to take place in a few days, I countermanded the preparations for my journey and deferred my departure, in the hope that I might be able to render him or his afflicted friends some assistance.

As soon as Baptiste's imprisonment became known, his cell was thronged by his numerous acquaintances, each bringing him some little present to add to his comfort in confinement. Few of them anticipated that any serious punishment would be awarded against him. Their simple minds could not conceive how the good-

natured Baptiste could be capitally convicted for leaving a service into which he had been forced, or for returning the blow of one who had wantonly assaulted him. Their opinions buoyed up the spirits of his relations, who awaited the result of the trial in that fever of expectation which is experienced when all we hold dear is at stake. The mind of Baptiste was not so easily elated. He knew that his offence would be regarded in a very serious light, and though he deemed it cruel to check these ill-founded hopes, yet he prepared his mind for the worst, determined to bear with fortitude whatever might be the issue of his trial. This was speedily approaching. A military tribunal was appointed, and the necessary witnesses having arrived, it proceeded to try Baptiste for his offence. The court was crowded with his friends; and it was with great difficulty that Annette and his grandmother could be persuaded to await the result in an adjoining house, where the progress of the trial could be communicated to them. Baptiste knew too well that the evidence against him was too clear and satisfactory to hold out a chance of escape by the denial of his guilt. When called upon, therefore, to plead to the charge of desertion and mutiny, he rose, and with a firm and manly confidence answered:—

“If to have left a service into which I was forced be desertion, of that I am doubtless guilty. If to have repelled an unprovoked insult be mutiny, of that I am also guilty.”

A murmur of regret was heard from the crowd at this open avowal. The friends of the prisoner had expected that the want of evidence or some legal plea might have operated in his favour, a hope which this confession threatened to cut off for ever. The president of the tribunal, unwilling to take advantage of his confession, warned him of the fatal consequences which must attend such an avowal.

“If my conduct has been wrong,” replied Baptiste, “I will not add baseness to guilt, nor seek to shelter myself from punishment by a falsehood.”

“Young man,” said the president, evidently much affected, “I cannot allow your life to be thus thrown away. At the same time that I admire your frank and open declaration, I feel that it would be improper for me to take advantage of it; I shall, therefore, examine the evidence against you, that every chance of life which martial law affords may be given you.”

The trial accordingly proceeded. The witnesses were called and examined; but the charge was too well substantiated, and the evidence too strong to admit of the slightest possibility of an acquittal. The president shook his head in despair, as he saw every legal chance of escape lost to the unfortunate culprit, who was now asked if he had any witnesses to call in his defence.

“I make no defence,” replied Baptiste; “but if the testimony of an irreproachable life be of any avail, I believe there are many in this court who can bear witness in my behalf.”

“Yes, we can, we can,” echoed the surrounding crowd, and a few of the by-standers being then examined, spoke very warmly in his favour.

“But it is all in vain,” said the president with a sigh, as he closed the proceedings, and turned to his brother officers for their opinion. “It is all in vain; the law is imperative; the crime is

proved, and however much we must regret it, his doom is inevitable." The other members of the court assented.

The hand of the president trembled with emotion as he signed the verdict, and handed it to the other members for their approval. He then, with a faltering voice, had begun to read aloud the sentence on the prisoner, when a loud scream interrupted him. A commotion was heard among the crowd, and Annette, led by her anxiety to the court at this critical period, rushed forward and fell at the feet of the president, exclaiming, "Oh, save him; in mercy save him!" He raised the weeping girl and delivered her to the care of the attendants; but she burst from them, and running towards Baptiste clasped him in her arms.

"I have lived but for him, and I will die with him!" said Annette—"I have been the cause of his crimes, if such they can be called. It was on my account he deserted the army. But for me I am sure he would have remained without reluctance. If you will not save him, then, in mercy, extend the same punishment to me, for I cannot survive him!"

Baptiste was quite overcome. Loud sobs burst from his anguished heart, as he endeavoured in vain to console the distressed girl. The whole court was in tears at the affecting scene. At last Baptiste regained his composure, and observing the emotion of the members, he thus addressed them:—

"Though you sit as judges, I see you can feel as men. I was affianced to this lovely maid, once the pride of our peaceful village, when the harsh laws of the conscription tore me from her—separated me from an aged parent, who depended on me for support—parted me from the friends of my childhood. Is it a wonder then that I entered the service with reluctance? Had I been called to the defence of my country, I would have suffered in her cause without repining—nay, I would have exulted, would have glorified in the sacrifice. But I was about to be led into a foreign clime, to undergo banishment from my home and all I held dear. Yet I bore all this. I rejected the solicitations of my comrades who urged me to desert, till the insults of a villain drove me to despair. He struck me, and I returned the blow. The consequences I knew might prove fatal to me, and I therefore followed the advice of my comrades, and fled. These are my crimes. For this I await the sentence of your tribunal; and whatever that may be, I would for myself bear it without repining, but for the sake of this wretched girl—for the sake of my numerous friends, who anxiously await your decision; if it is in your power let mercy be extended to me, so shall you save a soul from the anguish of death, and have the blessings of one who is ready to perish."

The energy of this appeal for some time shook the nerves of the president: his eye glistened and his voice became almost inaudible as he informed the prisoner that the severity of martial law would not permit him to commute the sentence, but promised to represent his case favourably to the minister-at-war.

The prisoner thanked the president for his kindness, and the court then proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him. Annette accompanied him back to prison. The expectation of

mercy which the president held out again inspired her with hope, and supported her in the midst of her distress. The sad tidings of Baptiste's condemnation had been communicated to his grandmother, whose aged frame now sunk under the load of accumulated misery. She was unable to remove from the house where she had awaited the issue of the trial; the hand of death was evidently upon her, and the ebbing tide of life was fast rendering her unconscious of her woes. The duty of attending on her, drew Annette from the prison, and in some degree prevented her mind from dwelling too much on her misfortunes; but the anxiety of mind under which she laboured was evidently wearing out her weakly and exhausted frame. It was in vain that her friends endeavoured to draw her from the spot, it was in vain that they pressed her to take proper nourishment, and attend to the delicate state of her health,—she refused all their solicitations. Nothing drew her from the bedside of her dying friend, but the duty of visiting the unfortunate Baptiste, whose numbered days were now drawing to a close.

Though a strenuous application for mercy had been forwarded to the minister-at-war in Baptiste's favour, yet the frequent desertions of the conscripts, together with the various instances of mutiny and insubordination which had recently occurred among them, rendered government anxious to make a serious example, and counteracted all the influence which had been used in his behalf. After a few days' delay, an order arrived for his immediate execution. I happened to be with him when the melancholy intelligence was announced. The anxiety which the president and members had shown on his behalf, had made him lately entertain a hope of pardon, in which he had not previously ventured to indulge, and the sudden extinction of this fondly-cherished idea made him at first feel most cruelly the bitterness of his lot. His agitation, however, soon subsided, and he began to make preparations for meeting his approaching fate. His execution was to take place early the following morning; and in order to spare the feelings of his relatives and friends, it was determined that they should be kept ignorant of the circumstance till all was over. But he had still to meet with Annette, when she came to pay her evening visit; and to maintain his composure and to deceive her at their last meeting was no easy task.

At the usual hour she appeared at the prison—her spirits elevated by the expectation of her lover's pardon, in consequence of the delay which she supposed had taken place in the confirmation of his sentence. It would have been cruelty to have undeceived her. Baptiste folded her to his breast, parted her clustering ringlets, and kissed her pale forehead.

"We may now feel less anxious, my dear Baptiste," said she: "your application for mercy must ere this have been successful."

"Do not be too sanguine," he replied. "The anxiety of government to make an example at this critical period will, I fear, prevent any attention being paid to the recommendation for mercy in my behalf."

"It cannot be," said Annette; "they will never be so barbarous as to sacrifice your life for this trivial offence. I am sure you will be par-

done. I am told you will only be removed into some regiment in the colonies, where I will accompany you. In a few years your term of service will expire, when we can return to our little cottage, and peace and happiness will once more smile upon us."

Tears filled his eyes, as she portrayed this picture of future happiness, which he knew too well was never to be realized. He endeavoured to change the subject by inquiring after the state of his grandmother's health.

"Alas!" said Annette, "she is hastening fast away from this world of cares; she sends you her blessing, and wishes she were able to visit you, to bestow it in person."

"Tis well," replied Baptiste, "that she is quitting this scene of woe, she may yet be spared the bitterest pang which could befall her."

"Come now, Baptiste," said Annette, endeavouring to cheer him, "do not be so gloomy; see what I have brought you," and she produced a small basket of dried fruit, which she had selected for his use. "See here, too, is some coffee for your breakfast to-morrow."

A convulsive shudder overspread his frame, as he recalled to his mind the awful events of to-morrow. He sobbed aloud, and burst into tears.

"You are ill, very ill, my dear Baptiste—your forehead is burning: come, I will tie this handkerchief round it; 't will ease your pain," and as she spoke she loosed one from her neck, and bound it round his aching head.

Her kindness only the more unnerved him, and a considerable time elapsed before he could summon resolution to part from her. "Farewell my love," said he at length with a tremulous voice—"May God bless and watch over you, when we are separated for ever!"

"Dispel these melancholy ideas," said she, "and keep your mind easy for my sake. I will see you again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, alas!—to-morrow!" he repeated mournfully, as he took a last view of her slender form, while she passed through the grated door and along the vaulted passage which led from the lonely cell.

He put the handkerchief into his bosom, and, as if striving to collect himself, walked for some time in silence round the room. As his agitation subsided, I asked him if I could be of any service to him or his friends on this trying occasion.

"My wishes in this life are now few. My grandmother is likely soon to follow me to another world, and Annette's relations will, I have no doubt, attend to her comfort. All I have to ask is, that you will break the melancholy tidings to them as gently as possible, and try to console them under their afflictions. You have shown attention to me when I most required it; for this unlooked-for kindness accept my sincere thanks. I had often heard of the generosity of the British, now I have experienced it. My earnest prayers shall be breathed for your welfare." He grasped my hand, and bedewed it with tears as he added, "I must now bid you farewell; the small portion of time which yet remains to me, must be spent with my confessor."

With some difficulty I obtained his consent to attend him in the morning: and took my leave with a sorrowful heart, wondering at the dispen-

sation of events, which was about to close the earthly career of so deserving a youth.

My rest was broken and undisturbed. The fearful events of the morrow flitted across my imagination in a thousand dreadful shapes. Sleep soon fled my eye-lids; I rose, and heard the bell of the cathedral pealing forth in solemn tones the knell of the unfortunate Baptiste. I hurried on my clothes, and proceeded to the prison, where a strong detachment of military was already assembled to conduct him to execution. I found him receiving the last consolations of religion from his spiritual attendant. A smile of joy passed over his placid features as he held out his hand to welcome my arrival.

"I now feel quite tranquil," said he in answer to my inquiries, "and disposed to bear my fate with the resignation becoming a man and a Christian."

His appearance corroborated his words. His spirits were no longer depressed. He spoke in a cheerful, and even a lively tone. His step, as he walked from prison, was firm and active; and as he took farewell of his attendants, he alone was composed; every eye but his was suffused with tears; instead of receiving, he administered consolation to his weeping friends. When he reached the gate of the prison, Baptiste entered a mourning coach, accompanied by his confessor and two guards. The military procession then moved forward at a slow pace. The muffled drums rolled forth their heavy mournful notes; the bell of the cathedral tolled in a louder and more solemn tone; while the soldiers, with dejected looks and reversed arms, marched slowly forward, seemingly anxious to prolong the fleeting moments of existence which yet remained to their unhappy victim. The ground where he was to suffer, was at length reached, and Baptiste sprang from the carriage with a light and active step, and walked firmly to the spot destined for his execution, close to which the troops, were drawn up in square. An officer then read aloud the proceedings of the court; and while the troops were engaged in choosing by lot who should perform the painful duty of carrying the sentence into effect, I was allowed once more to approach Baptiste. He bore this awful moment with the composure of a hero. His courage was unshaken and his countenance unchanged at the dreadful preparations. But a faint glow crimsoned his cheek, as he said, "Forget not to tell Annette that even at this moment her remembrance is nearest my heart. Console my poor grandmother, if she yet lives." He could say no more. His executioners were before him, one of whom approached to bind up his eyes. "I will give the signal by the falling of this handkerchief," said he, taking from his bosom the one which Annette had left with him the preceding evening. He seemed to spend a few moments in devotion before proceeding to give the agreed-on-signal.

But now a thrilling cry of horror was heard among the crowd, and Annette rushed towards the spot, her long black tresses flowing behind her in wild confusion, her eye lighted with the fiery insanity of despair. In vain the bystanders strove to restrain her. Frenzy seemed to have endowed her with herculean powers. She burst from their grasp, and sprang forward towards

Baptiste, crying, "Let me die with him, if I cannot save him!" But Baptiste heard her not—he saw her not: the fatal handkerchief fell, and a well-directed volley instantly terminated his existence. Annette fell senseless on his bleeding corpse. She was raised by her friends, and every effort used to restore her to life, but all was in vain. The horrors of the scene had proved too much for her weak frame—her soul had fled its earthly mansion—Annette was gone for ever!

On my return to the prison I learned that Baptiste's grandmother had died in the course of the night; that Annette, in consequence, went early to the prison, to convey the melancholy intelligence. Here she found that Baptiste was gone—gone to execution. She flew with the rapidity of lightning through the streets, and reached the fatal spot only to breathe out her existence on the lifeless body of her lover.

For the Lady's Book.

TO MISS C. E. G****.

Lady! 'tis not with joy I gaze
On one so innocent and fair:
Pity looks forward to the days
Of blighted hope or wasting care.
But, no! I will not think that eye
Can e'er be dim, that cheek decay;
That lips, whose words are mirth, a sigh
Can ever breathe, a grief betray;
But deem thee, as I would a star,
A bright creation, lone, and far
From earth, whose light may ne'er be less—
Immortal in thy loveliness.

Such enviable gifts are thine,
Thine, too, a brighter, richer dower,
A mind that to thy beauty is
As fragrance to the flower.
The flower may die, the fragrance lives,
And thus the mind, that in thy page
And converse ever breathes, shall leave
Its treasures to a future age.

G. H.

Washington, D. C.

"NICE PEOPLE."

Expose me to the malevolence of the wicked, the artifices of the designing, or the influence of the corrupt; but Heaven defend me from the inflection of "Nice People." "Nice People!" the very expression makes me shiver; the recollections it revives fills my soul with self-reproaches I cannot escape, and if sometimes I wish I had never been born, it is when I hear repeated these hated words.

Gentle reader, would you learn the origin of this repugnance to a portion of society, who are usually in high repute?—listen to the short narrative of one who sought, and found, and was their victim! I hold myself up not as "an example to imitate," but as "a warning to deter." The career of inexperienced youth is beset with

temptations and snares. Yield to all and each, rather than to the fatal allurements and fascinations of "Nice People!"

My father was a country gentleman of considerable fortune and extensive information: He had an income of three thousand a-year, and knew the fourth volume of Blackstone by heart. He was astonishingly fond of the law, and every thing belonging to it, from the livery of a javelein-man, to the full bottom-classed wig of a judge. He administered it after the most approved fashion of his class, and could shake his head at a culprit with electrifying effect. The shelves of his library were literally one sheet of "calf," even the three top ones, which, to speak the truth, were only "in boards," were painted to match, with a beautiful fidelity to nature. So much for my father and his hobby.

My mother was a notable personage, simple and sweet-tempered, and not unreasonably proud of the rank and consequence to which marriage had elevated her. She was the daughter of my father's head gamekeeper. The "young squire's" heart was "snared" one evening that he went down to the lodge to give orders to old Joseph, and in a month Miss Patty moved her residence from one end of the grounds to the other. I had three brothers and three sisters, all younger than myself except Tom, he was the first. I need not enter into any history of our young days, they were tolerably like the days of other children. We were born in sin, and bred in mischief.—"Nursery-plants" till two years old, then transplanted to the parlour,—petted till five, whipped till ten, schooled till fifteen, and brought out properly "*finished*" a year or two after. I will bring you at once to the afternoon upon which I was to leave the parental roof for the first time. I had decided upon the bar as a profession, out of compliment to my father, and he cheerfully paid down, to a special pleader of some note, two hundred pounds, which was to entitle me to the *entrée* of his chambers, until I should deem myself as clever as my master, and which we considered would be in about two years. At this time I was nineteen years of age. After I had taken leave of my mother and sisters, and been treated with "kisses" enough to stock a confectioner's shop, my father called me into his study, to give me a few words of advice, in addition to the "voluntary contributions" I had "thankfully received" from others.

"Charles," said he, "you are now going up to London, for the first time. You will be your own master. Ride your passions and desires with a curb—snaffle won't do in such a place. Don't be led away by idle pleasures. Look to your profession. It's a noble one, my lad! Blackstone was the greatest man that ever lived! except Burns! Have moderate recreation, but avoid much company. Young men go too fast. Get acquainted with some quiet "nice people," none of your rioting, roystering folks, who turn night into day, for pleasure, and then day into night, from necessity—but discreet, quiet, "nice people." After these, and many more hints to the same effect, we parted, and early next morning I found myself located in a small dark set of chambers, up three pair of stairs, in Churchyard Court Temple.

I was a simple-minded lad, and I think I may

say, considering all things, a well-conducted one; at any rate I had no positive vice, so that there was less danger in making me my own master, than there usually is in cases where boys are prematurely treated as men. My inclinations were very studious, and I resolved to avail myself of the advantages before me. For two years, then, I attended Mr. C.'s chambers with great regularity, reading from five to eight hours daily. The cautions of my father against gaiety and dissipation were unnecessary, for so determined was I, not to risk the possibility of being led astray, that during the whole of this time I did not make a single acquaintance. At length my health began to suffer considerably from such close confinement and want of relaxation. My mother and father entreated me to make the acquaintance of some "nice people," with whom I might occasionally spend an evening; they said I needed company, so I made up my mind to have it. One evening, I was writing to my father, to ask him if he could send me a letter, or two of introduction, when young Butler, a fellow-pupil, opened my door. We sat down and had a segar—smoking—as a weakness I sometimes indulged in.

After some little conversation, "Fleming," said he, "go to Willis's rooms with me to-night!"

"Willis," I replied, "I can't go to his rooms. I don't know him."

"My dear fellow," continued he, laughing, "I mean Willis's public rooms in King Street, St. James's: there is a ball to-night, to which I am a subscriber. You must really go."

I shook my head.

"Gad! but you must," said he. "Such a room! such music! such devilish 'nice people!'"

"Nice people?" said I, in an enquiring tone.

"Egad, and there are, too. I'll introduce you to fifty—there's the Princes, from Brunswick Square; and the Stanhopes, from Fitzroy; the Regent's Park Trees; and the city Walls—all 'nice people;' but if you shouldn't like them, there's the——"

"What time shall I be ready?" said I. It was the very introduction I required.

"Not later than ten," replied my young friend.

"I will call and take you there in my cab."

He called as he had promised, and I was presently introduced to, and moving among, the gay and glittering throng. We had not been in the room above ten minutes, when I saw a party who had just entered, bearing up the centre. It consisted of three young ladies and an elderly one, apparently their mother, a grey-headed gentleman, who might well be the husband and father, and a thin, pale young man, who walked as if he were afraid of making an impression on the floor. Each beauty had evidently been careful

"To have her sails, before she went abroad,
Full spread and nicely set to catch the gale
Of praise."

And their appearance, as they came up in convoy, excited no little attention. I was about to ask Butler if he knew them, but he anticipated me.

"Gad," said he, turning round, "here are the Princes;" and away he flew to pay his respects,

with as much show of importance as if they had been Princes of the blood." In about ten minutes he returned. "Fleming, you *must* be introduced to the Princes—you really must—they are such devilish 'nice people.' Come."

"One moment," said I; "tell me a little about them," and we moved on.

"About them," said he. "Oh! old Prince is a Proctor, and a capital business he has too; his house is in Brunswick Square—his establishment just what it ought to be. As for himself, there isn't a better old fellow in England; but his wife, Mrs. Prince, she is an excellent creature! so kind! so motherly! And the girls——"

We turned short round, and came full upon them.

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion, "most fortunate meeting, indeed. Ladies, we were just speaking of you. Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Charles Valentine Fleming. Mr. Fleming—the Misses Prince."

The three graces curtsied. "Fred," continued my friend, addressing the slim young man, who was their brother, and who, from the direction of his eyes, was apparently counting the wax-lights in a chandelier; "Fred, my particular friend, Fleming." Mr. Frederick Prince lowered his eyelids, put a scented handkerchief to his lips, and smiled faintly. Well, an introduction thus

satisfactorily completed to the young people, nothing remained but one to the old, and that followed, as you will hear, in a most natural way. The music commenced, and I summoned up courage to offer myself as a partner to one of the Misses Prince; indeed, I may say, to *Miss* Prince, for she evidently had the advantage—in years. She was not the handsomest of the family; but, as the eldest, I considered claimed the compliment. We stood up, and I found her a

very chatty creature, without a portion of that bashfulness and reserve which make a girl look at her shoe when spoken to, and limit her conversation to the overworked monosyllables—yes and no. On the contrary, she looked me boldly in the face when I addressed her, laughed fashionably loud, and twice corrected me with her fan for some little pleasantry. In other respects, too, she was rather a striking person. By the end of "L'Ete," I was much pleased with her—by the end of "La Poule," equally so with *myself*. During the last promenade I should have had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing her "an uncommonly nice girl."

"Come," said she, in an easy and familiar tone, as she moved off, "let me take you to mamma." And she placed her arm within mine, as unceremoniously as if we had been on a six-quadrille-in-one-evening footing with each other. How much more sensible than if she had treated my arm like the wing of a butterfly, not to be touched without soiling. We threaded our way to the card-room, and up to a whist-table in a corner. "Mamma, let me introduce to you Mr. Fleming, a most particular friend of Henry Butler's." I was flatteringly noticed.

"Are you a stranger to these rooms, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Mrs. Prince.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Do you know?"—"Diamonds are trumps," said her partner, as fourth hand, she threw away a small heart to her adversary's best spade.—"Many persons here," continued Mrs. P., en-

tirely overlooking her mistake, and the next hand.

"But one—until I had the honour of"—and I bowed—a bow will often finish a sentence as satisfactorily as words. It did now, for turning to the young lady on my arm, she certainly acknowledged the compliment with a gentle pressure.

"Do you not think the music extremely good?"

"Very," said I. "No one *could* play better."

"A revoke!" exclaimed a sharp-eyed, sharp-boned, sawn-skinned, old maid, as at this *mal-a-propos* moment, the talkative Mrs. Prince threw down a spade to the lead, and in an instant, five withered fingers, with nails like screw-drivers, had laid face-uppermost the fatal evidence.

"A true bill," said the good-tempered Mrs. P. "I plead guilty."

"You'd better not, it won't save you," said her partner, in a guttural voice, something between a grumble and a grunt.

"Do let us go away from this," said Miss P. "I wonder how mamma can ever play with that ill-tempered lawyer, Old Bailey." And we went again among the dancers, and a quadrille forming, it was natural we should help to complete it—and did so.

"Are you fond of music," said my partner.

"Extremely. Do you play?"

"I trifle a little with the harp—and you?"

"With the flute," said I.

"Georgiana is a proficient on the piano, and Emily sighs over the guitar; as for my brother, he did once assist us with the violin, but he discontinued it from a belief that it made one shoulder higher than the other. Fred is so particular."

With these and other fluent nothings, we finished a second set. During the evening I danced with both Georgiana and Emily. Georgiana was a tall stiff girl, yet certainly good-looking, but without any of the encouraging kindness of her elder sister; and, indeed, as taciturn as politeness admitted. During the whole of six figures, she only smiled once, and that was at an accident. Opposite to us was a little dowdy creature whose head exactly reached the elbow of a remarkably tall man, her partner. In "*chassez croquet*," the poor little thing slipped and fell.

"What an awkward fellow," said Georgiana, "he has dropped his bundle."

Emily was a very different creature, and decidedly the most fascinating of the three. It was not her face, for she was not handsomer than the others; it was not her figure, for she was rather short, but the expression of the former, and the airy lightness of the latter, with a charm of manner altogether indescribable, amply sufficed to take the fancy prisoner. She was fond of poetry, and had a considerable dash of romance in her character—open and ingenuous to a fault, expressing her likes and dislikes with an earnestness very entertaining. With Emily, I confess, I was forcibly struck.

Towards the close of the evening, I again came in contact with Mrs. Prince. She had "cut the cards," and was reclining on a sofa in the ball-room, chatting to a highly-rouged dowager beside her, and amusingly pointing out the little peculiarities of walk, talk, dress, manner, general appearance, and effect of the troop of young

and middle aged creatures that, during the quadrilles, or between them, passed in review before her, ever and anon relieving the monotony of ridicule, by some motherly remarks about "my girls."

This friendly *tete-a-tete* was unfortunately broken up by Mrs. P. not detecting any resemblance between her coloured companion and about five feet nothing of fallow mortality, that happened to be her daughter, and whose figure looking at its increasing thickness downwards; she, in an unlucky moment, and in the plenitude of her satire, declared to be like a note of admiration turned upside down.

When the indignant matron fled from the loquacious Mrs. P., I took her place. We chatted upon various subjects. Among others, of course, her daughters. She favoured me with the little peculiarities of each. "Fanny was 'so lively and clever;' Georgiana 'so reserved and satirical;' Emily 'such a thoughtless little puss,' but all 'dear good girls,' and 'so domesticated and united.' If," continued their happy mother, "you should ever feel inclined to join us of an evening, and pass a quiet hour, we shall be delighted to see you. We have always a little music, perhaps a quadrille. Do not wait for a formal invitation," said she, putting her card into my hand, "but come in—in a quiet way."

And thus commenced my acquaintance with these "nice people."

I returned to my chambers that night, or rather early in the morning, delighted, as you may imagine, with the lucky accident that had befallen me. Really, if I had given up three months in hunting out an introduction, I could not have managed a more promising one.

Unlocking my door, and looking into my sitting room before I went to bed, I found a letter from my father. I trembled and turned pale. The seal was large and black. My mother, sisters, brothers, all rushed to my mind in an instant. For the first time in my life, I felt there was one I valued less than the others; for, assured that death had called a victim, I could not help wishing whom it might prove to be, though had I seen all in health and strength before me, I never could have decided with whom I would most readily part. With trembling hand I opened the letter. In the first few lines there was no preparation for melancholy news. Anxious to learn the worst, I hurriedly glanced my eye from line to line, and from page to page. I breathed more freely, for there was not even a word of grief much less death. I reached the last sentence, the last words—"your affectionate father," and I put the letter down, hurt, that by an act so thoughtless, he should have caused in my mind an excitement so painful.

I reperused my father's letter. Happy man! He had been commanded to proceed to Windsor to receive the honour of a baronetcy. A disturbance had fortunately taken place in his county-town, which would, unless promptly suppressed, have undoubtedly led to—God knows what! He acted with great decision on the occasion, and made a speech in the market-place *impromptu*. It had a wonderful effect upon the populace. Being altogether unintelligible, they concluded it was law, and he being generally esteemed an oracle, the rioters, amounting in num-

bers to upwards of twenty, were appeased for a time, and ultimately successfully attacked and routed by a strong force of yeomanry cavalry, who had, by dint of considerable labour, been brought together. For this act of service to the state, he was to be rewarded in the manner of which I have spoken.

In folding up the letter, which had thus unexpectedly informed me of this addition to the honour and importance of our family, my eye rested on a few lines which had hitherto escaped me; they were written on the side, and were as follows:—

“It is with the most poignant sorrow, my beloved Valentine, that I inform you of the sudden and violent death of your brother Tom. He fell a victim to his passion for hard riding. He was out with our hounds the day before yesterday, and taking a strong dike, his horse fell upon him, and, melancholy to relate, he was killed on the spot. Of course we have been plunged into great affliction; perhaps the most unhappy feature of the case is, it happening just as he was about to become heir to the distinguished honour, which, as I told you, is to be conferred on yours, &c.—H. V.

“P. S.—It will be as well that you should come down to attend the funeral if possible.—Should you not be able, and wish to write, do not give me my title before next Friday.”

Tears rolled down my cheek, as I read this brief announcement of my brother's death. For an instant I felt indignant at my father for having made it secondary to the news about himself; but this feeling quickly subsided, when I reflected how much more common is death than honour.

The following morning I had a visit from Butler. I explained to him why I could not call in Brunswick Square, and begged him to leave my card there, which he promised to do. For a week I was absent from town. I went home, of course, to attend the funeral—I did so as chief mourner, my father being engaged at Windsor, and therefore unable to attend. On my return to my chambers, I found the cards of Mr. Prince, Mr. Frederick Prince, Mrs. Prince, and the Misses Prince. I was much touched with this little attention. On the following day I opened my door to a knock very rarely heard, I should think, in the Temple. It was loud enough and long enough to have reached the very cellars of the building of which I inhabited the sky-parlour. A servant in a glaring livery of blue, red and gold, desired me to tell Mr. Fleming, that Mrs. Prince was at the Temple Gate, in the carriage, and wished to see him. I told the fellow I would be down in a few moments; whereupon he took off his hat and attempted a bow, but which was, as it usually is, when persons detect themselves in an impertinence to the wrong person, a sort of apologetic and nervous wriggle of the whole body.

I put myself a little into order, and went down. There was no mistaking the carriage. It was a large yellow-bodied one with red wheels, and blue hammer-cloth, upon which were glaringly emblazoned the arms and quarterings of Mr. Prince, the Proctor. Before I reached it, I saw feathers and veils in profusion; I found not only Mrs. P., but two of her daughters. At their pressing invitation I went for a drive with them,

and then home to dinner. Their kindness and attention were beyond any thing I can express. The cheerful and congratulatory manner in which they spoke of my father's elevation, and the delicacy and tact with which they alluded to my brother's death, asking me if I was not now the eldest son, created in me quite an interest for them all, and I already looked upon these extremely “nice people” as old friends, rather than acquaintances of yesterday.

Before I left Brunswick Square that evening, I had promised to return the following day on a visit for a week. All lent their powers of persuasion, though I confess I wanted but little: had it been otherwise, when Emily begged I would “put by my books, and come,” I should have at once complied. It would be too long a story, if I were to enter into detail of the week in question. It was one round of pleasure, increasing hourly, until I felt myself the happiest creature in existence. I did not disguise my attachment to the youngest daughter—my love, my passion, for her, when I had reason to believe it returned. This happened on the very morning I was about to terminate my visit. I went into the library, and found her alone reading a letter. It was crossed and recrossed, but this *prima facie* evidence of its being from a woman, yielded to the bold and masculine hand in which it was written. I turned pale, and was about to retire, stammering out some apology for my intrusion, but she assured me I did not disturb her, and in fact looked her wish that I should remain; and then she began talking of the letter, and her cousin Augustus, and his beautiful uniform, and the Cape of Good Hope, and a long passage, and a variety of other matters; and concluded by informing me that her said cousin was on his voyage to Calcutta to join his regiment; that he had light hair and blue eyes, wrote sweet poetry—had been staying with them a twelvemonth, before his departure—was a delightful, kind, good creature; and that she looked on him “quite as a brother.” I confess these last words hardly removed the suspicion that flashed upon me, as I marked her flushed cheek and sparkling eye. The “green-eyed monster” had already more than a finger upon me. She saw the tyranny with which I was threatened, and in a tone of sincerity a cynic could have not doubted, assured me there was nothing but their cousinship between them. Of course, a conversation thus begun, did not end here, but you need not be afraid that I shall repeat all that passed between us; such scenes have no interest for an audience, indeed will not even bear rehearsal before the curtain; suffice it that from that morning I considered myself, if not preferred, in the high road to *preferment*, and fully justified in indulging in the hopes I had for some time silently dwelt on.

My intimacy with the family continued unbroken for nearly a year, during which time I might almost have considered myself a member of it. From old Prince I received just that sort of attention which a youngster likes. He was always as happy to see me—or appeared so—as if we hadn't met for a month, though in truth I never lost sight of him for two days together. We used to sit over our wine and discuss the leading topics of the day with a briskness which lost nothing by repetition; and although we were wide-

ly opposed in politics, I being a Tory, and he a worshipper of Hume, our arguments never degenerated into personalities; this might have been from an inclination on his part to yield perhaps a little more than is desirable in an antagonist of spirit. For instance, after a long discussion on any subject, and a tolerable exhaustion of the *pros* and *cons*, he invariably wound up with the words, "Well, perhaps after all, you are right." This was always accompanied by a slight elevation of the brow, and then immediately after came three or four very deliberate, but affirmative movements of the head, which said plainly and flatteringly enough, "I think you are."

I observed something of the same concession to me in every member of the family, and it was a quiet, winning flattery I could not resist. I was charmed with all of them without knowing at the time, that it was because I was so delighted and satisfied with myself, and often exclaimed, "Well, if ever there were nice people, I have found them here." Mrs. Prince was perhaps the most adroit in the use of that most dangerous weapon of attack—flattery. Her assaults never defeated themselves by their violence. Her moments were rarely ill chosen; if she saw that I was prepared, she stood at once disarmed, waited her opportunity, and when I *did* feel myself touched, it was so slightly, as to create no alarm. She knew that she applied a subtle poison, and that a scratch was sufficient to ensure inoculation. If ever any thing was to be done, "*Charles*" must be acquainted with it. Any place to be visited, "*Charles's convenience*" to be consulted: Any thing in dispute, "*What does Charles think?*" was the ready question—and "*Charles says*" so and so, the certain quietus.

The girls also played admirable seconds to their mamma—Miss Prince in particular. She displayed a great interest in me: her manner was really affectionate. She was some years older than myself, and this gave her naturally a license the others had not. She used to take me out shopping three or four times a week, though I confess, I had rather been at home with Emily; and hardly, indeed, I may say never, made a call without I was with her. Then, she used to talk—which the others did not—about my affairs and prospects, and occasionally touched upon marriage, always warning me against choosing "a mere girl." More than once she most kindly put me on my guard against a family I visited in Harley Street, and whose "attempts," she assured me, "to catch every young man of their acquaintance, were really disgusting." Besides all this, she monopolized to herself the exclusive right of doing many little things for me that I should have preferred at the hands of her sister Emily—such as knitting purses, making watch-guards, mending gloves, marking my handkerchiefs with her hair, and so on. In return for this, she claimed my opinion on all matters concerning herself, in a manner that almost made me believe I had really a great interest in them: and, indeed, from the most important step she ever took, viz. choosing a new dress, or bonnet, or selecting a song, down to going to church or chapel—a *seven days' wonder*—would never act without my knowledge or approbation. Georgiana displayed her interest for me in a different way. She was, as I have said, a haughty and

satirical girl. Her visitations in the latter line were so general, that I believe I was the only person of her acquaintance who escaped; the fact was, I was a very particular friend of Butler, and Butler was, or at least so people said, a very particular favourite of hers. If I had been to judge myself, however, I should hardly have ventured to say that she cared two snaps of the finger about him, although there certainly was an *inclination* towards him, not observable in her manner to any one else. Be it as it may, she spared me, and I never knew wherefore, unless out of respect for him. Besides this negative approbation, she occasionally condescended to ask my judgment upon any book we might both have been reading, or any play we might have seen performed; this was a good deal, considering that she was in the habit of saying that young men of the present day were such insufferable and shallow coxcombs, they were only fit company for one another.

I shall hardly be expected to say much of Emily's manner and behaviour to me after what I have intimated about her. She was the centre of attraction for me—the choicest flower of the bouquet. Yet it was strange, that from the time of the interview of which I have spoken, I observed a considerable alteration in her, for which I could not satisfactorily account. She seemed for hours, nay, days together, to have lost her spirits and all animation, and frequently when engaged in conversation with me, suddenly lost its thread, and then would attempt an apology, and call it absence, and force a laugh. More than once I fancied that she perhaps regretted the encouragement she had given me; but when with my nerves strong and my mind bent on a "disinterested sacrifice," I was about to speak to her on the subject, a look, a smile, a tone, would at once disabuse me of the injurious belief my anxiety had created.

As yet, I have said very little about Mr. Frederick Prince—the fact is, we were no great admirers of one another at the commencement of my intimacy with his family; but this, I believe, rather from my liking his mother and sisters, and he not caring at all about them, than from any other reason. By degrees, however, we became intimate enough, indeed, I may say, very intimate, and at last, all the time I passed out of his house, was passed in his company. He was a regular dasher, and in all his equipments a very proper person; then he kept most undeniable company, and had a shaking-hands intimacy with many of the "first-rate men upon town." To more than one nobleman he was clearly privileged to nod, and from the easy manner in which he caught, or threw a recognition, whether across the street, or into a carriage window, I had every reason to suppose him long accustomed to the aristocratic method. Occasionally I wondered how he should have formed a circle of friends so entirely without his family sphere, and once or twice I questioned him about it, but he assured me the cause was with them. "My dear Fleming," said he, "one must breathe pure air sometimes, and really our people never know any body that any body knows."

It was some considerable time before he satisfied me that he had more than a street acquaintance with them. One evening, however, we were

at the Opera together. Towards the end of the ballet we were joined by an individual, who seemed on an unusually familiar footing with him. He was about seven or eight and twenty, and though decidedly a plain and common looking man about the face, had something in his manner and address which bespoke the gentleman. His language was coarse, but it was the coarseness of what is termed, *stang*—an acquired idiom by no means endurable, but not innate vulgarity. He appeared to have been drinking, his breath was redolent too of tobacco; altogether he seemed a fitter subject at that moment for a public house of another description, though, to do him justice, he appeared perfectly at home where he was. Prince introduced him to me as Sir Vincent Silk. Till the curtain fell he amused me by telling me the names of half the people in the house. And then, turning to Prince, he said, "I suppose we shall see you in the square by-and-by." Without waiting a reply, he nodded familiarly to me, and took his departure. We also left immediately after. I proposed supping at the Bedford, but was overruled. My friend said he had some friends in the neighbourhood, and should go there—indeed, he had promised Sir Vincent. "You will find a good repast," said he, in his usual affected style, "and no ceremony. Come."

I took his arm, and walked to St. James's Square. We knocked at a door on the south side, and were admitted into a hall, where I was left until my companion went up stairs and brought down his friend, the master of the house, and who, after an introduction, most politely bowed us into a brilliant apartment filled with company. I was considerably struck with the scene. The walls were literally clothed with plate glass and splendid pictures. In an adjoining room, equally superb, was laid out a long and elegantly supplied supper table, groaning under the weight of silver and glass, with which it was furnished. I felt a little bewildered. Not so Mr. Prince, who was as unmoved as in his mother's drawing-room, nodding and chatting to fifty different people. The greater number very soon began amusing themselves round a large table, upon which was spread money in confusion. I was at once satisfied of the rank of the company, from the immense sums I saw before them, and the indifference with which they paid and received them. Fifty or a hundred pounds were put up and taken down with a nonchalance which I then considered perfectly unapproachable by any but a person of the first breeding. One or two gentlemen presently addressed me in the most polite manner, and pressed me to the supper table, where I was supplied most liberally with every delicacy. Wines of all sorts sparkled around me, and I could not but fancy myself, as I sat alone before such profusion, in the hall of some magician, and the hero of an Arabian Night's entertainment. The time wore on, and I joined my friend. He had been very fortunate, and his winnings were considerable. Sir Vincent Silk was at his elbow, with a hand perfectly full of notes, which he had won under the same lucky stars. They insisted on my sitting between them, and when we rose to leave, I had thirty counters, or pieces, as they called them, for which a gentleman obligingly gave me six five pound

notes. As we went home, elated with our success, I learned we had been in a gambling-house! I started with unaffected horror. "A gambling-house!" said I, "I thought they were gentlemen—friends of yours."

"So they are," replied Mr. Prince, as coolly as if he were telling me the day of the week. "Perfect gentlemen, I assure you. Did you not see Lords F. and G.—the honourable Mr. H., and baronets without number? Why, Fleming, I should think you saw two-thirds of all the men in town."

I suppose I looked somewhat as I felt. He tried to laugh me out of my "ridiculous notions," and as we parted for the night, or rather day, bade me try, the first thing on rising, whether my notes were forgeries. From this time I was more than ever with Frederick Prince: indeed, as I have said, I was always with him when not in Brunswick Square. I was perpetually reflecting on the odious vice in which I had unconsciously almost, taken my first step, and with a full conviction of the ruin to which it led, continued night after night indulging in it. It was wonderful how much I rose in Frederick's estimation, and the terms of cordiality we were on, took me, if possible, more than ever to his house. I fancied he encouraged, what I felt he must observe, my attachment to his sister Emily; and this more than any thing else in the world, gave him an interest in my eyes. After leading this life of double excitement for a considerable time, I began to think that it was advisable to end the one and the other, for the sake of both my peace and pocket. I was thunderstruck one morning in looking over my accounts, to find that I had lost at different times over the gaming-table, no less a sum than six hundred pounds, and this all drawn from a small stock of ready money that came to me when I was of age. Added to this, I had lent in different amounts to my companion Frederick, as much as three hundred more, though, as far as that was concerned, it was of course as safe as in my banker's hands. My great intimacy with his mother and sisters had naturally entailed on me considerable expense. From one end of the season to the other we were recreating ourselves in some of the fashionable lounges of the West End. No new opera was brought forward but we passed our judgment upon it—Malibran never sang but some of us lent our sweet voices to hymn her praises—no gallery of pictures ever opened but we connois-seured each inch of canvass—no exhibition for the encouragement of any art or science escaped us. Horticultural *fêtes* and fancy-fairs we attended with exemplary perseverance. And, in a word, from Windsor Castle to the Thames Tunnel we left no sight unseen. Looking at the terms we were on, it would have been very false delicacy to hesitate for a moment in allowing me to pay for it all.

As a set-off, however, to all this, I had placed in the hands of old Prince a considerable sum of money, at least as much as five hundred pounds, which he told me he could lay out to the greatest advantage—to return without doubt fifteen per cent. About this time I dined in Brunswick Square, and passed an unusually delightful evening. Miss Prince was perfectly lavish of her fascinations; Georgianna was what I had never

seen, witty without being severe, and Emily, my own Emily, more brilliant and happy than I had seen her for months. Mrs. Prince was gaily itself. She engaged me in a quiet *tête-à-tête*, and let me into the secret that Butler had that morning proposed for Georgiana, and had been received. She then went on to hint, as I understood her, something of the same kind about another of the girls, which much surprised me, as I had never seen or heard of any particular attention to Fanny, and concluded by remarking that it would be singular indeed if all of them should be bespoken about the same time; and in saying this she looked at me in a way which nearly drew from me my proposal for Emily on the spot. I restrained myself, however, for a better opportunity, and left that evening, fully resolved to find it on the following morning.

The same night I went with Frederick for the last time, so I had deliberately vowed it should be, to play in St. James's Square. I had a considerable sum in my pocket, for I was anxious, should luck prove with me, by playing high to recover something of what I had lost. It was otherwise, I had soon changed and melted all but my last note. It was for twenty pounds. I placed it by my side while I waited the issue of a main in which I was heavily backing the caster in. He threw out. I put my hand down for my note, to stake my last—it was gone. I looked round, Prince was beside me, as he had been all night; he too, a serious looser. I asked him if he had seen the note. He replied "No." "You have taken it up by accident," said I looking into his hand, "it is that £20 with a corner torn." He turned savagely upon me, and said it was a lie! He had not taken up a note at all. The fact was, he was half mad with his losses, and cared not what he said. I, who was little less excited, retorted sharply; and we went to lengths that words could not smooth away. When I laid my head upon my pillow I hardly knew distinctly what had occurred. When I awoke in the morning I gave not a thought to the loss I had sustained, and the dispute that had arisen: one thought only possessed me, and that was the offer I was about to make to Emily. My whole happiness, I believed, depended on possessing her, and though it would be untrue to say I was not nervous and agitated, it rose rather from hope than fear. I could not but feel that the connexion would not be disagreeable to her family. Mrs. Prince had almost told me as much, on more than one occasion, and she was so straightforward and sincere; and as for my own, they had so impressed on me the value of "nice people," that I considered it would be of all things the step most likely to delight them. I dressed and hastened to the house. On such a mission I did not wait the propriety of hours. No one seemed to think I came too soon; it was quite clear that every one thought there was something to hear. We hurried from subject to subject—smiled, laughed, looked serious, and then—smiled, laughed, and looked serious again. Presently Georgiana, said she should go in to a young friend who lived next door, having promised to read aloud "*The results of Machinery, or the Working Man's Companion*,"—and she went. Most fortunately almost immediately after Mrs. P. had commissions for the other girls—and we were left alone. And

now, it is impossible to give you more than the faintest conception of what followed. I spoke of my attachment—my respect for the family—my wish to settle—my ability to do so. Mrs. Prince drew me out in her own peculiar way, till I was fully delivered of all I had been burning to say, and after some irresistible compliments about my family, my profession, my talent, and my honour, which conveyed to me her perfect approbation and consent, she made some slight, very slight observations about our relative ages: but loving Emily as I did, I considered two years on my side amply sufficient, and therefore made no reply. We continued our interview a little longer, during which I was exhausting language in praises of her daughter.

"Well," said she, rising, "I can say no more, Charles; I will send her in, and she shall answer for herself." And she left the room. I heard her go up stairs—and I waited in intense anxiety the appearance of Emily. Some minutes passed—hours they seemed to me—at length I caught the sound of a footstep, her own light, fairy footstep on the stair. I hurried to the door, and waited to receive her. A hand was on the door—it trembled—so did I. It opened slowly—my heart was in my mouth. She entered. She! My Emily! No, horror! Miss Prince. Every thing seemed suddenly to swim around me. I uttered some exclamation—I know not what, and staggered to my chair, I know not how. She followed me, and hanging over me in the most affectionate manner, took my hand, and slightly pressed it, and sighed. I attempted to speak to explain, but for some minutes my tongue refused its office, it seemed too large for my mouth. At length I did succeed, and stammered out, "It—it—it—it is your—your—your sister." She let go my hand—started, just far enough to reach a chair, and falling into it, uttered a scream that would have been worth fifteen pounds a week on any tragic boards in London. At the moment, however, I was alarmed, and seizing the bell-rope, hung on it till Mrs. Prince, Georgiana, Emily, and all the servants in the house were around us.—The latter part of the company were readily dismissed, and an explanation followed. I said that Emily had ever been the object of my love and attention—that it must have been seen—that Miss Prince I had ever respected, and did respect—but—

"Emily!" exclaimed the indignant mother, interrupting me, "Emily has been engaged these twelve-months to her cousin." I looked incredulous.—"Yes," she continued, "to her cousin Augustus, whose arrival in England is hourly looked for." I sought the deceiver's eye, but it was turned away. For some minutes I was silent, but roused by the torrent of words from Mrs. P., and the sighs, and sobs, and groans of Miss P., I said I was not aware that I had in any way justified them in supposing for a moment that my attentions to Miss Prince were serious. "Not serious, sir!" retorted Mrs. Prince, who from first to last was the only female orator. "Why, it has been obvious to all the world. Every one has spoken of it. Have you not always been with her? Has she ever seen a friend unattended by you? Not serious, indeed! Why my poor girl, my child, my Fanny will be ruined, if you forsake her!" And here she wept nearer

nature than any one I had seen attempt it. I saw there was a breach nothing would be likely to heal, but a remedy I felt no inclination to apply, and, therefore, thought the best thing to do was to bid them good morning. I verily thought the kind, good-tempered, motherly Mrs. Prince, would have forcibly retained me; but I was not to have a wife forced down my throat, and, therefore, in spite of persuasions, their remonstrances, their threat of "a breach of promise," and then a flourish about Mr. Prince, and Mr. Prince, junior, I left the house amid the titter of the servants who had been attentively listening to all.

I hurried to my chambers, resolved to pack up, be off to my father's, and cut these "nice people" for ever. On the stairs I met Sir Vincent Silk. He put a pink note into my hands. It was a most polite invitation from his friend Mr. Frederick—a morning meeting to satisfy his honour for having taken my twenty-pound note, or as *he* put it—for having been charged with taking it. I accepted it very briefly, and as on such occasions, one is more than permitted to introduce a friend—I mean expected to do so—I hastened to make the offer to Butler, who declined, under the excuse, and a very sufficient one, though it had not occurred to me, of being about to become my antagonist's brother-in-law. To my next application there was no scruple.

We were on the ground at the proper time—so were they. Sir Vincent Silk came up with a look which clearly betokened that he had, to him, a most ungrateful office; so it proved, for he was charged with an attempt at reconciliation. I was required to say, that Mr. Prince had *not stolen* the note, and to express my regret and apology for having charged him with it. My second was in full possession of all the facts, and replied that I had never said more than that he had *taken it up by mistake*. Therefore the expression *stole* was supplied by Mr. Prince himself. This was reported to Mr. P., and pulling up his stock, he expressed himself "perfectly satisfied." It was now my turn, and recalling to his mind, that he, Mr. P., had given me the lie, I demanded the fullest retraction of the offensive word. Sir Vincent at once declared that it was altogether impossible; "for," said he, "although there is no doubt it was wrong, and uncalled for, and all that—yet there *are* times at which a man cannot apologize." He turned from us, having finished this speech, took up a pistol, "and next proceeded quietly to cock." Mr. Prince differed most essentially from Sir Vincent: and in spite of all remonstrance, insisted on withdrawing all the offensive language he had used. The thing thus settled, we had the discredit of walking seatless from the ground. One or two circumstances occurred which compelled me to remain in town longer than I had intended. The evening before I was to start, I was unexpectedly broken in upon by my quondam associate. He placed a letter before me. I had certainly grown into request. It was another invitation similar to the one of which I had so recently disposed, and given, because I had dared to love a girl who had encouraged me in doing so, while an older flame was burning at a distance, of which I was ignorant. The gentleman, whose acquaintance I was to make in this most agreeable man, was Mr. Au-

gustus Hamilton, of his Majesty's—regiment of foot.

Again my second and myself were in the field shaking, as the song says, "the sparkling dew-drops away." Although, when I first promised my attendance, I felt something very like an inclination to appease my indignation by doing a murder, yet, looking at my rival, I could not bring myself deliberately to rob his Majesty and the people of so promising a hero. One word of explanation I considered would, nay must acquit me of every thing that could call upon me to stand up for him to practise his trade upon, and I should have given it, but Mr. Frederick Prince, late principal, and now second, had learned the lesson read by Sir Vincent Silk, for the purpose of teaching it to others. He repeated it pretty much in the same words as he had heard it, and as I did not feel as much inclined to dispute it as he had done, we took our ground. Mr. Augustus Hamilton was decidedly the thinnest man in his Majesty's service. He was dressed in a light chocolate-coloured surtout, which fitted him like his skin, and he looked for all the world like six feet of German sausage. Though an excellent soldier, for all I know to the contrary, I could not but observe that he wanted the knack of standing at ease. The word was given—"Fire,"—and here his profession stood him in great stead. About a thousand times as much accustomed to the order as myself, he obeyed it with, I can't calculate how many times more alacrity, but seeing that I nearly shot my right toes off, after I received the contents of his pistol in my shoulder, there can be no doubt but that he was the lightning of our storm, and I the thunder. What followed I don't exactly know. I was conveyed to an hotel, where I lingered "now hope, now fear, my bosom rending," about fifteen weeks. This gave me plenty of time for reflection, and a hundred times I went over, step by step, my intimacy with the Princes—an intimacy beginning and ending with a ball. One morning it occurred to me, to send to old Prince for an account of the money he had employed for me; and, as he had nothing to do with our misunderstanding, and had always behaved in a handsome and generous way to me, I wrote a most friendly note. He sent me an equally kind reply, enclosing a check for seventeen pounds, which he said was the result of our joint speculation in indigo! Fifteen per cent. rose in my throat, but I made an effort and swallowed it. This was a pretty addition to the list of advantages accruing to me from my introduction to these very "*nice people*." Loaned out of three hundred pounds by the son, and robbed of twenty; introduced to a hell, where I sunk six hundred—proctored of nearly as much, and flattered out of more than I can ever bring myself to name. To crown all, I entirely threw away a year, got fooled by a flirt, and crippled for life. Have I given you sufficient reasons for shuddering at the very thought or mention of "*Nice People*?"

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

ADVISERS.

THERE is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley street. It consists of a father, mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America square; Charles, the younger son, is in the law: the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *Advice* stirring about, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be given; nobody thanks you for it: indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was the family well settled in Upper Harley street, in a most commodious situation, when they received a visit from Mrs. Chambers, who gave Mrs. Partington the following advice.

"My dear Mem, (for to this diminutive is our French madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school."—"Down! Mrs. Chambers, I don't quite understand you." "No! only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: bile, nerves, tooth-ache, asthma, and every thing of that kind: all springs from the spine." "Well! but Mrs. Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? my girls ride in St. James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles, as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there: and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot."—"Horseback! only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet: now you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman; I was quite in despair about her, only conceive! no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Doctor Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the *long gaiters*.'"—"Long gaiters, Mrs. Chambers! a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive lady." "Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon; it's the best thing in the world; let me advise you as a friend to try the long gaiters. (Elongators!) I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it, I don't know; but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of a screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world, as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry-pie crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? we have

already gained two inches, and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure—Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures; I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth."—"Poor girls don't they find it very dull?"—"Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim! Let me advise you as a friend to follow my example." Mrs. Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday,) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley street. Mrs. Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partingtons, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs. Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughter's back-bones over to their good behaviour: and the two Misses Partingtons, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a white-washed ceiling!

The trunk of the family-tree of the Partingtons is not the only part of that venerable fabric destined to be assailed by advice. The branches have suffered considerably by the same tempest. John Partington, the eldest son, is suspected of entertaining a *penchant* for Fanny Smith, a figurante at the Coburg Theatre. The affair has been long whispered in the family, and his aunt Isabella has lately thought it her duty to give him a little advice. Aunt Isabella lives in Great George street, Westminster: a celebrated beauty in her day, but that day was not this. The private nickname of Aunt Isabella in the family, is Aunt *Was-a-bella*, but this has never come to her ears, as she has money to leave. Aunt Isabella now inserts red paint into the channels of her cheeks. With such an admirable specimen of "the florid gothic" under his very nose, how could Mr. Soane have clapped a Grecian court of justice upon the right flank of Westminster Hall! "Nephew John," said Aunt Isabella, "sit down by the fire, but don't put your feet upon that hearth-rug. Is not it pretty? I bought it of Mrs. Fry, who bought it of an interesting young woman in Newgate. John, you know I have your good at heart." John fidgeted, and looked wistfully at his hat, which he had left unluckily out of reach. Mrs. Isabella, after the above stock prelude, poured forth her cornucopia of advice; which she assured him she should not have given, if she had not been sure of his having too much good sense to feel offended at what she was about to say. She begged to hint to him in confidence that his goings on were no secret; she pointed to Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," a series of delicate engravings that adorned the walls of her boudoir: she then took down a volume of Bell's "British Theatre," which she opened at George Barnwell, and assured him that it was every word true: she proved to his conviction

that virtue was a good thing, and vice a bad one: and concluded by intimating, that figurantes were, like tetotums, to be looked at, but not touched. John Partington promised amendment; and on the very day following drove Fanny Smith in his Stanhope to Epsom races, in a white satin pelisse and a Leghorn hat with an undulating brim. In so doing, John Partington, I fear, acted too hastily. He should first have consulted his biographical dictionary, wherein he might surely have found many instances of men who had given up a young mistress, because desired so to do by an old aunt. No such case occurs to me, off hand, but many are doubtless to be met with in the books.

But of all advisers, commend me to Charles Partington, the youngest son; who, as I before mentioned, is bred to the law. To be sure the young man has suffered advice in his time, about giving up Lord Byron and sticking to the Term Reports, but that is no reason for his inflicting it so unmercifully upon others. Charles always advises his two sisters whom to dance with, and where to buy their white kid gloves and Albums. He advised his aunt Isabella by all means to go to the University Club-house, to meet the Duchess of Gloucester: aunt Isabella complied, with a private hope of meeting a cherry-cheeked fiddler from Oriel, who wrote Mus. Bac. Oxon. after his name: but she lay four hours upon the stairs, and after all missed the fiddler. He also advised his said aunt to go to Cross street, Hatton garden, where there is more advice wasted than in all the Metropolis besides. Aunt Isabella complied, but did not much like it. She objected to the phrase of "a guilty heart striking its fangs into its own proper bosom," alleging that a heart has no fangs; and that though a bosom has a heart, it by no means follows that a heart has a bosom. I fear she is growing too nice in her metaphors. Charles Partington's last advices are scattered upon his cousin Emily Green, who was courted by Captain Taper. Charles advised her by no means to think of him, and then trotted all over London in quest of proofs. These did not extend beyond showing the lover to be a swindler, a drunkard, and a debauchee; but they seemed to answer every purpose. Emily cried; and, possessed by her adviser of all the Captain's frailties in a focus, said she was now quite happy; she could never sufficiently thank her cousin Charles for the good advice he had given her: she begged he would take charge of a whole packet of love-letters and deliver them to the Captain, receiving hers in exchange. Charles snatched up the deposit, and ran across the Park to Arabella row, Pimlico, as hard as he could lay leg to ground. He found the Captain at home, and, after giving him a word of good advice with respect to paying his debts and leaving off wine and women, laid his budget of epistles upon the table. The Captain, with sorrowful solemnity, gave up Emily's letters in return: and, as a parting request urged Charles Partington to deliver a final leavetaking letter to Emily. Charles (with a sagacity which hereafter must make him a Master in Chancery, at least,) complied with the lover's request; and, on his return, advised Emily as a friend not to read it. Emily said she would not, but told him he might as well leave it on the table.

Charles did leave it on the table. (A Master in Chancery? phoo! he will be a master of the Rolls!) and, in a week, the Morning Post told the world that Captain Taper and Emily Green were man and wife.

With these, and many other examples that might be cited, surely it is high time to have done with advice altogether. Why should not a certain association prefix a syllable to the commodity they aim to crush, and dub themselves the Society for the suppression of *Advice*? Or why should not Mr. Rothschild institute a Grand Alliance Advice Company, into which every friend of every family might cast his stock of spare wisdom? This might be afterwards sold in shares. Individuals might apply at this office for advice when they wanted it, and state their respective cases with a fee of three guineas, "to advise as within." Nothing is worth having that is not paid for.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

On our cover will be found an advertisement of the *SATURDAY NEWS*, to which we ask attention. We have annexed a few of the very many flattering notices which the paper has already received, in order that our readers may see the estimation in which it is held by our brethren of the press. It gives us pleasure to add, that although but a few weeks in circulation, the *Saturday News* has received so ample a share of patronage that its success is certain.

What ought to be done with the he or she that could not do the following, which we copy from the *Saturday News*?

"It is customary in America, at many of the wayside houses, to have a tooth-brush fastened to the pump by a chain for the convenience of the lodgers."

What are wayside houses?—Oh! these English travellers!

We remember well, being at the Point House, when Lieut. Coke, author of a Subaltern's Furlough, landed. After an introduction and a little chat, the vehicle (a common wagon) which had been contracted for during the conversation, drew up—and we shall not soon forget the expression of the Lieutenant's countenance, when he asked—"Is that the mode of conveyance in this country?" He might well ask the question. A miserable one-seated wagon and the frame of a horse to convey four persons. Yet Coke was a fine fellow, and has written a fair book about our country. He has not indulged in fibs, like the writer whose extract we have given above, nor like the one which we annex—

"On our journey from Baltimore to Wheeling, the night was so dark that the driver found it impossible to proceed. He unhitched his horses, tied them to the tongue, and came inside with a segar in his mouth. He very formally introduced himself as General B—, and conversed with us as if we were his equals. Upon our remonstrating with him upon his rudeness, he observed, that if we did not like it we might go out—there was no force—we were not obliged to stay in—and very deliberately taking off his stocking and drawing it over his head for a night cap, quietly went to sleep."

Now we do not believe one word of the above, although it might have happened. Some of the *Generals* on the Baltimore and Wheeling route formerly had a very independent way with them—and General B—, in particular, must have been a son of one of the signers. What a large leg the General must have had, or what a small head.

We publish in this Number the second part of *The Regained*. It will be found to increase in interest as

it proceeds. It is the first time since the publication of the *Lady's Book*, that any story has been commenced and not completed in the same number. The length of this article has precluded the possibility of giving it entire, and its uncommon merit made us loath not to publish it. It will be completed next month.

We have received from our valued correspondent, Miss Gooch, "Extract from a Village Clergyman's Diary," but too late for publication this month.

A communication from "Mary" is received, and our thanks are returned to the writer, in whom we recognise an early and constant friend.

Scene from Rob Roy and Murder of the Regent Murray, in this number, shew to what a state of perfection the art of engraving on wood has arrived in this country. They are by Mr. Reuben Gilbert, an artist, who though young, has been long at his profession and is an enthusiast in the art. To give proper effect to the engravings they are printed on India paper, the finest that is used for the purpose. Our readers will recognise their old friend, The Baillie, in his hour of peril.

Numbers 1 and 2 of the *Bulwer Novels* are printed and ready for delivery. It is pleasant to observe, and the publisher is grateful for it, that the patronage of the *Bulwer novels* is likely to exceed even *Marryat*. No delay will take place in regularly forwarding the numbers as published.

Numbers 1 and 2 of *Celebrated Trials and Sketch Book of Character* are also published.

We have many papers on our exchange list, some of which we believe no longer exist, as we do not receive one half of those to which we send. From this time, those papers we do not receive we must decline sending to. Those exchanging with both *Saturday News* and *Lady's Book* need send but one paper, addressed to *Saturday News*, and those exchanging with *Lady's Book* only, will please address *Saturday News*.

It may be amusing to some of our fair friends, and we, therefore, subjoin an account of some of the dresses worn at a late levee of the Queen of England:

Her Majesty.—White satin body, sleeves, and front of the skirt splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde: train, rich blue satin, brocaded silver, with hand some silver border, lined with white satin. (The whole English manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers, and diamonds.

H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent.—White satin, richly embroidered in silver, body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train pale blue satin, with rich silver border, and lined with white gros de Naples. (The whole British manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

H. R. H. The Duchess of Gloucester.—Magnificent dentelle de soie, beautifully embroidered in bouquets, flounces of blonde, looped up with the agraffes of diamonds in festoons; train pale grey broche satin, lined with rich white satin; garniture composed of double row of blonde ribbon, and dentelle de soie; corsage superbly trimmed with diamonds; mantille and sabots fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, necklace and earrings en suite.

H. R. H. The Princess Augusta.—White crape embroidered in silver en tablier, border over rich white satin; corsage trimmed with blonde and diamonds, and blonde sabots; train blue and silver blonde, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with superb lama rouleaux; head-dress, silver lama toque, blonde lappets and diamond ornaments.

Duchesses.—*BEAUFORT*: Most magnificent black crape elegantly embroidered in silk, the body trimmed with Chantilly lace; sleeves in the style of the reign of Charles IX., trimmed with lace; train splendid

black velvet; a la Reine Adelaide, the velvet a relief, on satin, handsomely trimmed with jet, and lined with rich satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, ornaments of jet, and lappets of Chantilly lace. *NORTHUMBERLAND*: Rich white silk, richly embroidered in gold; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde: train, splendid white Irish tabinet, richly brocaded in gold, and trimmed with gold band and fringe, lined with white silk. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. *GORDON*: Court costume (sleeve of Louis XIV.), a train of Royal purple satin, trimmed with gold lama, and festooned with gold bullion tassels; Brussels point mantille and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, with gold lama flounce. Head-dress, a toque, with Brussels point lappets; ornaments, sapphires and onyx. *DOWAGER OF RICHMOND*: White satin, embroidered with gold; pure Irish poplin train, with broad gold trimming. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

The following from *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*, Queen of France, gives a pretty picture of what is termed etiquette, and yet it was for the demolition of some of these absurdities, aided by other causes, that this queen lost her head.

"The queen's toilet was a most tormenting system of etiquette. Her tire-women put on the petticoat and handed the gown to her majesty, while it was the duty of the lady of honour in waiting to pour out the water for washing, and put on the other clothes. If a princess of the blood-royal happened to make her *entree*, she took the duty of the lady of honour; and she had in her turn to resign it, if a nearer relative to the throne made her appearance. One winter's day, says Madame Campan, I held a garment unfolded ready for the queen to put on: the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door, it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans, she took her gloves off and claimed her office of waiting on her majesty; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand the garment to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. Another arrival; it was the queen's sister-in-law, and the Duchess d'Orleans had to resign the office to her, going the former round. All this while, the queen kept her arms crossed on her bosom and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, hastened to serve the queen, and in so doing knocked her majesty's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not till she had exclaimed several times to herself—"How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

A gallant reply.—Mr W—B—being asked by the pretty Miss G—what age he was, replied with his accustomed gallantry, "My age, my dear madam, is exactly what you do in every thing:—XL" (excel.)

A horrid Simile.—"My gracious!" exclaimed a dashing wit, as he entered the drawing-room of the pretty Mrs. — whose passion for music caused her to be constantly at her piano from morning till night; "really, I am surprised at the resemblance you bear to the gaoler of Newgate!" "I," cried the lovely pianiste, rattling her fingers over the piano, in surprise and indignation. "I! How so, Sir?" "Why," rejoined the laughing wit, "because you so dexterously handle the keys."

Erratum.—On the third page of Miss Gooch's highly interesting story of "Leaf from my Unwritten Journal," published in the July Number, first column, tenth line from the bottom, for "conversing" in a corner, read "crouching." We make this correction, as with the original reading the sense and beauty of the passage is marred.

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

A MUCH ADMIRER SONG.

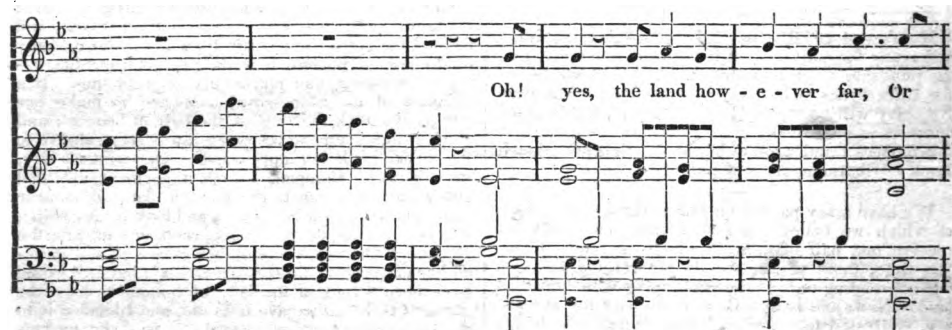
MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT.

Alligretto non troppo.

PIANO FORTE.



p



Oh! yes, the land how - e - ver far, Or



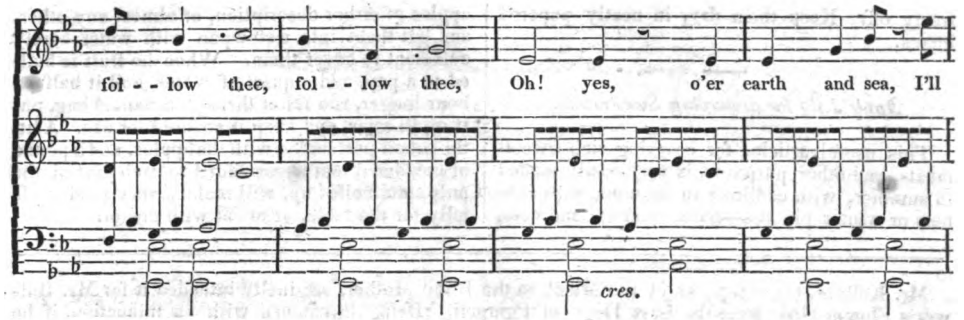
hard the fate to which thou'rt going, I'll follow thee, my guiding star, Where

con moto.



sun - shine beams or storms are blow - ing. Oh! yes, o'er earth and sea I'll

ral.



II.

Though dear the tones of looks, of home,
 For losing thine could they repay me?
 Friends shed tears to see me roam,
 But have their smiles the charm to stay me?
 Ah! no, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow thee, follow
 thee,
 Ah! no, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow, follow thee.

III.

I've said my last farewell to all,
 From some it cost me much to sever,
 But when I heard thy dear voice call,
 And thought I more might hear it never,
 I fled and rovd, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow thee,
 follow thee,
 Oh! yes, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow, follow thee.

RECEIPTS.

Delicate Ice for Tarts, &c.

Take a little yolk of egg, and melted butter; and having beat them very well together, dip in a quill feather, wash over the tarts with it, and sift sugar on them just as they are going into the oven.

Puffs.

Puffs, properly so called, are a sort of small pasties, made with delicate puff paste instead of what is denominated standing or raised crust. This puff paste is also to be cut in square pieces, instead of round; and prepared apple, raspberry

jam, &c., being put on each square, the puffs are turned over, and baked on tin plates. They are called apple puffs, raspberry puffs, &c. according to the contained ingredient.

Rose Drops.

Beat very fine, and pass through a lawn sieve, a pound of double or treble refined loaf sugar; then, beat to a fine powder, and sift, half an ounce of dried red roses. Mix both well together; and, wetting it with as much lemon juice as will make it into a stiff paste, set it on a slow fire, and keep stirring it till the whole be quite scalding hot: then, dropping it on paper, set it near the fire, and next day the drops will come

freely off. Keep them dry, in neatly papered boxes.

Apple Jelly for preserving Sweetmeats.

This useful article, for covering rich sweetmeats, and other purposes, is very easily made: in summer, with codlins; in autumn, with rennets or winter pippins—pare, quarter, and core,

apples of either description, or almost any other, and put them into a stewpan with water barely sufficient to cover them. When the fruit is boiled to a pap, add a quart of water, boil it half an hour longer, run it hot through a flannel bag, put it up in a jar, and keep it covered for use. A little lemon peel boiled with the apples, and a pound of powdered loaf sugar added to each pint of the pulp, and boiled up, will make a very good apple jelly for the table, or to eat with cream.

Mr. Kellner, the composer of the Music to the Blind Mother, originally intended it for Mr. Bulwer's Flower Girl, from the Last Days of Pompeii. Being threatened with an injunction, if he published the music with these words, he requested the Rev. Hobart Caunter to write words to the music, in the same measure as Mr. Bulwer's song, expressing sentiments that would agree with the music. How the Rev. Poet has succeeded in his task we leave the readers to judge, by giving the two songs, side by side. Both are beautiful.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF POMPEII.

BY MR. BULWER.

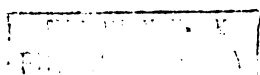
Buy my flowers—O buy, I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar:
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her lap an hour ago,
With the air, which is her breath,
Over them murmuring low!
On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
As their cheeks with tender tears are wet;
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps,
As morn and night her watch she keeps
With a yearning heart and passionate care.
I see the young things grow so fair—
She weeps—for love she weeps
From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its being are empty voices.
As one in the realm below,
I stand by the stream of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the loved forms to see.
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.
Come buy, come buy!
Hark! how the sweet things sigh!
(For they have a voice-like ours.)
"The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the sadd'ning roses.
We are tender, we are sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us,
We yearn for the eye that sees us;
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day.
O buy, O buy these flowers!"

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER.

Hush thee, babe! alas the while,
The parent sees not her child;
She can feel its soft breath, tho' she sees not its smile,
And hear its young notes wild.
To gaze upon the sun,
When he's fresh from the lap of morn:
More delighted would I run,
Than to hear the lark's sweet horn.
Hush, my child, thy soft sweet breath,
Thy soft, angelic breath,
Seems of some cherub born.
From thy lips an incense seems to rise,
As if on its way to its native skies;
But I feel—thy sightless mother feels,
As through the gloom she gropes and reels,
With a bosom pierc'd by misery's goad—
How sternly Care has laid its load.
No more I weep or sigh,
For the fountain of grief is dry!
My day is turned to night,
Nought now my pleasure enhances;
Not a gleam of sunshine beams on my sight,
And I live alone with my fancies—
As one who appears in sleep
To be tossed on the stormy deep;
O'er me the dark shades of night
Flit, while their dim forms mock my sight;
For they seem from my eyes to flee.
Upon Heaven I fix those eyes,
To gaze on boundless skies,
But the sun has no beams for me.
Hush my babe, hush my babe!
I can hear its young notes wild,
But long to behold my child!
The lip of the parent closes,
O'er its cheek as the babe reposes,
But she saw not her child as it prest
So fondly the parent's breast;
And she grieves with a mother's sorrow,
She longs for that last to-morrow,
When her spirit shall rise
From earth to the light of the skies.
My babe, hush my babe!





THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

FIGURE I.

A robe of sea-green silk, the skirt very full; tight *corsage*, half-high and square; long sleeves very flat at top, the fulness drawn by two tight bands into separate puffs, diminishing in size to the wrist; white muslin pelerine, open in front, and the ends appearing under the belt, which fastens with a gold buckle; muslin cap *a la Paysanne*, the crown high and bent forwards, lappets of Vandyke lace, and pink roses arranged in three separate little wreaths; primrose gloves, and black kid slippers.

FIGURE II.

A dress of lilac cashmere satin, tight *corsage*, *arriere*; the point rounded off at the waist: a deep collar of fine white muslin, edged with British lace, tight long sleeves, the tops flattened, and a fall wider than those before described hanging below the elbow, and edged with black lace. Citron colour silk bonnet (the brim cut deep and square at the sides) bouquets of fruit and leaves under brim, coloured like the bonnet, and two ostrich feathers on the left side of the crown. Kid slippers; citron colour gloves.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EXTRACT FROM A VILLAGE CLERGYMAN'S DIARY.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."
Proverbs, chap. 26th.

Wednesday eve.

I have just returned from performing the ceremony of marriage between Henry Overton and his rich cousin, Lousia Ann Overton.

It is a proof how little we studious people know of what is passing around us. I *thought*—nay I am sure—I heard that he loved and wooed Caroline Deans; they were always together, but it seems I was mistaken. Caroline was at the wedding; there is nothing like a love-lorn damsel about her; she looked more beautiful than ever, and was gayest of the gay. I felt myself called on to admonish her, lest the exuberance of her spirits should make her overstep the bounds of propriety. I believe she thinks more deeply of serious matters than I was aware of; for when I told her that "she ought to be very—very good, and grateful, she had received so many blessings," she answered earnestly, and with a changed look, "oh! yes! I am as grateful as I am happy!" Frail creatures that we are and prone to suspicion. I fancied that the bridegroom looked unhappy; there was something in his eye that chilled my soul, and when I bade him good night, and a continuation of happiness, he answered with a sneer that rolled my warm feelings back to their source,—“thank you—thank you! oh yes, I am extremely happy—and you have made me so.”

He was certainly very gay, but I feared that he drank more wine than was becoming, and his gaiety was too reckless. I do not like such boisterous spirits: it is not that cheerful certainty of bliss that pleases me—but, perhaps, I am too fastidious.

The bride is a fine looking woman, always cold and haughty; to-night affectation was added to the superstructure. I heard old Mrs. Overton say that she behaved charmingly; so I suppose it was all right, for every body knows that Mrs. Overton is a very model of good breeding and propriety. I pray that they may be happy, but there is something presses on my mind that they will be otherwise. I cannot help thinking of the look of the bridegroom when I bade him salute the bride: an absolute spasm passed over his countenance, and his kiss was as cold as the moonbeam on a bank of snow. But why do I think of such fantasies? I am old, my eyes are dim, and fashions and manners have changed. I will turn my mind to better things and dismiss these vain forebodings.

Friday.

I have just returned from Mrs. Deans, where I have been since daylight. Heaven support and strengthen her under her misery! Caroline is dead! dead of a broken heart—and I blamed her

levity! I rebuked her—perchance more harshly than I intended, adding my mite to crush an already broken spirit. He *had* wooed her, and won the affections of her young heart. For his sake she had refused the proffered love of two others, superior to him in worldly goods, and equal to him in every personal or mental attraction. Still though she felt herself betrothed to Henry, she did not throw off all reserve, and proclaim her engagement.

Mr. Overton's brother died and left his only daughter under the guardianship of her uncle. She was young and inexperienced, and being educated in a fashionable boarding school, early imbibed notions of her own importance. This importance was wounded, that her cousin Henry, the handsomest young man in the neighbourhood, should love another better than herself. Guided by a spirit of mischief, she attempted to estrange him from Caroline, and attach him to herself, in which attempt she was powerfully aided by her uncle and aunt. Henry at first laughed at her folly, but at length began to attend more patiently to his father, who lamented that the lands so comfortably adjoining, should be separated for ever; his mother constantly repeated that if he would but marry his cousin, he might be the first man in the county, aye, perhaps in the State. It is sufficient to say that his love, that was indeed but a selfish feeling, and sought his own gratification, not the welfare of the object, gradually cooled toward Caroline, and that at last he quitted her entirely. He paid her polite attention and respect whenever he met her, but he no longer sought her society, and when his attentions to her were mentioned before him, he turned it into a joke. "Nothing serious, oh! no, she was a fine girl, and any gentleman might like to attend her." Caroline heard this with anguish; but womanly pride, and maidenly delicacy, forbade her to proclaim her wrongs, or ask the sympathy of her companions. She affected to take the same tone, and laughed at the idea that a pleasant young man could not visit her family, or pay to her the common attentions of the *sex*, but it must be thought that he was to be married to her. Beneath this calm exterior, her soul was writhing in agony; she succeeded in concealing this anguish, but the struggle was killing her. Once, and once only, did she see him alone. It was in the middle of a lane, thickly hedged on each side with the savin, the wild pear, and the briar, that they met by accident; each paused, each felt a dread of the now inevitable interview. The deserter and the deserted, the wronger and the wronged, now met, with averted eyes and cold greetings, where they had walked with the sweetest feelings of honest affection and youthful confidence. But the die was cast, and mustering all his courage, Henry approached her with extended hand. "My dear Caroline, I have wished to see you; do not turn away, do not refuse to shake hands with me. You think me a heartless villain, but I will convince you with five words that I am the victim of circumstances. I repeat, I adore you—but fate has compelled me to give up the delightful hope of calling you my own. Still dear Caroline, I wish to retain your friendship. I entreat you not to refuse me. I would explain all to you, but it is another's secret. I can only say I am doom-

ed to expiate the folly of others. For your own sake treat me as I treat you. Let not the malignant fools that surround you, think that there has been aught but friendship between us. Though my heart breaks in the effort I will not give them that triumph over you. Let me be to you as a brother and friend." Caroline wept, she believed him, felt pity for his sorrow and indignation against those unknown agents who were the cause of it. She returned to her home with a lighter heart, for she felt satisfied that she was yet loved, and she could easier give up her love and her happiness whilst convinced that he loved her and suffered like herself, than endure the yet more bitter and more agonizing conviction, that he had ceased to love her; that her charms had lost their power, that her presence was unwelcome, her love despised, and that the object of her devotion loved another.

"Her rival—*here*—language has not a word
By women's ear so utterly abhorred."

This pang she thought he had spared her, and still confiding in his friendship and his judgment, she did controul her emotions, and answered the jests of her companions with *badi-nage* as light as their own. Perhaps there was a secret pride in showing her lover that she possessed a heart as firm—as proud as his own.

"One pang remained, perchance, tho' unconfess'd,
Some secret hope yet lingered in her breast,
But this, too, was destroyed."

His cousin, who *had* of late professed much friendship for her, and affected to believe that there never had been any sentiment warmer than friendship between her and Henry, now selected her for a confidant, and with great show of modesty and bashfulness informed her, that *she* should soon be married to her dear cousin, and requested Caroline to be her bridesmaid! With her eyes apparently bent on the roses she was pulling to pieces, she yet watched the countenance of Caroline, and, I fear, enjoyed the agony she saw pictured in every speaking lineament. At least Caroline thought so, as she caught that stealthy look, and she resolved to die before she would gratify her rival by a symptom of sorrow. One mental glance at the duplicity and deceit with which she had been treated, changed the deadly sickness of her heart into warm resentment, her pride enabled her to assume an air of calmness, as she congratulated her triumphant rival on her approaching marriage, and declared that she thought them formed for each other. Miss Barton seemed surprized and disconcerted, but rallied herself for another blow, and probably hoping to disturb the self-command of Caroline, said, "Oh, you flatter me, so superior as Henry is to all the gentlemen I know; I don't feel worthy of such devoted attachment. I used to think that *you* and he were formed for each other, and really wonder that he never fell in love with you. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I did suspect something of the kind, till he assured me that he never had felt any thing but as an acquaintance."

Again her eye was fixed on Caroline, but she was now on her guard, and answered gaily, "Oh, no! we should never suit at all: I like him very well as an acquaintance to flirt with,

but not as a lover. I beg your pardon; I don't mean any thing disparaging, but our dispositions are so different that we should not like the same person. But this will be a busy time, and as I am to have the honour of pulling off your glove, I must make preparations to look my best."

They parted. Caroline returned to her home and poured her agony into the sympathising bosom of her true friend—her mother. Mrs. Deans, a proud spirited woman, of respectable family, and formerly moving in a higher sphere than the parents of Henry Overton, was as indignant as her daughter, and feeling nothing herself but haughty contempt, forgot that Caroline loved, and fancying that their sentiments were alike, urged Caroline to appear the gay girl she formerly had been. She did not possess deep penetration, and saw not—suspected not—that the exertion was too much to require; that the chords of her heart were breaking one by one, and, instead of taking her from a scene where her temper was kept in constant irritation, and her feelings in constant tension, she made use of every incentive to excite her to "show by her behaviour that she was not a forsaken damsel," and exulted in her daughter's half delirious spirits, little thinking that her efforts to sustain them were sapping the seat of life.

I have already mentioned her conduct at the wedding, which her mother had declined attending, on pretence of a sprained ankle. Caroline was attended to her home by Doctor Hammond, who was settled in the village, and had long felt a *penchant* for her. Her mother was standing at the door, looking anxiously out into the moon-lighted path, when they approached; she gave the Doctor an invitation to enter and partake a cup of tea, which her maternal solicitude had provided for her daughter. The gentleman, more than ever fascinated by his beautiful companion, accepted the offer, and was soon seated by the table.

Caroline, after a glance of sorrowful reproach to her mother, seated herself, and complaining of fatigue and head-ache, took little share in the conversation, which was principally on the sprain of Mrs. Dean, as she had sufficient tact to avoid asking any thing about the wedding.

Anxious to please the mother of Caroline, Mr. Hammond offered to write a prescription for a bath that would relieve her immediately—materials for writing were placed upon the table, the prescription written, and Caroline drawing a sheet of paper before her, commenced writing upon it, uninterrupted by the others, who were discussing the comparative merits of some sort of herbs. At last, the Doctor, thinking he had sacrificed enough to policy, turned to Caroline, and said, "I have heard of the charming compositions of Miss Caroline's muse—I suppose she is now composing an epithalamium. Will you permit me the pleasure to peruse it?" With an air of gallantry he extended his hand for the paper. Caroline made no opposition, but gazed at him with such a wildly vacant manner, that he exclaimed, in alarm, "Miss Dean! good heavens, what is the matter?" With an unnatural peal of laughter, Caroline fell back in convulsions. Her mother sprang to her assistance, and by the aid of the Doctor, conveyed her into the next room and laid her on a bed. Mrs. Dean,

too much terrified for the moment to think of concealment, rushed up stairs, and summoned her only domestic, a stout girl, and her younger daughter. Her convulsions continuing in spite of the simple remedies at hand, Mr. Hammond said he would leave them for a moment till he could run to his office and procure some medicine. He was followed to the door by Mrs. Deans, who, even in that moment, was awake to the necessity of caution, and earnestly entreated him not to make known her daughter's illness to any person, as Caroline would never forgive it. Promising any thing she asked, he hastened to obtain every remedy he could lay his hands on, and returned in a very few moments to the bedside of the sufferer. What a sight awaited him! He told me these circumstances himself, and described his horror at seeing the unfortunate girl, her head supported on the bosom of her mother, the dark blood bubbling and foaming out of her mouth at every respiration. The mother groaning in anguish of spirit, her breast and hands covered with the blood of her darling child, who yet wore, as if in horrid mockery, the ornaments that decked her at the bridal. The wreath of roses, her admiring parent had twisted in her hair, yet remained there, though her comb had fallen out, and her dark locks, scarcely to be equalled for length and beauty, poured over her neck and dappled in her heart's blood. The Doctor, in his haste, had fortunately seized a small medicine chest which contained the necessary remedies, and he had the pleasure after a time, to see that the stiptics he administered produced their effect.

She raised her hand feebly to her brow, and feeling the roses, pulled them off, and holding them to her sister, said, with a faint smile, "Put them away, they will get soiled, and I shall want them to-morrow when I am married—none but white roses will do then." The Doctor interfered, prohibited her speaking, and besought her to lie quiet. "Well," said she, "I will, if mother will sing to me. Mother, dear mother, sing your child to sleep, as you did in old times—sing me 'Waly, Waly, love is bonny.'" "Sing!" exclaimed her mother, almost inarticulate with agony, the hot tears pouring in streams down her cheeks. "Yes, my dear madam, try if possible; her life depends upon keeping her quiet," said the Doctor. Her mother, mastering, by a strong effort, her grief and agitation, took her hand, and seating herself by her pillow, commenced her song.

Caroline had been celebrated for her musical abilities, and yet retained her sweet voice.—"Never," said the Doctor, "shall I forget the thrilling expression given by her mournful tones to the old song she sang to her dying daughter."

"Oh! Waly, Waly, love is bonny,

A little time while it is new,

But when its auld it waxes cold,

An' fades away like the morning dew.

I leant my back against an aik—

I thought it was a trusting tree,

But first it bent, and syne it brake—

Sae my true love proved false to me!"

"She sleeps," whispered her mother, pausing. The Doctor bent gently over and felt her pulse. She slept—yes, she slept in this world to awaken no more!

The Doctor hastened over to rouse me, and bring me to speak what consolation I could to the afflicted family. I could scarcely believe or comprehend him. Though I have witnessed so many sudden deaths, though I humbly endeavour to keep myself prepared should the dread summons be unexpectedly sent to myself, I could not realize that she, whom but an hour or two before I had seen radiant in health and beauty, was now a corpse. But, alas! I was too soon convinced of it!

"Oh, sir!" said the Doctor, "I am used to scenes of sickness, sorrow and suffering, but never did I feel so deeply affected as by the events of this night. She, whom I have so long admired—she, who but a few hours since was dancing gaily with me to strains of the liveliest music—she, whom I restored but an hour since apparently in health to the arms of her mother—is now stretched a cold corpse! Oh! what a sight it was—yet elegantly dressed—her dying head yet wreathed with flowers—her heart-broken mother, raising her quivering voice, to soothe with melody her expiring child—her young sister gazing with childish wonder and childish sorrow, then hiding her face and her sobs in the bed-clothes—never, no never, can I forget to-night!"

Day was breaking over the hills, as we entered the house of sorrow. The mother was standing at a table in the parlour, sealing a letter: she did not notice us, but turning to the girl who stood waiting her orders, gave her, with an air of firm determination, the papers, and said sternly, "Do as I told you—not a word more or less, or you will repent it!" The bewildered looking girl took the letter, and darted out of the house without reply. The mother, her strength apparently failing when her object was accomplished, tottered to a chair, where she sat in speechless, tearless agony. I seated myself by her side and attempted to take her hands, but they were firmly clasped over her bosom, and I shuddered to see her still wet with the crimson-tide that had flowed in the veins of Caroline. I could not essay the common topics of condolence; there was a desolate grandeur in her look and attitude that seemed to say, she relied on her own powers of mind for calmness and consolation. She paid no attention to what I said—I do not think she ever heard it.

Mr. Hammond beckoned me to the other room, and I gazed with awe on the spectacle there presented. The early beams of morning were glancing through the window, and brought fully to view every ghastly object.

We grow so familiar with death from our very infancy, that it ceases to fill our bosoms with that horror it once did, unless accompanied by something singular and dreadful. Appearances are almost every thing, and usurp, in many instances, the horrors of reality. We pass every day, unheeding and un pitying, the victims of genuine grief and real misfortune, to have our feelings delightfully harrowed—our commiseration and tears excited, by the dressed-up woes, the imitation agonies of the theatre. There is an inordinate and unhealthy craving in the human mind for excitement that is never satisfied, but like the opium eaters of the East, requires larger and larger doses, to stimulate its sensibilities. It is this, that while it is over common deaths,

as indeed things of course, throws a horrible fascination over murders—executions—tortures, and suicide! Even to me, the scene on which I now gazed had a dreadful excitement. To see that young and lovely girl, whose amiable qualities and winning manners had made her an universal favourite, extended breathless before me, still wrapped in the shining satin, spotted with dark splashes of blood—still adorned with her highly prized ornaments, that glittered in the sunbeam, like gilding on a tomb-stone.

Kneeling by the bed-side, with her face hid in her arms, was the young sister of the dead. Mr. Hammond took her by the hand and looking at her swola countenance, kindly bade her retire and try to sleep—"You will be sick, and your mother has enough to bear without more afflictions." He led her to the door, and then returned to me. "Some one should be sent for to perform the last sad duties," said he; "but poor Mrs. Deans seems unable to speak or give directions; with your approbation, I will go myself and speak to Mrs. Woodbury and another to come over." Left alone with the dead, I knelt by her side, and poured out my feelings in supplications for the living, and if a prayer for the departed did mingle with my orisons, contrary to the stern tenets of our church, I trust the "tear of the recording angel will blot it out," if I offended.

The house door opened, and I heard the mother, in a tone of concentrated emotion, demand, "Did you see him—Did you give it to him?" "Yes," said a woman's voice, "he was up—he was the first person I saw—I did just as you told me—I put it into his hands, and run home; but he is coming after me, I looked back and he was behind me." "Go into the kitchen and light your fire," was the response, and I sighed to see how the every day occupations went on in spite of death; the birds were twittering and singing cheerfully from the eaves and the vine-covered porch. I almost wondered how they could be so heartless; her watch, too, lay busily ticking on a chair, part of a chain, with its fairy links wrenched apart, yet attached to it, the other half still fastened to her dress and encircling her marble throat.

My reflections were interrupted by a man's step rapidly approaching and entering the house. I thought it was the Doctor, but was surprised at hearing the voice of Henry Overton, speaking, and in anger, to Mrs. Deans.

"I have come, ma'am, to return the lines which Miss Caroline so strangely sent me this morning; I thought she had more delicacy than to do such a thing. Had they fallen into any body's hands but my own, the consequences would have been very unpleasant both to her and myself, and I trust this is the last thing of the sort I shall be troubled with!"

I was about to make my appearance and interfere, when I was prevented by the answer of the indignant woman.

"You had better put them into Caroline's own hand—she is in there!"

"No, it is of no consequence; I do not want to quarrel," said he.

"But it is of consequence," said she. The door was pushed open, and Mrs. Deans almost dragged him into the apartment.

"There," shrieked she, "Man—look *there*, and see your work! See my angel child—ten thousand times more lovely, more excellent, than the woman for whom you murdered her! Listen! while I lay upon you the malediction of a heart-broken mother! May you never again—"

"Stop, nor blaspheme your Maker!" cried I, rushing forward and catching her uplifted hand; "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it."

"I thank you!" exclaimed she, "your words have sanctified my curse, and it *will* be repaid."

Mr. Overton had stood for a moment as if bewildered, then staggering to the bed, he gazed long and wildly, as if to be certain it was not an imposition. Alas! the pallid cheek, the white lip, and the bloodless ear, while all around was stained with crimson, told the tale too plainly; with a deep groan he fell against the bedstead, and, before I could catch him, to the floor.

I called on Mrs. Deans to assist me in removing him to the next room, but she indignantly refused.

"I would not touch him for the wealth of worlds! No! let him lie at the feet of her his black hearted treachery killed! Would to God he might never move again!"

I was shocked at this vindictive feeling, and spoke to her severely upon her duties as a Christian, and the injury it would do to the fair fame of her departed daughter; the latter consideration seemed to strike her, and she handed me some water and a bottle of cologne, with which I plentifully wet his face, and forced some into his mouth. He soon gave signs of returning consciousness, rose, and supported by my arm, left the house.

"Are you well enough to walk home," said I, "or shall I go with you?"

"Yes, I am well now; I never fainted before; I—I—am always sick at the sight of blood. I thank you, but I had rather be alone; I do not know why Mrs. Deans sent for me, I'm sure I never—"

He stopped, for he saw by my looks that I was disgusted with his behaviour. I left him and returned to the house, where some women at this moment arrived from the neighbouring houses. I endeavoured to get the mother to converse with me, that I might turn her thoughts to a more fitting channel, but declaring herself unable at that time, she requested me to come at another opportunity.

I had picked up from the floor the paper that Mr. Overton wished to return, which I immediately knew to be the very letter I had seen Mrs. Deans send in the morning. I mentioned it to the doctor, who accompanied me home, and we agreed that it was necessary that we should peruse it, that we might better know how to conduct ourselves in this disagreeable and sorrowful business. I had no sooner opened it than the doctor exclaimed, "That is the very paper she was writing at the moment she was seized with convulsions! I know it by my own writing on the back; I had begun to write, but took another sheet."

With redoubled interest, I now perused the sad record of her latest feelings, and my heart bled to think how wretched—how despairing *her's* must have been to make her write so bitterly. I

will transcribe the lines, for I shall return the original to her mother.

I know he is not happy—for I saw it in his eye;
I heard it in the hollow laugh, that just concealed a sigh!

I felt it in the fever'd hand, that in the dance touched mine;

I saw the goblet tremble as he quaffed the bridal wine!
I know he does not love her—I read it in his look;
Alas! too long—too fatally—I've conn'd that treacherous book!

Those who have loved so fondly, can never love again,
Although the links are sundered—they drag the broken chain;

Yes! in the halls of mirthfulness—in hours of giddy glee—

Thou'lt feel the iron in thy heart, and shuddering think of me!

Yes! even when thy lip is pressed to that of thy young bride,

There will be one unbidden guest—I shall be by thy side.

And let her watch thy slumbers—when her hand is clasped in thine;

Then, if thou murmur'st a name, be sure that name is mine!

And I—the wrong'd forsaken one—I still will pity thee;

For thou wilt bear for years the pang—the grave will end for me.

Saturday.

I have been over to see Mrs. Deans, her mind is in a sad state; I said every thing to soothe her, that I thought justifiable, but she listened to all I said with a calm apathetic manner that shocked me. Her mind was evidently pre-occupied, and when I paused, she asked me if I thought her brains unsettled, or if I thought her in possession of her senses. I told her there was nothing, I was sure, in what I had said, to give rise to such an idea, unless she wished to intimate that the Christian truths I had offered to her notice were such as to shock her.

"Oh, no! God forbid! but I have a reason for asking you the question that in no way concerns yourself or what you have been so good as to say to me."

"Certainly," said I, though I confess, with some twitches of conscience, "I am sure I do not see but that you are sane."

"Then you will not regard what I now say as the ravings of a mad woman; I tell you that neither Henry Overton or his deceitful wife shall attend the funeral of my last treasure. I could not bear it; and should I see them, I should proclaim her wrongs and his perfidy to all assembled!"

I was shocked at this determination, but combated it in vain. In vain I reminded her of the mild precepts of our meek Saviour—of the duty of forgiveness—nay of the impolicy, in a worldly view, of such denunciation. I could obtain no other answer than "I will do it if they dare to brave me by coming; let them take the consequences; they have murdered her—yes! they have as much murdered her as if they had plunged a dirk into her bosom; and shall I, her mother, suffer her pale remains to be insulted by the presence of her assassins? Never! never! Talk not of it. I have sworn it, and I will keep my oath. Yes! my precious one! I have sworn it over your lifeless body! others may break their faith, but your mother will keep her's!"

I was compelled to desist, and left her, uncertain what steps to pursue. I called upon Dr. Hammond to commune with him; I had scarcely stated my dilemma, when he told me that the matter was already arranged, as Mr. Overton and his bride would set out in the morning on a bridal tour. Relieved by this intelligence, we conversed on the circumstances for some time, and by comparing notes, we threw light upon various points that had before seemed obscure. The Dr. had himself formerly loved and wished to marry her, but had been rejected for Overton, whose jealousy had prohibited her from associating with other gentlemen unless he was present. His requests were laws with her, and during his absence at college, she had abstained from every amusement, however healthful or innocent, rather than give him a moment's pain.

The Doctor showed me some lines he had composed, or that, as he said, had come into his mind, on the sad scene of her death. I begged them of him and copy them below.

Dear mother! let me weep to-night,
For I must laugh to-morrow;
Nay! do not think your child so weak,
As thus to show her sorrow.
I will not shed one tear of grief,
When he 's wedded to another;
But, oh! to-night you'll let me weep
Upon your breast, my mother!

Among her young and joyous mates
She seem'd the lightest hearted!
But gone the merry smile and glance,
When the bridal train departed.
Her stern resolve that checked the tear,
Sustained her to her mother's door;
Then, feeling none but friends were near,
Convuls'd she sank upon the floor.

Still fainter grew her failing frame,
And, as her kindred o'er her bent
In misery,—half unconsciously—
She wildly pour'd her last lament.
“Young sister! shed no tears,
Nor breathe a sigh of sorrow;
But gather ye fresh flowers—
For I'll be wed to-morrow!

“And see that spotless are,
The blossoms of your wreath;
For pure and stainless aye should be,
Thy bridal chaplet—Death!
I am not craz'd—but yet
My brain is growing wild.
Come, mother, come! and once again,
Sing to repose—your child!

“Yes! chant some nursery tale,
‘Twill tell of days long fled.”
She was obeyed—but ere the song
Was ended—she was dead.
Farewell to life's romantic dream!
Farewell the hope that named thee mine!
Light be the turf above thy head,
Lamented—injured—Caroline!

Sunday Evening.

The sad ceremony is over; I have seen the form of the unfortunate Caroline deposited in that small enclosure, where hundreds now repose, and where in a few years I shall, probably, rest beside her.

Dec. 25, 1812.

I have just returned from eating my Christmas dinner at Mr. Overton's; I have not seen him for several years till this week. He removed soon after his marriage to Newport, where he has been very successful in mercantile pursuits. Now that the scourge of war is upon our shores, and the fleets of Great Britain threatening our commerce, he has returned to the home of his father, and taken possession of his patrimony. His father is dead, but his mother has continued to reside here. I saw them at meeting on Sunday, and could scarcely recognise the gay, elegant young man, I had formerly known, in the bustling important looking person before me. Mrs. Overton, too, has grown into a fat peony-faced dame, but their daughter—their only child, is as lovely a creature as I ever beheld. I looked from the squire's pew to that formerly occupied by Mrs. Deans and her family; it is directly opposite, across the broad aisle; it happened to be empty; poor Mrs. Deans has long been laid beside her daughter, and little Lucy went far away to some distant relations. I wondered if *they* thought of Caroline, or felt a moment's compunction at seeing her place empty?

I received a note, requesting me to partake of their Christmas dinner. I wish to be in charity with all men, and accepted the invitation. I fancied there would be some constraint in our meeting, but I was mistaken; he seemed to have forgotten former scenes and persons, in the constant good fortune that had attended him. It was natural that we should talk over old times, and former friends, but I sedulously avoided mentioning what I thought would pain him. I might have spared my solicitude. We were looking at the pictures he had sent down, one of them, a beautiful Madonna, seemed familiar to my eye.

“Don't it resemble some one whom you formerly knew?” said Mrs. Overton. I hesitated.

“Mrs. Overton thinks it resembles Caroline Deans, whom we knew formerly,” said he, carelessly, “but in my opinion it is much handsomer than ever she was!”

I was shocked, and had not his daughter been present, whose young heart I would not pain, I should have answered him reproachfully. Can it be that I alone remember the things gone by? Can it be that what is so vividly impressed upon my heart and recollection, is but as a dream to others? It is true I have lived a life of humble usefulness, my journeying and my adventures bounded by my parish, while they have been abroad into the world, adventuring in the great lottery of fortune, and mixing with strangers; but I cannot think that any event could erase from my mind the death-bed of Caroline. He has been a prosperous man; fortune has poured in upon him, and he has an amiable and beautiful daughter, on whom both parents lavish the affection they do not feel for each other. But the ways of heaven are inscrutable, nor is it for men to question them.

October 15, 1815.

I had a singular dream last night; I dreamed of Mrs. Deans. I have dreamed of Caroline,

but never before of her mother. I thought she came to me laughing and gaily attired, and handing me a mourning dress, such as she always wore after the death of Caroline, bade me present it with her compliments to Henry Overton! Strange I should have such a dream! but I have been rather ill for a few days, and when the bodily organs are out of order they operate upon—

Evening.

How much more misery is it my lot to witness? Even while writing the above I was burst in upon by a messenger, who entreated me to go to the great house—Overton Hall—as its vain possessor called it, for Miss Adelaide was dead—Mrs. Overton in fits, and Mr. Overton ready to kill every body he saw! I stopped to ask no questions, but with dreadful forebodings, put on my cloak and followed the messenger as fast as my aged limbs would permit me. Alas! alas! what a house of mourning! There, on a bed, her face blackened and her features distorted by convulsions, lay the envied heiress—the beautiful Adelaide. Her hands grasped with the death agony the splendid curtains that, torn from the bedstead, lay dragging partly on the floor. The delicate muslin of her dress was rent and spotted, and a broken phial lay by the bed-side. Her father was there, “alone within the chamber of the dead.” I started to see him, for a few hours had done on him the work of time. His features had collapsed; his usually florid tint had given place to a death-like paleness; his eye was wild and bloodshot, and in his trembling hand he grasped a pistol, that he turned alternately toward the door and his own forehead. Horror renewed the strength of which age had robbed me. Rushed in, seized and disarmed him. He gazed at me for a moment with an idiotic stare, then consciousness and expression returned to his countenance—the consciousness of guilt and misery—the expression of despair. He dashed away my hand, and pointing to the bed, yelled out, “Look there! look there! Do you pity me? do you pity me? or like the fiends around, do you whisper—retribution!”

Appalled at the dreadful spectacle, I knew not what to say; I felt that the words of consolation and comfort at this moment would be mockery. Loud shrill screams of heartfelt anguish rose, wild and long, from the adjoining apartment; they were the cries of Mrs. Overton; and seemed to excite her wretched husband to renewed agony. He grasped and shook the bedstead, against which he leaned, with frantic violence; something slipped from the mass of drapery and fell upon the floor. I stooped and picked it up; it was the miniature of a young and handsome man. The father's eye glanced upon the countenance; he tore it from my hand, dashed it upon the floor, and trampled on it with the gesture of a madman. The white foam, speckled with blood, flew from his lips as his muttered execrations rose louder and louder till they thrilled me with terror. “Wretch—villain—betrayer—would to God I could trample upon your heart as I trample upon your accursed likeness! Oh! that I could see you dying before me in agonies like my own—that I might laugh at your pangs as you have laughed at *hers*! But I will have vengeance! I will crush your

black soul from your worthless body as I crush *this*! May the bitter curse of a bereaved parent light on you! May your—” Paralyzed almost to imbecility, I yet had power to catch his arm and cry, “Forbear! oh, forbear! ‘curse not that ye be not cursed!’ ‘Vengeance is mine saith the Lord!’” I paused, struck by the singular coincidence. Memory poured back its returning waves, and brought to mind, that eighteen years before, I had stood with my present companion by the death-bed of youth and beauty—that with these very words I had endeavoured to arrest the curse of a *bereaved parent* upon this very man, who was now hurling maledictions against another. The curse was, indeed, fulfilled—but *woman* was still the victim. The unhappy man stood motionless; to *him*, too, had come the reminiscences of other days. The storm of passion had left his brow, but was succeeded by an expression of acute sufferings—of utter wretchedness, that told plainly the withering of the heart's core. “Yes,” said he, in a subdued tone that spoke volumes: ‘Vengeance is mine saith the Lord,’ and fully hath he repaid it!”

A MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY SONG.

TO HER FIRST BORN.

Beauteous and most beloved!

The year that dawned upon thy birth
On rosy wings hath lightly moved;
And still thy healthful hue, thy buoyant mirth,
Gladden thy mother's conscious heart,
Oh, could'st thou ever be what now thou art!

But vain the wish and wild—

The stroke of suffering or of woe,
Must reach the mother through the child;
And thou, unconscious babe! thou, too, must know
The general doom; thou, too, must share
Man's common heritage of toil and care.

Dear as thou art, and dear

As to thy father's heart and mine
Thou ever must be, yet the tear,
From which we cannot shield, may soon be thine;
And pain on that sweet open brow
May set a seal, though all is sportive now.

But, oh! thou loveliest flower!

Though blasts may bruise thy slender stem,
Or winter's bleak, ungenial shower
Weigh to the dust thy scarce-expanding gems;
Still is the root secure in earth,
Still lives the promise of a brighter birth!

Hence at thy natal hour,

'Tis not the anxious mother's prayer
That far from thee may fall the shower,
The cloud sail o'er thee, and the tempest spare,
Nor that thy life may glide away,
Unvexed by cares, a cloudless summer day!

The path to heavenly light

Through darkness leads; a breath divine
Succeeds the struggle and the fight,
Oh, may that light, sweet babe! that wreath be thine!
And to the mother's prayer be given
To hail her first-born child, the child of heaven.

THE FEMALE COSTUME IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.



THE costume of the ladies of the reign of Edward IV. was no whit behind that of their lords in extravagance or splendour. Monstrelet tells us, that, about the year 1467, the ladies left off the fashion of wearing tails to their gowns, and in their room substituted borders of letice and marten skins, or of velvet and other materials, as wide and sometimes wider than a whole breadth of the stuff. They wore on their heads round caps, gradually diminishing to the height of half an ell, or three quarters, as some had them with loose kerchiefs atop, hanging down sometimes as low as the ground. They began to wear their girdles of silk much larger than they were accus-

tomed to do, with the clasps more sumptuous, and collars or chains of gold about their necks much quainter than before ("plus coinement"), and in a greater variety. Paradin says the ladies ornamented their heads with certain rolls of linen (he calls them "fontanges"), pointed like steeples, generally half, and sometimes three quarters of an ell in height. These were called by some, great butterflies, from having two large wings on each side resembling those of that insect. The high cap was covered with a fine piece of lawn hanging down to the ground, the greater part of which was tucked under the arm.



The ladies of a middle rank wore caps of cloth, consisting of several breadths or bands twisted round the head, with two wings on the sides like ape's ears; others again, of a higher condition, wore caps of velvet half a yard high, which in these days would appear very strange and unseemly.

It is not an easy matter, continues the author, to give a proper description in writing of the different fashions in the dresses of the ladies, and he refers the readers to the ancient tapestry and painted glass, in which they may see them more perfectly represented. "To these he might have added," says Mr. Strutt, "the illuminated MSS., wherein they are frequently enough to be met with;" but his readers might have satisfied themselves still more completely, as indeed ours may do, by a glance at the costume of Normandy. The peasantry of Rouen, Caen, Caux, &c., to this day wear the identical steeple caps with the butterflies' wings that, three hundred and sixty years ago, towered upon the heads of the gentle dames of Paris and London. The evanescent caprice of some high-born fair has given a national costume to the paysannes of Normandy, who have reverently copied for nearly four centuries the head-dress worn by their mothers before them.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, has a pleasant letter on this subject, comparing the steeple head-dress to the *commode* or *tower* of his day; and, following Paradin, he says, "The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, Thomas Coneecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous *commode*; and succeeded so well in it that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people, the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the woman on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution, and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was amongst them, it began to appear again some months after his departure; or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words,—the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over."

In a MS. copy of Froissart, in the Harleian Library, a waggish illuminator has ridiculed the steeple cap and its appendages by drawing in the margin a swine walking upon stilts, and playing the harp: its head being decorated after the prevailing fashion. By the sumptuary laws of this reign the wives of esquires and gentlemen, knights, bachelors and knights under the rank of lord, unless they were knights of the Garter, were forbidden to wear cloth of gold, velvet upon vel-

vet, furs of sable, or any kind of *corse*s worked with gold, and to the former was forbidden the use of figured satins, and even of stuffs made in imitation of it, or of the finer cloths of velvet or gold. The wives of persons not having the yearly value of forty pounds, and widows of less possession, their daughters, &c. were forbidden to wear girdles ornamented with gold, silver, or gilt work, or any *corse* of silk made out of the realm, or any coverchief exceeding a certain price, or the furs of martens, foynes, and lettrice, with a variety of minor prohibitions. The word *corse* is said by Strutt to mean here the corset or stays, it being derived from the French *corps*; and a pair of stays, consequently called at first a *pair of bodies*, from whence our word *bodice*. Something like a bodice certainly appears about this time, that is to say, the body of the dress is visibly laced in front over a sort of stomacher, as in Switzerland and many parts of the Continent to this day; but any kind of "corse worked with gold," we take simply to mean any kind of bodies (of gowns) so embroidered, and not a corset or pair of stays, though probably their origin. The expression, "any *corse* of silk made out of the realm," has, however, certainly no reference to stays or even to the body of a gown; for in Richard III.'s time there was an order for "one yard three quarters corse of silk meddled with gold," and "as much black corse of silk for our spurs." So that corse here seems to signify the quality of the silk itself.

Figs. *a* and *b*, from Royal MS. 14, E. 2; *c*, Ibid. 19, E. 5, dated 1478; *d*, Ibid. 15, E. 4, dated 1483; *e*, Harleian, MS. 4373; the others from Cotton collection, Nero, D. 9.

THE LADY BRIDE* PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. CRAWEORD.

The Lady Bride Plantagenet
Her vesper hymn has sung,
And knight and bard in hall are met,
And harps are gaily strung:
But where is he whom beauty's eye
Has watched for all the day,—
The brightest star of chivalry,
The gallant knight, De Grey!

The Lady Bride Plantagenet
Has clasp'd her jewell'd zone,
And prison'd in a golden net
Her lovely locks of brown;
The bugle sounds, the portal rings,
The pages throng the way;
"Now what so late to wassail brings
The gallant knight, De Grey?"

His helm is off—his lofty brow
Is gory all and pale;
An arrow from his rival's bow
Had pierc'd his glittering mail;
He looked upon his weeping bride,
But word he could not say;
He sank within her arms and died,
The gallant knight, De Grey.

* Bride was a name much given to females in the olden times.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

"Brethren," she exclaimed in an animated tone, "I come to your dwelling unprotected; if the arms of your warriors are only employed to revenge wrongs or to prove your prowess and your valour, not raised against the weak or the defenceless, then I have no reason to fear, for I have never done you wrong, and therefore cannot be an object of vengeance, and 'twere greater glory to chase the bear and the panther through your woods, than to rend the tresses from a head like this." As she spoke, she threw back her calash, and entwined her long ringlets in her snow white hands, her eyes shone sparkling and undaunted, her form was erect and dignified, for well she judged that courage, even in a woman, would win their respect, and more certainly ensure her safety, than all the tears that Niobe ever shed. The savages retired, and spoke in a loud tone for a few minutes, during which time our heroine alighted; still she preserved the Boadicea-like bearing which she had assumed, no trace of the simple and timid girl could be found. Calmly she stood until the consultation of the Indians was ended, then one advanced and addressed her:—

"The white maiden tells us true, we make no war with women, she is safe as the Redbreast in its nest—but why does she wander here?"

"To seek her brother, who has been adopted by one of your tribes. I mean the white youth, Drayton Mowbray."

Hardly had she uttered the name when that brother appeared, and hastily making his way through the groups of Indians, he stood before her. All her dignity and firmness forsook her, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Nicholas supported her. She looked with a mixture of fondness and terror at the renegade, who continued silent and apparently unmoved. After a pause of a moment, he demanded,

"Why come ye hither, Ada? Why have ye left your easy home to brave the roughness of the wilderness?"

"Why, brother, does not your heart answer the question, why indeed have I left my blessed home, my dying father—but to follow one who cares not for me."

"Brethren, leave us for a time, we cannot give the timid fawn a lion's heart, we cannot make this tender maiden suppress the fears which she has imbibed—things that you know not nor dream of to her are dear; when ye are absent she will regain her strength." They slowly obeyed, but Ada's heart beat with fresh apprehensions for she fancied she could perceive a malignant look gleam from the eyes of the savages as they were leaving the spot. It was, in truth, a fearful scene—she watched them eagerly while their uncouth forms vanished into their huts, upon which the sun shed its full flood of radiance as it descended behind the sombre woods. Yet she commanded her feelings until she and Nicholas were alone with the adopted Indian. With shrinking emotion she surveyed his form—it was changed, sadly changed since they had parted—

the dark eye which then sparkled with intelligence, had altered its expression to one of mingled keenness and grandeur. The lips which had been cast in a feminine mould, were now compressed, and gave an unbending harshness to a face of superior beauty. The open forehead, the arched brow were still there, but alas! even the disgusting custom of disfiguring the face by paint, had not been neglected. Yet discontent and care had left their marks, and a look was legible which seemed to the anxious sister to say, "Time has past with me but roughly since I saw thee last."—"My brother," uttered the trembling girl, "my brother, dost thou not remember when we were children, we had a plant we loved, in that little garden beneath my mother's window. We tended it carefully, and oh! how we rejoiced when upon one of its tiny stalks two buds appeared—they expanded into flowers—on my birth day we called the hardier of the two. How fared it with the one remaining?—it drooped and died. Just emblem of our lives—I am that lonely flower. Thou hast forsaken me, and I must droop and perish. Oh! my brother, canst thou behold me here in the midst of fearful danger, and say no word to comfort or cheer me?"

"Ada, the life I have adopted is the one of my choice, to you it is repugnant; we may both follow the dictates of our hearts. The dove builds her nest in the foliage of the tree, while the lark arranges hers upon the earth. Go thou and pursue the plan which thou preferrest, even as they do. Leave me to mine, and forget me."

"Is that nature? Are we so constituted that we can forget? What, forget the very ties which are interwoven with our existence. The very affections which elevate us above the brute. Brother, cease I beseech thee, these wanderings of fancy. The rights of nature must be still acknowledged in your heart, and to them I appeal. Can you behold me worn and exhausted, far from home and friends, and still preserve that chilling aspect, that look of stern apathy?"

Drayton caught his sister in his arms; her feelings, long suppressed; overcame her, and she wept bitterly: even the brother's eyes were moist. She saw that he was moved, but renewed her efforts to draw his thoughts towards home, but he silenced her.

"Come, my sister, darkness throws her veil around us. You require rest and refreshment. I will seek accommodation for you to-night, since you have lodged so roughly lately, you will be able to repose beneath our wigwam."

Ada was too faint to oppose his wish of dropping the theme at this moment, and she assented to his desire. Fondly his arm encircled her waist, her head reclined upon his shoulder, and followed by Nicholas, they moved towards the huts. To Ada's excited imagination, she seemed to be placed in some scene of dark enchantment. The glaring visages of the savages as they flitted to and fro before the large fires at

which they dressed their coarse victuals, while others seated on the grass looked fierce and grim before the fitful blaze. Her brother conducted her to a hut in which two females were seated. The elder of the women was watching a kettle suspended over a wood fire, in which some vegetable was boiling; the younger sat upon a low stool lulling a babe to rest. In the far corner of the apartment lay two children sleeping. The women regarded Ada with a keen gaze of curiosity. Drayton spoke in a low tone to the female who was at the fire. Ada supposed he was consulting with her respecting the best means of accommodating her for the night, she approached the mother of the babe, and offered her some of the trinkets which she had brought with her—they were eagerly accepted and admired. The other female left Drayton, and Ada presented her also with beads and rings. They who have gifts to bestow, can always conciliate, whether in the untutored or civilized world, and Ada fancied she was now regarded with more gentle looks. Some cakes of Indian corn were set before her, which, with some milk, constituted her supper. She eat heartily, notwithstanding her strange and alarming situation.

"Can you partake of the unsavoury viands of those children of nature," asked Drayton, "who know not how to please the pampered appetite. Their food is made to supply our real, but not our artificial wants."

"The coarsest morsel can I eat for my brother's sake. The richest or most delicate could not content me if deprived of his love." Drayton replied not; and soon he left her to prepare her resting place. Gladly did she retire to it, rejoiced to escape from the sinister glances of the savages, who evidently viewed her with distrust or dislike. Drayton's presence, however, appeared sufficient to protect her now, and she hoped such might be the case, while she was exposed to danger from them. Soundly she slept, even on her rude couch, and morning found her mind and body invigorated. Determined to lose no time in probing her brother's heart, lest indeed, her father's eyes might be closed by strangers' hands, she decided upon that day making every possible exertion to remove his blind infatuation. Part of an old carpet and a coarse blanket formed a partition between the corner of the hut allotted for her use and the apartment (if such it might be termed) which was occupied by the members of the Indian family. Through one of its numerous openings, our heroine could perceive that the sole occupants of the wigwam at present were herself, the old woman and the children. She, therefore, seated herself on her bed, hoping to see her brother enter before she encountered the Indians. Two hours rolled heavily on. Once during that period, Tamaha, the mother of the children, came into the hut; when she had soothed her babe, and refreshed herself, she returned to her labour in the fields. Soon after Ada saw some of the males enter and depart. At length came Drayton, accompanied by Nicholas. His long absence had in some measure abated the ardour of her hopes—if the links of nature were not wholly severed, would he not have come to her soon?—she feared so; but, recalling her composure, she hastened to meet her brother, and was soon locked

in his embrace. "Mahera," he said, "will you not give our white maiden food?"

Mahera nodded in the affirmative, and the two elder children came near and gazed with wonder on the stranger. She drew forth her lessened hoard of glittering baubles, and gave them to the delighted boys. "Do you like them?" asked Drayton, addressing the eldest, whom he had taught to speak English.

"Yes, but I like to look at her better; her eyes are brighter than those beads, and she is very, very pretty. Did the Great Spirit send her here?"

"Yes," replied Ada, solemnly; "the Great Spirit did indeed send me here."

"What for? To bring us corn and cooling fruits was it? I am sure it was for good, you look so pretty."

"He will tell you one day why I came," she said, pointing to her brother.

Soon as an opportunity offered, she petitioned for an interview with her brother, uninterrupted by witnesses. He wished to shun the subject, but so urgently did she press it, that she obtained her point. From the entrance of the wigwam he directed her to the spot where they should meet, when the fervid blaze of noon was past.

* * * * *

The day had been one of alternate storm and sunshine. Large clouds moved in solemn grandeur over the deep blue expanse of heaven. No breeze fanned the leaves. The surrounding woods and hills looked serene and still—smoothly glided the silver Ohio, now seen, now lost, as it wandered through vale and forest. Far from being in unison with the scene were the hearts of the brother and sister as they met beneath the tuft of trees which Drayton had selected to shade them from the sun, and also to screen them from the observation of the Indians. It was some time before either could commence a conversation on a topic of such painful interest as theirs was likely to prove. Drayton was first to introduce it, apparently desirous to dispel her hopes, if she entertained any, of weaning him from the pursuits he had embraced. "Ada," he said, "if you have come hither with any idea of drawing me back to the world I have left, I tell you plainly to banish it. The ways of man, filled as they are with vanity, I despise. I pass over the mass of mankind, and examine the actions of those whose brilliant achievements are held up to dazzle and warp the mind of youth, and lead them to view deeds of selfishness and wrong with veneration and delight. In the glories of an Alexander the unprejudiced mind will behold murders for which a poor man would have been detested. In the courage of Semiramis I see only the extravagant and wild ambition of a woman, endowed with power, and as the event proved, aspiring to stretch it beyond all natural limits, thereby destroying tens of thousands. The first Brutus sacrificed his son to the vanity of being deemed a patriot—the second stabbed his friend from the same noble motive. Perish such records—fit illustrations of a civilized world—away with them. The life of free, unfettered nature I reverence, and that which I reverence I will adopt."

"Without one thought of me or of your father, Drayton? If you could witness the anguish you

have caused—if you could see him in premature old age, sinking to the grave, yearning to hold his son once more in his arms, and bless him ere he died, you would say the unfettered laws of nature impelled you to his side.”

“My father and I have different views on every subject. Four years since, when I was scarcely sixteen, he would have nailed me to the drudgery of the desk.—Ada, I have heard of tortures practised upon criminals, one of which was to confine the poor wretch in an iron box, too small by far to permit him to expand his limbs, and in this crushed and tightened state he was caged until he died. That iron box my father prepared for me, not for my body, but for my soul.”

Ada was appalled by the bitterness of her brother's words. “Father of Heaven,” she exclaimed, “give words to my tongue to move this parricide. Yes, brother, that is the very word—Parricide! for you would destroy your father's happiness, his life, and his good name! The various occupations of your fellow men were open to you. You were free to choose, but you rejected all. If my father had been informed that you preferred any other he would not have urged you to adopt his own.”

“None were preferred by me, they all led to the same vain useless purpose. Was there one by which I could have gained a subsistence if thrown in these wilds?—No, not one. I had hands given me by nature, but I was ignorant of their use—I had powers bestowed upon me, but I was not made acquainted with them until I came amongst those who pursued the untutored dictates of their reason, and sought not, by first creating wants, to be afterwards compelled to invent arts to supply them.”

“You had nobler faculties granted to you; faculties which you have buried and degraded. Can you indeed resolve to live here without aiming at the perfection of your nature to which all good men aspire? Can you leave your dearest friends, to waste your days amongst those savages whose most boasted virtue consists in a fierce desire to revenge injuries, and above all, can you forsake the sublime truth of the Gospel for the horrible idolatries of these ignorant beings?”

“The desire of vengeance is implanted by the hand of nature.”

“Perhaps amongst the evils incurred by Adam's fall, that desire may have stolen into our hearts; but, he who came to save us, whose pure life must win even the reverence of heathens, displayed the beautiful lesson of forbearance. True, our nature may lead us to revenge, but we are raised above our native bitterness, we approach one step nearer to perfection when meekly we forgive those who injure, and do good to those who hate us.”

“Sister, have you often seen or heard of Christians practising this sublime precept? Are not the instances of their conduct resembling that of those poor Indians, more frequent?”

“Alas! yes; but, should that withhold us from urging their utility. If each man say that others do not forbear, and therefore he need not, he uses a shallow and fallacious argument. Banish, my brother, these mists of error from your mind—forsake these outcast wanderings and you will bring peace and happiness to our father's heart, and self esteem to your own.”

“Your aunt Arundel made you somewhat more than a housewife, Ada. My mother used to fear that your mind would remain void of culture, under her tuition.”

“My aunt tried to make me what every American girl ought to be; she knew that we have calls upon our endurance which the ladies on the other side the Atlantic know not of. My lot may be to encounter the inconveniences and perils of a newly settled part of the country, and she taught me to prepare myself to meet them. I fear I have but badly profited by her lessons, but I trust her precepts may be urged throughout the land; they would tend to make the female character at once amiable and respectable—we should be firm without boldness—competent to depend upon ourselves, where courage was necessary, yet so imbued with lessons from a higher source as to be humble, modest and unassuming.”

“Return, Ada, to your father; with such a daughter he may well spare a son like me. Yet stay; there is one to share the advantages of my aunt's education. I mean that magnanimous youth who gave me this wound.” He held forth his arm while he spoke.

“Forgive him, Drayton; do not hold ill will towards him for what he did in my supposed defence. Forgive me, too. Had I known that it was my brother, against whose life his hand was raised, I would have sacrificed my own to have preserved him.”

“I believe you would; but, as this is our parting hour, let us forego these useless arguments. Let me, in holding my sister to my heart, for the last, last time, forget that there is one who is dearer to her than her brother, who will banish from her remembrance the hours of childhood, when we two loved fervently and purely as those beings who inhabit yon bright abode.”

“The last time, Drayton; oh! say not so, all earthly love is nothing to the hope of bringing you back. I need not blush to own to you that I have given my heart to one who is worthy of it. That we loved sincerely and believed a separation would doom us both to misery, is true. Yet for thee have I forsaken him, his grief or his entreaties could not detain me from my brother. Come, Drayton,” she continued, flinging her arms round him, “let not a stranger's hands rob thee of thy right to close thy father's eyes. Oh! perhaps even now that fatal moment is at hand, and yet his children come not; perhaps his spirit lingers but to bless us ere it takes its flight. Oh! agony of thought. Brother, dear brother, canst thou indeed know this, and shut thy heart to my supplications.”

“Ada, it is useless; I would accompany you to my father's dying bed, but that would bring no consolation to you or him, unless I could promise never to return to this primitive life, and that is impossible. Still do I love to go bask in the golden rays of the sun, and gaze upon the open vault of heaven. Still do I love to bathe these free limbs in the clear stream—still do I love to gain my subsistence from yon woods by my own hands—these natural delights I never will renounce.”

Ada sank upon her knees. “Oh! thou who rulest the tempest, give words to my tongue, to

move his obdurate heart. Let not a Saviour for him have died in vain. Lend even to my weak spirit some ray to light his soul. Brother," she said, raising her hands in supplication, "shut not thine ears to the voice of mercy. When this world is receding from your view, of what avail will the gods thou hast worshipped be to thee? How wilt thou mourn thy wasted talents—how wilt thou regret thy forsaken father and sister—how wilt thou sink before His presence whose precepts thou hast cast away. Brother, brother, view thy condition aright, and fly from the fearful delusions of thy fancy."

Her brother turned away, and concealed his face with his hands.

"I cannot see the workings of thy features," she resumed. "I cannot tell the movement of thy heart, but oh! may your silence portend good. May a light from the Holy One strike upon thy soul, even like the star that pointed out the abiding place of the Messiah to those who sought him. With agony of grief I cry aloud to Him to save thee; He will not be deaf to my prayers. Oh! no, no, no—see brother, see," she cried, starting from her humble posture, "behold his own mark in the heavens—behold the sign of his covenant with sinful man—it comes to remind thee of all his mercies." Disregard it not; fall, brother, on thy knees, pour forth your soul before Him who pointed yon glorious arch. He is as mighty as when he bade it first appear, commanded the rushing waters to cease, and sent his servant Noah to inherit a smiling land."

Her prayers prevailed; tears bedewed the brother's eyes, and together they bent their knees amid that magnificent exhibition of the power of a deity. There was the variegated bow—its colours bright and gorgeous—glowing beneath the rays that beamed from the luminary of day, while fleecy clouds moved to and fro across the blue expanse of heaven. It was a scene calculated to reclaim an erring heart, indelibly stamped as it was by the hand of God. The false colourings of his imagination were put to flight, and the wayward youth joined in the pure orisons of his sister, who seemed like an angel sent from the regions of the blessed to bear the promise of pardon and of peace.

It was night, and Ada lay upon her rugged couch, waiting the arrival of her brother. She had not seen him from the time the sun had set, and now she judged midnight approached. All was still within the hut—Nicholas was also absent—a thousand fears assailed her—should she after all be disappointed—should her father die ignorant that his son was recalled to himself and his friends. The reflection was almost insupportable. She lay scarcely daring to move or breathe, agitated by undefinable apprehensions, until she perceived by the faint light of the moon which beamed through the apertures of her apartment, the coarse carpet move, it was withdrawn, and the form of an Indian appeared. Her breathing became short and difficult, she closed her eyes as if in sleep, and when she ventured to open them he was gone. She lay motionless. A slight noise struck her ear, she listened for a few seconds, then raising herself she looked through an opening in the blanket. The Indian family lay upon their mats in sound repose. The night

was hot and sultry, and the entrance to the hut was left open to admit the air. While thus she intently examined the outer part of the wigwam, a handkerchief was thrown across her mouth from behind, and instantaneously tightened so as to prevent her screams. She was borne rapidly through an aperture in her apartment, opposite to that in which the family lay, and which must have been recently made, and concealed by logs in such a manner as to escape Ada's attention. She struggled to free herself from their grasp, but ineffectual was her resistance against the superior force of the two Indians who forced her along. Having reached the river they loosened the fastenings of a canoe, placed her in it, and rowed away from the shore. After some time they removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and the terrified girl besought them in piercing accents to tell her why she was thus violently carried away. No answer was returned, and in an agony of despair she flung herself on the bottom of the boat, and abandoned herself to all the wildness of grief. Her father's dying bed, her happy home, and Alfred's anguish when convinced that she should return no more, all recurred to her with painful bitterness. The canoe still went on, darting by the numerous islands which dotted the noble stream, sometimes the moon's light was obstructed by clouds, sometimes shut from Ada's view by the intervening woods. Oh! with what painful feelings did she gaze upon it—slowly it declined, and darkness shrouded the grim visages of the savages from her view—she wished to weep, but horror had dried up the source from whence the pearly drops are wont to flow. Then she remembered how wilfully she had persisted, contrary to her father's and her lover's wish, in exposing herself to danger, and deeply did she repent of her rashness. Now she should die, and the manner in which she met her fate be for ever buried from the knowledge of her friends. Perhaps Nicholas had learned the designs of the Indians, and had sought safety in flight. But her brother—was he too in danger—had she brought destruction upon him also? The voice of the Indians interrupted her mournful reflections.

"Does the white maiden sleep?" asked one. "No," replied the other, "fear, no doubt, will keep her waking; we shall teach the English squaws to stay at home, and not attempt to decoy our friends." A short laugh followed, and they continued to row with unabated strength. About three hours passed thus, when one of the savages pointed to a narrow promontory, covered with trees, which jutted into the river. "There are our friends," he exclaimed. Ada raised herself, and looked towards the spot. She could discern amid the gloom, two figures who appeared to be watching their approach. Her fate, she thought, must now be soon decided. She endeavoured to be calm, but it was a hard trial to part patiently with all those gay and warm hopes which glow in the bosom of youth. A locket given her by Alfred, hung round her neck, she drew it forth and pressed it to her lips, and to her heart with a sad and despairing sensation; then with anxious looks, she gazed upon the Indians who stood upon the narrow point of land. On darted the canoe until it reached the spot. The Indians in the boat spoke some words in their native

tongue, and were answered by one of those on shore, who then received her from the boat, and silently and quickly bore her a few paces and placed her on the ground. Then suddenly turning round, she beheld him spring into the boat, and grapple with the savage who was engaged in securing the canoe to the knotted trunk of a tree which projected over the river, while his companion encountered the other who had landed, in the same hostile manner; violently they struggled, those in the canoe stood near the boat's edge, the one who had sprung from the shore essayed to fling his antagonist overboard, but in the struggle the splashing waters received both; they sank and rose again, but still continued their dreadful combat, as if the water had been their natural element. Day was now dawning, and Ada sought to distinguish the features of the combatants, but what was her amazement to recognize in one of those on the shore the dusky features of Nicholas, who was arrayed in an Indian guise; quickly her eye glanced to the other's, and her brother's face met her view above the water's edge. Her frantic shrieks filled the air as she beheld the peril in which he was placed. In a few moments more she riveted her eyes upon them, in terrible but silent suspense. Drayton had seized his opponent by the coarse locks, and with a mighty effort of strength had plunged him beneath the wave. Appalling were the struggles of the savage as the work of death proceeded, he dashed the waters with his hands and feet—now his efforts ceased—were renewed with less power—ceased—were renewed—and ceased for ever. Drayton, almost exhausted, swam to the shore, upon which he dragged the gaunt form of the suffocated wretch, then hastened to the assistance of Nicholas. The hands of the black were clenched in those of the Indian, who flung him to and fro—fatiguing, although he could not overpower him. Drayton released Nicholas from his grasp, who instantly drew forth a loaded pistol and sent its contents through the head of the savage. "Hurrah," he cried, "Nicholas killed an Ingee man. Next time you talk of taking white ladies for your squaws, sending their brothers over the mountains, and making dogs' meat of black men, I 'spect you'll keep a look out to see Nicholas isn't within earshot, like a frog amongst the bulrushes. Hurrah, here'll be news for old Massa—Miss Ada come back—Massa Drayton come back, and Nicholas kill an Ingee man—hurrah! hurrah!"

* * * * *

Slowly sank the sun to the west; no clouds veiled its splendour; gaily the birds poured forth their notes of melody; flowers shed their perfume around; all spoke of life and beauty, while Ada's father lingered on the threshold of mortality. Humbly resigned to quit those delights for more durable and exalted bliss.

"Look Alfred, look once more, tell me for the last time if my child approaches."

Alfred, hopeless of having joyful intelligence to impart, looked from the chamber window. The beautiful but inanimate objects of creation alone met his view, he returned to the bedside of the invalid—"I see them not, sir, but they may yet come."

"Deceive not the dying man," said the cler-

gyman, who stood at the opposite side of the bed, "deceive him not. My friend, wean your thoughts from a world of grief and sorrow—a world which you are soon to quit, and place them on holier hopes. Offer as an atonement for your sins your afflicted heart, offer it in humility, and it will pave your way to the abode of the blessed."

"I do, I do, but I must mourn my children—above all, my saintlike, my good Ada. If I could but know that she was safe, if I could be assured that she was not exposed to fearful danger, I could deny my fond heart the bliss of seeing her. Oh! Ada, my child, my child!"

Tears fell from the eyes of Jane and Rachel, and even those of Alfred and the minister of the Gospel could scarcely be repressed.

"Come hither, Alfred, and receive my last bequest. In the event of neither of my children returning, you will find you are not forgotten as to worldly wealth, but if heaven should in mercy spare her, I leave you one inestimable treasure, my duteous, my pious Ada. Take her with my blessing—be to her a brother and a friend—these eyes will no more behold her—no more will these arms encircle her—no more will her gentle accents fall upon my ear—I grow weak—Jane, Alfred, lay me back—gently, there, there."

Jane having laid his head, which, with Alfred's assistance, she had supported during the time he had been speaking, on his pillow, placed a cordial to his lips. The hue of death overspread his face. Cold damps, the precursor of dissolution, were on his brow. The final hour was too surely come. On their knees the little household awaited the departure of its head, in awe and silence, interrupted only by the low, solemn prayer of the clergyman. While thus engaged the feelings of all present assumed a more exalted cast, the cares and pleasures of the world were lessened in their sight, and their thoughts were fixed above. The sound of horses' feet, in rapid movements, interrupted their meditations. Alfred approached the window, an exclamation of joyful surprise escaped from his lips. The eyes of the expiring man were turned towards him, in a longing anxious gaze. Alfred returned to the bed, a few words were uttered, and Jane and Rachel raised the dying man. Footsteps were heard upon the staircase, the door flew open, and Ada, the heroic and tender Ada appeared, followed by the brother she had regained and Nicholas. The father pressed his children to his breast. Drayton then sank upon his knees—"Forgive, my father, thy sorrowing and repentant son. I have been guilty, most guilty. I have brought thy gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but yet have pity on my contrite heart, and forgive me ere thou diest."

The power of utterance was denied, but the grateful and holy expression of the parent's eyes as he looked upwards, and clasped his thin, white hands in prayer, told the penitent youth that his pardon was sealed. The father then stretched forth his hand to his daughter and Alfred, joined theirs, and after a lapse of some moments, during which he appeared to be pouring forth his soul in prayer, his spirit fled

"To that happy shore,
Where billows never beat nor tempests roar."

* * * * *

After the unfortunate defeat of General Braddock, the provincial troops under Washington retreated to Fort Cumberland. While there, the American Patriot, whose noble deeds were yet in embryo, was requested to grant an interview to a lady and gentleman, whose anxiety to learn the fate of a friend had induced them to undertake a hazardous journey from New York. With a generous suavity he attended to their wish, and conducted them to the most suitable place which offered in those agitated times for private converse.

"May I," said Colonel Washington, "be favoured with the name and purpose of the lady who so courageously ventures even to the cannon's mouth."

"Her name, Colonel, is Ada Berrington. Her purpose hither to seek her brother, who we have understood has been wounded in the late engagement. We have learnt also that the troops who are in a condition to set forward, are to proceed to Philadelphia, and my wife has come hither to gain permission, if possible, to convey her brother to that city, under the escort of the army. We shall need nothing but protection. The vehicle in which we travelled hither can readily keep pace with the march of the troops."

"Her brother wounded, say you, sir? Pray, what is his name?"

"Drayton Mowbray," answered the lady, raising her eyes to the face of Washington.

"He has been wounded, I fear, dangerously. He fought bravely, and much as I admire this lady's affectionate daring, I must own he has proved himself worthy of it. Amongst those whose loss we may deplore, should his wounds prove fatal, the name of Drayton Mowbray shall stand foremost."

"Thank you, generous sir, for this tribute of respect to my brother, but allow me to ask if it will be possible to obtain a compliance with my request?"

"I have not the sole command; the difficult task of refusing you shall not devolve on me, if such should be the result. However, if George Washington can aid his countrywoman in the furtherance of her views, she may command him."

His endeavours were successful, and Ada's boon was granted; it was the last time her brother required her care. A simple headstone, bearing his name, marks the spot where his ashes repose. He was called away ere the struggle for independence arose, under the guidance of that Master Spirit whose deserved appellation is the Deliverer of his Country, else might he have claimed a place in the bright roll which records the names of those who planted the Banner of Freedom on the shore of the New World. May Columbia's Stars stand unsullied ever in their brilliance! May the darkness of slavery ever be in contrast with their radiance. May our nation stand forth an example of simple and virtuous grandeur, and may our descendants preserve unimpaired, the noble structure cemented by the blood of our forefathers!

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

RULES FOR HYGIENE.

EXTRACT.—NO. IV.

XXXV.

"Riding on horseback has been justly celebrated as a very useful sort of exercise, more especially for invalids. In general, it may be laid down as a rule, sanctioned by experience, that riding on horseback is the best exercise for regaining health, and walking for retaining it. Riding strengthens in a most effectual manner the stomach and intestines: and to the hypochondriac and those whose spirits are broken down by grief it is an inestimable remedy."

XXXVI.

A strong case of the immense advantages of a regular course of riding.

"One of our prelates," says Sydenham, a man eminent for wisdom and learning, "after he had for a long time given himself intemperately to his studies, and with the whole stress of his mind, applied himself too much to close thinking, fell at length into the hypochondriacal distemper, which continuing a good while, all the ferments of his body became vitiated, and all the digestions quite perverted. He had more than once gone through the chalybeate course. He had tried all the mineral waters, as likewise the antiscorbutics of all kinds, and testaceous powders, in order to the sweetening of his blood. Then, between the disease and the cure, continued for so many months together, being nearly destroyed, he was seized with a colliquative diarrhœa, which in the consumption, and other chronical distempers, when all the digestions are quite spoiled, is wont to be the forerunner of death. At length he consulted me, and I considered there was no more place left for medicine, since he had taken so many and so efficacious, to so little purpose. I therefore advised him to commit himself wholly to riding for a cure, beginning with short stages, such as were most suitable to such a condition. I desired him to persist daily in that practice, till in his own opinion he was very well, increasing his stages gradually every day, till he should be able to ride as many miles in a day, as prudent and medical travellers usually do; that he should not be solicitous about what he ate or drank, or have any regard to the weather; but that he should, like a traveller, take up with whatever he met with. He set out upon this course, gradually augmenting the distances, till at length he came to ride twenty, nay, thirty miles a day. He persevered in this course for some months, in which space of time he rode several thousand miles, until he was not only well, but had acquired a strong and robust health of body."

XXXVII.

"When persons are confined within doors, leading a sedentary life, they will not compensate for the want of regular exercise by a hard ride, or walk, once a week; for the nerves of such people being unaccustomed to bear such a degree of agitation, are overstrained and not relieved by it; and the circulation of the fluids, which is in general slow and languid, will be thrown into disorder."

XXXVIII.

"It is a good rule to vary the exercise you take. Lord Bacon correctly observes, "that it is requisite to long life that the body should never abide long in one posture, but that every half hour at least it should be changed, save in sleep."

XXXIX.

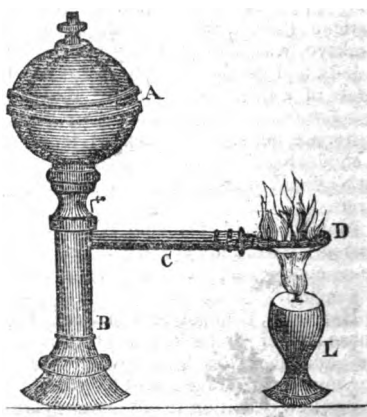
"It is highly injurious to sit down to a substantial dinner or supper immediately after a fatiguing walk, or riding, or other violent exercise. Every man, therefore, after such exercise should rest for some time before he sits down to dinner or supper."

NATURAL MAGIC.

Among the wonders of science there are perhaps none more surprising than the effects produced upon coloured objects by illuminating them with homogeneous light, or light of one colour. The light which emanates from the sun, and by which all the objects of the material world are exhibited to us, is composed of three different colours, *red*, *yellow*, and *blue*, by the mixture of which in different proportions all the various hues of nature may be produced. These three colours, when mixed in the proportion in which they occur in the sun's rays, compose a purely white light; but if any body on which this white light falls shall absorb, or stop, or detain within its substance any part of any one or more of these simple colours, it will appear to the eye of that colour which arises from the mixture of all the rays which it does not absorb, or of that colour which white light would have if deprived of the colours which are absorbed. Scarlet cloth, for example, absorbs most of the blue rays and many of the yellow, and hence appears *red*. Yellow cloth absorbs most of the blue and many of the red rays, and therefore appears yellow, and blue cloth absorbs most of the yellow and red rays. If we were to illuminate the *scarlet* cloth with pure and unmixed *yellow* light, it would appear *yellow*, because the scarlet cloth does not absorb all the yellow rays, but reflects some of them; and if we illuminate *blue* cloth with yellow light, it will appear nearly *black*, because it absorbs all the yellow light, and reflects almost none of it. But whatever be the nature and colour of the bodies on which the yellow light falls, the light which it reflects must be yellow, for no other light falls upon them, and those which are not capable of reflecting yellow light must appear absolutely black, however brilliant be their colour in the light of day.

As the methods now discovered of producing yellow light in abundance were not known to the ancient conjurers, nor even to those of later times, they have never availed themselves of this valuable resource. It has been long known that salt thrown into the wick of a flame produces yellow light, but this light is mixed with blue and green rays, and is, besides, so small in quantity, that it illuminates objects only that are in the immediate vicinity of the flame. A method which I have found capable of producing it in abundance is shown in Fig. 1, where AB is a lamp containing at A a large quantity of alcohol

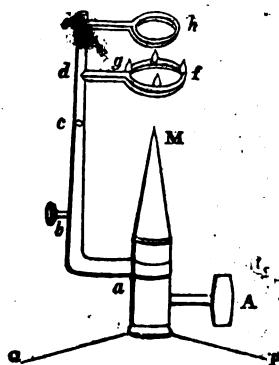
Fig. 1.



and water, or ardent spirits, which gradually descends into a platina or metallic cup D. This cup is strongly heated by a spirit lamp L, enclosed in a dark lantern, and when the diluted alcohol in D is inflamed, it will burn with a fierce and powerful yellow flame: if the flame should not be perfectly yellow, owing to an excess of alcohol, a proportion of salt thrown into the cup will answer the same purpose as a further dilution of the alcohol.

A monochromatic lamp for producing yellow light may be constructed most effectually by employing a portable gas lamp, containing compressed oil gas. If we allow the gas to escape in a copious stream, and set it on fire, it will form an explosive mixture with the atmospheric air, and will no longer burn with a white flame, but will emit a bluish and reddish light. The force of the issuing gas, or any accidental current of air, is capable of blowing out this flame, so that it is necessary to have a contrivance for sustaining it. The method which is used for this purpose is shown in Fig. 2. A small gas tube abc,

Fig. 2.



arising from the chief burner MN of the gas lamp PQ terminates above the burner, and has a short tube de, moveable up and down within it, so as to be gas-tight. This tube de, closed at e, communicates with the hollow ring fg, in the inside of which four apertures are perforated in

such a manner as to throw their jets of gas to the apex of a cone, of which *fg* is the base. When we cause the gas to flow from the burner *M*, by opening the main cock *A*, it will rush into the tube *abcd*, and issue in small flames at the four holes in the ring *fg*. The size of these flames is regulated by the cock *b*. The inflammation, therefore, of the ignited gas will be sustained by these four subsidiary flames through which it passes, independent of any agitation of the air, or of the force with which it issues from the burner. On a projecting arm *eh*, carrying a ring *λ*, I fixed a broad collar, made of coarse cotton wick, which had been previously soaked in a saturated solution of common salt. When the gas is allowed to escape at *M* with such force as to produce a long and broad column of an explosive mixture of gas and atmospheric air, the bluish flame occasioned by the explosion passes through the salted collar, and is converted by it, into a mass of homogeneous yellow light. This collar will last a long time without any fresh supply of salt, so that the gas lamp will yield a permanent monochromatic yellow flame which will last as long as there is gas in the reservoir. In place of a collar of cotton wick, a hollow cylinder of sponge, with numerous projecting tufts, may be used, or a collar may be similarly constructed with asbestos cloth, and, if thought necessary, it might be supplied with a saline solution from a capillary fountain.

Having thus obtained the means of illuminating any apartment with yellow light, let the exhibition be made in a room with furniture of various bright colours, with oil or water-coloured paintings on the wall. The party which is to witness the experiment should be dressed in a diversity of the gayest colours; and the brightest coloured flowers and highly coloured drawings should be placed on the tables. The room being at first lighted with ordinary lights, the bright and gay colours of every thing that it contains will be finely displayed. If the white lights are now suddenly extinguished, and the yellow lamps lighted, the most appalling metamorphosis will be exhibited. The astonished individuals will no longer be able to recognize each other. All the furniture in the room and all the objects which it contains will exhibit only one colour. The flowers will lose their hues. The paintings and drawings will appear as if they were executed in China ink, and the gayest dresses, the brightest scarlets, the purest lilacs, the richest blues, and the most vivid greens will all be converted into one monotonous yellow. The complexion of the parties too will suffer a corresponding change. One pallid death-like yellow,

like the unnatural hue

Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf,

will envelope the young and the old, and the sal-low faces will alone escape from the metamorphosis. Each individual derives merriment from the cadaverous appearance of his neighbour, without being sensible that he is himself one of the ghostly assemblage.

If, in the midst of the astonishment which is thus created, the white lights are restored at one end of the room, while the yellow lights are taken to the other end, one side of the dress of every person, namely, that next the white light,

will be restored to its original colours, while the other side will retain its yellow hue. One cheek will appear in a state of health and colour, while the other retains the paleness of death, and, as the individuals change their position, they will exhibit the most extraordinary transformations of colour.

If, when all the lights are yellow, beams of white light are transmitted through a number of holes like those in a sieve, each luminous spot will restore the colour of the dress or furniture upon which it falls, and the nankeen family will appear all mottled over with every variety of tint. If a magic lantern is employed to throw upon the walls or upon the dresses of the company luminous figures of flowers or animals, the dresses will be painted with these figures in the real colour of the dress itself. Those alone who appeared in yellow, and with yellow complexions, will to a great degree escape all these singular changes.

If red and blue light could be produced with the same facility and in the same abundance as yellow light, the illumination of the apartment with these lights in succession would add to the variety and wonder of the exhibition. The red light might perhaps be procured in sufficient quantity from the nitrate and other salts of strontian; but it would be difficult to obtain a blue flame of sufficient intensity for the suitable illumination of a large room. Brilliant white lights, however, might be used, having for screens glass troughs containing a mass one or two inches thick of a solution of the ammoniacal carbonate of copper. This solution absorbs all the rays of the spectrum but the blue, and the intensity of the blue light thus produced would increase in the same proportion as the white light employed.



THE GREAT WINGLEBURY DUEL.

THE little town of Great Winglebury is exactly forty-two miles and three quarters from Hyde Park corner. It has a long, straggling, quiet High-street, with a great black and white clock at a small red Town Hall, halfway up—a market-place—a cage—an assembly-room—a church—a bridge—a chapel—a theatre—a library—an inn—a pump—and a Post-office. Tradition tells of a "Little Winglebury" down some cross-road about two miles off; and as a square mass of dirty paper, supposed to have been originally intended for a letter, with certain tremulous characters inscribed thereon, in which a lively imagination might trace a remote resemblance to the word "Little" was once stuck up to be owned in the sunny window of the Great Winglebury Post-office, from which it only disappeared when it fell to pieces with dust and extreme old age, there would appear to be some foundation for the legend. Common belief is inclined to bestow the name upon a little hole at the end of a muddy lane about a couple of miles long, colonized by one wheelwright, four paupers, and a beer-shop; but even this authority, slight as it is, must be regarded with extreme suspicion, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the hole aforesaid, concur in opining that it never had any name at all, from the earliest ages, down to the present day.

The Wigglebury Arms in the centre of the High-street, opposite the small building with the big clock, is the principal inn of Great Winglebury—the commercial inn, posting-house, and excise-office; the “Blue” house at every election, and the Judges’ house at every assizes. It is the head quarters of the Gentlemen’s Whist Club, of Winglebury Blues (so called in opposition to the Gentlemen’s Whist Club of Winglebury Buffs, held at the other house, a little further down;) and whenever a juggler, or wax-work man, or concert-giver, takes Great Winglebury in his circuit, it is immediately placarded all over the town that Mr. So-and-so “trusting to that liberal support which the inhabitants of Great Winglebury have long been so liberal in bestowing, has at a great expense engaged the elegant and commodious assembly-rooms, attached to the Winglebury Arms.” The house is a large one with a red brick and stone front; a pretty spacious hall, ornamented with evergreen plants, terminates in a perspective view of the bar, and a glass case, in which are displayed a choice variety of delicacies ready for dressing, to catch the eye of a new-comer, the moment he enters, and excite his appetite to the highest possible pitch. Opposite doors lead to the “coffee” and “commercial” rooms; and a great, wide, rambling staircase—three stairs and a landing—four stairs and another landing—one step and another landing—half a dozen stairs and another landing—and so on—conducts to galleries of bedrooms, and labyrinths of sitting-rooms, denominated “private,” where you may enjoy yourself as privately as you can in any place where some bewildered being or other walks into your room every five minutes by mistake, and then walks out again, to open all the doors along the gallery till he finds his own.

Such is the Winglebury Arms at this day, and such was the Winglebury Arms sometime since—no matter when—two or three minutes before the arrival of the London stage. Four horses with cloths on—change for a coach—were standing quietly at the corner of the yard surrounded by a listless group of post-boys in shiny hats and smock-frocks, engaged in discussing the merits of the cattle; half a dozen ragged boys were standing a little apart, listening with evident interest to the conversation of these worthies; and a few loungers were collected round the horse-trough, awaiting the arrival of the coach.

The day was hot and sunny, the town in the zenith of its dullness, and with the exception of these few idlers not a living creature was to be seen. Suddenly the loud notes of a key-bugle broke the monotonous stillness of the street; in came the coach, rattling over the uneven paving with a noise startling enough to stop even the large-faced clock itself. Down got the outsiders, up went the windows in all directions; out came the waiters, up started the ostlers, and the loungers, and the post-boys, and the ragged boys, as if they were electrified—unstrapping, and unchaining, and unbuckling, and dragging willing horses out, and forcing reluctant horses in, and making a most exhilarating bustle. “Lady inside here,” said the guard. “Please to alight, ma’am,” said the waiter. “Private sitting-room,” interrogated the lady. “Certainly, ma’am,” responded the chambermaid. “Nothing

but these ’ere trunks, ma’am?” inquired the guard. “Nothing more,” replied the lady. Up got the outsiders again, and the guard, and the coachman. Off came the cloths with a jerk—“All right” was the cry; and away they went. The loungers lingered a minute or two in the road, watching the coach till it turned the corner, and then loitered away one by one. The street was clear again, and the town, by contrast, quieter than ever.

“Lady in number twenty-five,” screamed the landlady. “Thomas.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Letter just been left for the gentleman in No. 19.—Boots at the Lion left it.—No answer.”

“Letter for you, sir,” said Thomas, depositing the letter on number nineteen’s table.

“For me,” said number nineteen, turning from the window, out of which he had been surveying the scene we have just described.

“Yes, sir,”—(waiters always speak in hints, and never utter complete sentences.)—“Yes, sir—Boots at the Lion, sir—Bar, sir—Missis said number nineteen, sir—Alexander Trott, Esq., sir?—Your card at the bar, sir, I think sir?”

“My name is Trott,” replied number nineteen, breaking the seal. “You may go, waiter.”—The waiter pulled down the window-blind, and then pulled it up again—for a regular waiter must do something before he leaves the room—adjusted the glasses on the sideboard, brushed a place which was *not* dusty, rubbed his hands very hard walked stealthily to the door, and evaporated.

There was evidently something in the contents of the letter, of a nature, if not wholly unexpected, certainly extremely disagreeable. Mr. Alexander Trott laid it down and took it up again, and walked about the room on particular squares of the carpet, and even attempted, though very unsuccessfully, to whistle an air. It wouldn’t do. He threw himself into a chair, and read the following epistle aloud:—

“Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer,
Great Winglebury.

“Wednesday morning.

“Sir—Immediately on discovering your intentions, I left our counting-house, and followed you. I know the purport of your journey;—that journey shall never be completed.

“I have no friend here just now, on whose secrecy I can rely. This shall be no obstacle to my revenge. Neither shall Emily Brown be exposed to the mercenary solicitations of a scoundrel, odious in her eyes, and contemptible in every body’s else: nor will I tamely submit to the clandestine attacks of a base umbrella-maker.

“Sir—from Great Winglebury Church, a footpath leads through four meadows, to a retired spot, known to the townspeople as *Stiffan’s Acre* (Mr. Trott shuddered,) I shall be waiting there alone, at twenty minutes before six o’clock to-morrow morning. Should I be disappointed of seeing you there, I will do myself the pleasure of calling with a horsewhip.

“HORACE HUNTER.

“PS. There is a gunsmith in the High-street; and they won’t sell gunpowder after dark—you understand me.

“PPS. You had better not order your break-

fast in the morning 'till after you have seen me. It may be an unnecessary expense."

"Desperate-minded villain! I knew how it would be!" ejaculated the terrified Trott. "I always told father, that once start me on this expedition, and Hunter would pursue me like the wandering Jew. It's bad enough as it is, to marry with the old people's commands, and without the girl's consent; but what will Emily think of me, if I go down there, breathless with running away from this infernal salamander? What *shall* I do? What *can* I do? If I go back to the city I'm disgraced for ever—lose the girl, and what's more, lose the money too. Even if I did go on to the Browns' by the coach, Hunter would be after me in a post-chaise; and if I go to this place, this Stiffun's Acre (another shudder,) I'm as good as dead. I've seen him hit the man at the Pall-mall shooting-gallery, in the second button-hole of the waistcoat five times out of every six, and when he didn't hit him there, he hit him in the head." And with this consolatory reminiscence, Mr. Alexander Trott again ejaculated, "What shall I do?"

Long and weary were his reflections as burying his face in his hands, he sat ruminating on the best course to be pursued. His mental direction-post pointed to London. He thought of "the governor's" anger, and of the loss of the fortune which the paternal Brown had promised the paternal Trott his daughter should contribute to the coffers of his son. Then the words "To Brown's" were legibly inscribed on the said direction-post, but Horace Hunter's denunciation rung in his ears;—last of all it bore in red letters, the words, to "Stiffun's Acre;" and then Mr. Alexander Trott decided on adopting a plan which he presently matured.

First and foremost he despatched the under-boots to the Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer, with a gentlemanly note to Mr. Horace Hunter, intimating that he thirsted for his destruction, and would do himself the pleasure of slaughtering him next morning without fail. He then wrote another letter, and requested the attendance of the other boots—for they kept a pair. A modest knock at the room-door was heard—"Come in," said Mr. Trott. A man thrust in a red head, with one eye in it, and being again desired to "come in," brought in the body and legs to which the head belonged, and a fur cap which belonged to the head.

"You are the upper boots, I think?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Yes, I am the upper boots," replied a voice from inside a velvet case with mother-of-pearl buttons—"that is, I'm boots as b'longs to the house; the other man's my man, as goes errands and does odd jobs—top-boots, and half-boots, I calls us."

"You're from London?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Driv a cab once," was the laconic reply.

"Why don't you drive it now?" asked Mr. Trott.

"Cos I over-driv the cab, and driv over a 'ooman," replied the top-boots, with brevity.

"Do you know the mayor's house?" inquired Trott.

"Rather," replied the boots, significantly, as if he had some good reason to remember it.

"Do you think you could manage to leave a letter there?" interrogated Trott.

"Shouldn't wonder," responded boots.

"But this letter" said Trott, holding a deformed note with a paralytic direction in one hand, and five shillings in the other—"This letter is anonymous."

"A—what?" interrupted the boots.

"Anonymous—he's not to know who it comes from."

"Oh! I see," responded the reg'lar, with a knowing wink, but without evincing the slightest disinclination to undertake the charge—"I see—bit o' saving, eh?" and his one eye wandered round the room as if in quest of a dark lantern and phosphorus-box. "But, I say," he continued, recalling the eye from its search, and bringing it to bear on Mr. Trott—"I say, he's a lawyer, our mayor, and insured in the county. If you've a spite agen him, you'd better not burn his house down—blessed if I don't think it would be the greatest favour you could do him." And he chuckled inwardly.

If Mr. Alexander Trott had been in any other situation, his first act would have been to kick the man down stairs by deputy; or in other words, to ring the bell, and desire the landlord to take his boots off. He contented himself, however, with doubling the fee, and explaining that the letter merely related to a breach of the peace. The top-boots retired, solemnly pledged to secrecy; and Mr. Alexander Trott sat down to a fried sole, maintenon cutlet, Madeira, and sundries, with much greater composure than he had experienced since the receipt of Horace Hunter's letter of defiance.

The lady who alighted from the London coach had no sooner been installed in number twenty-five, and made some slight alteration in her travelling-dress, than she indited a note to Joseph Overton, esquire, solicitor, and mayor of Great Winglebury, requesting his immediate attendance on private business of paramount importance—a summons which that worthy functionary lost no time in obeying; for after sundry extensions of his eyes, divers ejaculations of "God bless me!" and other manifestations of surprise, he took his broad-brimmed hat from its accustomed peg in his little front office, and walked briskly down the High-street to the Winglebury Arms; through the hall, and up the staircase of which establishment, he was ushered by the landlady, and a crowd of officious waiters, to the door of number twenty-five.

"Show the gentleman in," said the stranger lady, in reply to the foremost waiter's announcement; and the gentleman was shown in accordingly.

The lady rose from the sofa; the mayor advanced a step from the door, and there they both paused for a minute or two, looking at one another as if by mutual consent. The mayor saw before him a buxom, richly dressed female of about forty; and the lady looked upon a sleek man about ten years older, in drab shorts and continuations; black coat, neck-cloth, and gloves.

"Miss Julia Manners!" exclaimed the mayor at length, "you astonish me."

"That's very unfair of you, Overton," replied Miss Julia, "for I have known you long enough

not to be surprised at anything you do; and you might extend equal courtesy to me."

"But to run away—actually run away—with a young man!" remonstrated the mayor.

"You would not have me actually run away with an old one I presume," was the cool rejoinder.

"And then to ask me—me—of all people in the world—a man of my age and appearance—mayor of the town—to promote such a scheme," pettishly ejaculated Joseph Overton, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and producing Miss Julia's letter from his pocket, as if to corroborate the assertion that he had been asked.

"Now Overton," replied the lady, impatiently, "I want your assistance in this matter, and I must have it. In the lifetime of that poor old dear, Mr. Cornberry, who—who?"

"Who was to have married you, and didn't because he died first; and who left you his property unincumbered with the addition of himself," suggested the mayor, in a sarcastic tone.

"Well," replied Miss Julia, reddening slightly, "in the lifetime of the poor old dear, the property had the incumbrance of your management; and all I will say of that is, that I only wonder it didn't die of consumption instead of its master. You helped yourself then:—help me now."

Mr. Joseph Overton was a man of the world, and an attorney; and as certain indistinct recollections of an odd thousand pounds or two, appropriated by mistake, passed across his mind, he hemmed deprecatingly, smiled blandly, remained silent for a few seconds; and finally inquired, "What do you wish to do?"

"I'll tell you," replied Miss Julia—"I'll tell you in three words. Dear Lord Peter"—

"That's the young man, I suppose," interrupted the mayor.

"That's the young nobleman," replied the lady, with a great stress on the last word. "Dear Lord Peter is considerably afraid of the resentment of his family; and we have therefore thought it better to make the match a stolen one. He left town to avoid suspicion on a visit to his friend, the Honourable Augustus Flair, whose seat, as you know, is about thirty miles from this, accompanied only by his favourite tiger. We arranged that I should come here alone in the London coach; and that he, leaving his tiger and cab behind him, should come on, and arrive here as soon as possible this afternoon."

"Very well," observed Joseph Overton, "and then he can order the chaise, and you can go on to Greta Green together, without requiring the presence of a third party, can't you?"

"No," replied Miss Julia, "we have every reason to believe—Dear Lord Peter not being considered very prudent or sagacious by his friends, and they having discovered his attachment to me—that immediately on his absence being observed, pursuit will be made in this direction; to elude which, and to prevent our being traced, I wish it to be understood in this house, that dear Lord Peter is slightly deranged, though perfectly harmless; and that I am unknown to him, waiting his arrival to convey him in a post-chaise to a private asylum—at Berwick, say. If I don't show myself much, I dare say I can manage to pass for his mother."

The thought occurred to the mayor's mind that

the lady might show herself a good deal without fear of detection; seeing that she was about double the age of her intended husband. He said nothing, however, and the lady proceeded—

"With the whole of this arrangement, dear Lord Peter is acquainted; and all I want you to do is to make the delusion more complete by giving it the sanction of your influence in this place, and assigning this as a reason to the people of the house, for my taking the young gentleman away. As it would not be consistent with the story that I should see him, until after he has entered the chaise; I also wish you to communicate with him, and inform him that it is all going on well."

"Has he arrived?" inquired Overton.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Then how am I to know?" inquired the mayor. "Of course he will not give his own name at the bar."

"I begged him, immediately on his arrival, to write you a note," replied Miss Manners; "and to prevent the possibility of our project being discovered through its means, I desired him to write anonymously, and in mysterious terms to acquaint you with the number of his room."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the mayor, rising from his seat, and searching his pockets—"most extraordinary circumstance—he has arrived—mysterious note left at my house in a most mysterious manner, just before yours—didn't know what to make of it before, and certainly shouldn't have attended to it.—Oh! here it is." And Joseph Overton pulled out of an inner coat-pocket, the identical letter penned by Alexander Trott. "Is this his lordship's hand?"

"Oh yes," replied Julia, "good punctual creature. I have not seen it more than once or twice, but I know he writes very badly and very large. These dear, wild young noblemen, you know, Overton"—

"Ay, ay, I see," replied the mayor.—"Horses and dogs, play and wine: grooms, actresses, and cigars. The stable, the green-room, the brothel, and the tavern; and the legislative assembly at last."

"Here's what he says: 'Sir—A young gentleman in number nineteen at the Winglebury Arms, is bent on committing a rash act to-morrow morning at an early hour.' (That's good, he means marrying.) 'If you have any regard for the peace of this town, or the preservation of one—it may be two—human lives—What the deuce does he mean by that?'"

"That he's so anxious for the ceremony, he'll expire if it's put off; and that I may possibly do the same"—replied the lady with great complacency.

"Oh! I see—not much fear of that;—well—'two human lives, you will cause him to be removed to-night'—(he wants to start at once.) 'Fear not to do this on your responsibility; for to-morrow, the absolute necessity of the proceeding will be but too apparent. Remember—number nineteen. The name is Trott. No delay; for life and death depend upon your promptitude.'"

"Passionate language, certainly.—Shall I see him?"

"Do," replied Miss Julia; "and entreat him to act his part well: I am half afraid of him. Tell him to be cautious."

"I will," said the mayor.

"Settle all the arrangements."

"I will," said the mayor again.

"And say I think the chaise had better be ordered for one o'clock."

"Very well," cried the mayor once more; and ruminating on the absurdity of the situation in which fate and old acquaintance had placed him, he desired a waiter to herald his approach to the temporary representative of number nineteen.

The announcement—"Gentleman to speak with you, sir," induced Mr. Trott to pause half-way in the glass of port, the contents of which, he was in the act of imbibing at the moment, to rise from his chair, and to retreat a few paces towards the window, as if to secure a retreat in the event of the visitor assuming the form and appearance of Horace Hunter. A glance at Joseph Overton, however, quieted his apprehensions: he courteously motioned the stranger to a seat. The waiter after a little jingling with the decanter and glasses, consented to leave the room; and Joseph Overton placing the broad-brimmed hat on the chair next him, and bending his body gently forward, opened the business by saying in a very low and cautious tone,

"My Lord!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Alexander Trott in a very loud key with the vacant and mystified stare of a chilly somnambulist.

"Hush—hush!"—said the cautious attorney—"to be sure—quite right—no titles here—my name is Overton, sir."

"Overton!"

"Yes: the mayor of this place—you sent me a letter with anonymous information, this afternoon."

"I, sir?" exclaimed Trott, with ill-dissembled surprise; for, coward as he was, he would willingly have repudiated the authorship of the letter in question. "I, sir?"

"Yes, you, sir; did you not?" responded Overton, annoyed with what he supposed to be an extreme degree of unnecessary suspicion. "Either this letter is yours, or it is not. If it be, we can converse securely upon the subject at once. If it be not, of course I have no more to say."

"Stay, stay," said Trott, "it is mine; I did write it. What could I do, sir? I had no friend here."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the mayor, encouragingly, "you could not have managed it better. Well, sir; it will be necessary for you to leave here to-night in a postchaise and four; and the harder the boys drive the better. You are not safe from pursuit here."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Trott, in an agony of apprehension, "can such things happen in a country like this! Such unrelenting and cold-blooded hostility!" and he wiped off the concentrated essence of cowardice that was oozing fast down his forehead, and looked aghast at Joseph Overton.

"It certainly is a very hard case," replied the mayor with a smile, "that in a free country, people can't marry whom they like, without being hunted down as if they were criminals. However, in the present instance, the lady is willing, you know, and that's the main point, after all."

"Lady willing!" repeated Trott, mechanically—"How do you know the lady's willing?"

"Come, that's a good one," said the mayor, benevolently tapping Mr. Trott on the arm with the broad-brimmed hat, "I have known her well for a long time; and if anybody could entertain the remotest doubt on the subject, I assure you I have none, nor need you."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Trott, ruminating—"Dear me!—most extraordinary thing!"

"Well, Lord Peter," said the mayor, rising.

"Lord Peter?" reiterated Mr. Trott.

"Oh—ah, I forgot; well, Mr. Trott, then—Trott—very good, ha! ha!—Well, sir, the chaise shall be ready at half-past twelve."

"And what is to become of me till then?" inquired Mr. Trott, anxiously. "Wouldn't it save appearances if I were placed under some restraint?"

"Ah!" replied Overton, "very good thought—capital idea indeed: I'll send somebody up directly; and if you make a little resistance when we put you in the chaise it wouldn't be amiss—look as if you didn't want to be taken away, you know."

"To be sure," said Trott, "to be sure!"

"Well, my lord," said Overton, in a low tone, "till then, I wish your lordship good evening."

"Lord—lordship!" ejaculated Trott again, falling back a step or two, and gazing in unutterable wonder on the countenance of the mayor.

"Ha-ha! I see, my lord—practising the madman, eh?—very good, indeed—very vacant look—capital, my lord, capital—good evening, Mr. Trott—ha! ha! ha!"

"The mayor's decidedly drunk," soliloquized Mr. Trott, throwing himself back in his chair, in an attitude of reflection.

"Cleverer fellow than I thought him, that young nobleman—carries it off devilish well," thought Overton, as he wended his way to the bar, there to complete his arrangements. This was soon done: every word of the story was implicitly believed, and the one-eyed boots was immediately instructed to repair to number nineteen, to act as custodian of the person of the supposed lunatic until half-past twelve o'clock. In pursuance of this direction, that somewhat eccentric gentleman armed himself with a walking-stick of gigantic dimensions, and repaired with his usual equanimity of manners, to Mr. Trott's apartment, which he entered without any ceremony, and mounted guard in by quietly depositing himself in a chair near the door, where he proceeded to beguile the time by whistling a popular air with great apparent satisfaction.

"What do you want here, you scoundrel?" exclaimed Mr. Alexander Trott, with a proper appearance of indignation at his detention.

The boots beat time with his head, as he looked gently round at Mr. Trott with a smile of pity, and whistled an *adagio* movement.

"Do you attend in this room by Mr. Overton's desire?" inquired Trott, rather astonished at the man's demeanour.

"Keep yourself to yourself, young feller," calmly responded the boots, "and don't say nothin' to nobody." And he whistled again.

"Now mind," ejaculated Mr. Trott, anxious to keep up the farce of wishing with great earnestness to fight a duel if they'd let him, "I pro-

test against being kept here; I deny that I have any intention of fighting with anybody; but as it's useless contending with superior numbers, I shall sit quietly down."

"You'd better," observed the placid boots, shaking the large stick expressively.

"Under protest, however," added Alexander Trott, seating himself, with indignation in his face but great content in his heart. "Under protest!"

"Oh, certainly!" responded the boots; "any thing you please. If you're happy I'm transported; only don't talk too much—it'll only make you worse."

"Make me worse!" exclaimed Trott, in unfeigned astonishment; "the man's drunk!"

"You'd better be quiet, young feller," remarked the boots, going through a most threatening piece of pantomime with the stick.

"Or mad?" said Mr. Trott, rather alarmed. "Leave the room, sir, and tell them to send somebody else."

"Won't do!" replied the boots.

"Leave the room!" shouted Trott, ringing the bell violently; for he began to be alarmed on a new score.

"Leave that 'ere bell alone, you wretched loonatic!" said the boots, suddenly forcing the unfortunate Trott back into his chair, and brandishing the stick aloft. "Be quiet, you miserable object, and don't let every body know there's a madman in the house."

"He is a madman! He is a madman?" exclaimed the terrified Trott, gazing on the one eye of the red-headed boots with a look of abject horror.

"Madman!" replied the boots—"dam'me, I think he is a madman with a vengeance! Listen to me, you unfort'nate. Ah! would you!—[a slight tap on the head with the large stick, as Mr. Trott made another move towards the bell-handle]—caught you there! did I?"

"Spare my life!" exclaimed Trott, raising his hands imploringly.

"I don't want your life," replied the boots, disdainfully, "though I think it 'ud be a charity if somebody took it."

"No, no, it wouldn't," interrupted poor Mr. Trott, hurriedly; "no, no, it wouldn't! I—I'd rather keep it!"

"O werry well," said the boots; "that's a mere matter of taste—ev'ry one to his liking, as the man said when he poisoned himself. Hows'ever, all I've got to say is this here: You sit quietly down in that chair, and I'll sit hopper-side you here; and if you keep quiet and don't stir, I won't damage you; but if you move hand or foot till half-past twelve o'clock, I shall alter the expression of your countenance so completely, that the next time you'll look in the glass you'll ask vether you're gone out of town, and ven you're likely to come back again. So sit down."

"I will—I will," responded the victim of mistakes; and down sat Mr. Trott, and down sat the boots too, exactly opposite him, with the stick ready for immediate action, in case of emergency.

Long and dreary were the hours that followed: the bell of Great Winglebury church-clock had just struck ten, and two hours and a half

would probably elapse before succour arrived. For half an hour, the noise occasioned by shutting up the shops in the street beneath betokened something like life in the town, and rendered Mr. Trott's situation a little less insupportable; but when even these ceased, and nothing was heard beyond the occasional rattling of a post-chaise as it drove up the yard to change horses, and then drove away again, or the clattering of horses hoofs in the stables behind: it became almost unbearable. The boots occasionally moved an inch or two, to knock superfluous bits of wax off the candles, which were burning low, but instantaneously resumed his former position; and as he remembered to have heard somewhere or other that the human eye had an unfailing effect in controlling mad people, he kept his solitary organ of vision constantly fixed on Mr. Alexander Trott. That unfortunate individual stared at his companion in his turn, until his features grew more and more indistinct—his hair gradually less red—and the room more misty and obscure. Mr. Alexander Trott fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by a rumbling in the street, and a cry of—"Chaise-and-four for number twenty-five!" A bustle on the stairs succeeded: the room-door was hastily thrown open, and Mr. Joseph Overton entered, followed by four stout waiters, and Mrs. Williamson, the stout landlady of the Winglebury Arms.

"Mr. Overton!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander Trott, jumping up in a frenzy of passionate excitement—"Look at this man, sir; consider the situation in which I have been placed for three hours past—the person you sent to guard me, sir, was a madman—a madman—a raging, ravaging, furious madman."

"Bravo!" whispered Overton.

"Poor dear!" said the compassionate Mrs. Williamson, "mad people always think other people's mad."

"Poor dear!" ejaculated Mr. Alexander Trott, "What the devil do you mean by poor dear! are you the landlady of this house?"

"Yes, yes," replied the stout old lady, "don't exert yourself, there's a dear:—consider your health, now; do."

"Exert myself," shouted Mr. Alexander Trott, "dam'me, it's a mercy I have any breath to exert myself with, I might have been assassinated three hours ago by that one-eyed monster with the oakum head. How dare you have a madman, ma'am—how dare you have a madman to assault and terrify the visitors to your house?"

"I'll never have another," said Mrs. Williamson, casting a look of reproach at the mayor.

"Capital—capital," whispered Overton again, as he enveloped Mr. Alexander Trott in a thick travelling-cloak.

"Capital, sir!" exclaimed Trott, aloud, "it's horrible; the very recollection makes me shudder. I'd rather fight four duels in three hours, if I survived the first three, than I'd sit for that time face to face with a madman."

"Keep it up, as you go down stairs," whispered Overton, "your bill is paid, and your portmanteau in the chaise." And then he added aloud, "Now, waiters, the gentleman's ready."

At this signal the waiters crowded round Mr.

Alexander Trott. One took one arm, another the other, a third walked before with a candle, the fourth behind, with another candle; the boots and Mrs. Williamson brought up the rear, and down stairs they went, Mr. Alexander Trott expressing alternately at the very top of his voice, either his feigned reluctance to go, or his unfeigned indignation at being shut up with a madman.

Mr. Overton was waiting at the chaise-door, the boys were ready mounted, and a few ostlers and stable nondescripts were standing round to witness the departure of "the mad gentleman." Mr. Alexander Trott's foot was on the step, when he observed (which the dim light had prevented his doing before) a human figure seated in the chaise, closely muffled up in a cloak like his own.

"Who's that?" he inquired of Overton, in a whisper.

"Hush, hush," replied the mayor, "the other party, of course."

"The other party!" exclaimed Trott, with an effort to retreat.

"Yes, yes; you'll soon find that out, before you go far, I should think—but make a noise, you'll excite suspicion if you whisper to me so much."

"I won't go in this chaise," shouted Mr. Alexander Trott, all his original fears recurring with tenfold violence. "I shall be assassinated—I shall be——"

"Bravo, bravo," whispered Overton. "I'll push you in."

"But I won't go," exclaimed Mr. Trott. "Help here, help! they're carrying me away against my will. This is a plot to murder me."

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Williamson again.

"Now, boys, put 'em along," cried the mayor, pushing Trott in, and slamming the door. "Off with you as quick as you can, and stop for nothing till you come to the next stage—all right."

"Horses are paid, Tom," screamed Mrs. Williamson; and away went the chaise at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, with Mr. Alexander Trott and Miss Julia Manners, carefully shut up in the inside.

Mr. Alexander Trott remained coiled up in one corner of the chaise, and his mysterious companion in the other, for the first two or three miles; Mr. Trott edging more and more into his corner, as he felt his companion gradually edging more and more from hers; and vainly endeavouring in the darkness to catch a glimpse of the furious face of the supposed Horace Hunter.

"We may speak now," said his fellow traveller, at length; "the post boys can neither see nor hear us."

"That's not Hunter's voice!"—thought Alexander, astonished.

"Dear Lord Peter," said Miss Julia, most winningly: putting her arm on Mr. Trott's shoulder—"Dear Lord Peter. Not a word?"

"Why, it's a woman!" exclaimed Mr. Trott, in a low tone of excessive wonder.

"Ah—whose voice is that?" said Julia—"tis not Lord Peter's."

"No—it's mine," replied Mr. Trott.

"Yours!" ejaculated Miss Julia Manners, "a

strange man! Gracious Heaven—how came you here?"

"Whoever you are, you might have known that I came against my will, ma'am," replied Alexander, "for I made noise enough when I got in."

"Do you come from Lord Peter?" inquired Miss Manners.

"Damn Lord Peter," replied Trott, pettishly—"I don't know any Lord Peter—never heard of him before to-night, when I've been Lord Peter'd by one, and Lord Peter'd by another, till I verily believe I'm mad, or dreaming."

"Whither are we going?" inquired the lady, tragically.

"How should I know?" replied Trott with singular coolness; for the events of the evening had completely hardened him.

"Stop! stop!" cried the lady letting down the front glasses of the chaise.

"Stay, my dear ma'am!" said Mr. Trott, pulling the glasses up again with one hand, and gently squeezing Miss Julia's waist with the other. "There is some mistake here; give me till the end of this stage to explain my share of it. We must go so far; you cannot be set down here alone, at this hour of the night."

The lady consented; the mistake was mutually explained. Mr. Trott was a young man, had highly promising whiskers, an undeniable tailor, and an insinuating address—he wanted nothing but valour; and who wants that with three thousand a-year! The lady had this and more; she wanted a young husband, and the only course open to Mr. Trott to retrieve his disgrace was a rich wife. So they came to the conclusion that it would be a pity to have all this trouble and expense for nothing, and that as they were so far on the road already, they had better go to Gretna Green, and marry each other, and they did so. And the very next preceding entry in the Blacksmith's book was an entry of the marriage of Emily Brown and Horace Hunter. Mr. Hunter took his wife home, and begged pardon, and was pardoned; and Mr. Trott took his wife home, begged pardon, too, and was pardoned also. And Lord Peter, who had been detained beyond his time by drinking champagne and riding a steeple-chase, went back to the Honourable Augustus Flair's, and drank more champagne, and rode another steeple-chase, and was thrown and killed. And Horace Hunter took great credit to himself for practising on the cowardice of Alexander Trott; and all these circumstances were discovered in time and carefully noted down: and if ever you stop a week at Winglebury Arms, they'll give you just this account of the Great Winglebury duel.

There is an elasticity in the human mind, capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself, until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have *nothing to bear*.

THE ROCK OF THE FORT.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, love will enter in where it darna well be seen !
Bvass.

ON the twenty-sixth day of March, 1594, the city of Rouen presented a scene of very unusual bustle. The Marquis of Rosny, better known as the Duke of Sully, had arrived from Paris, and it was expected that the brave and honest Admiral Villars, whose interest carried with it not only Rouen, but the whole of the country of Caux, would publicly declare for the king. The civil war had spent its fury; the conqueror had declared himself, since it was necessary, to be of the religion of the majority of the people, and thus both of the contending parties triumphed; the terrible League was fading away upon the horizon of France like some phantom of the night before the rising sun; and men threw away their dripping swords, and with voices still hoarse with the shouts of war, cried "Vive Henri Quatre!"

The grand square of Rouen, and the adjacent streets, on this occasion, were filled to overflowing, and still the population of the surrounding country continued to pour into the reservoir. The river which runs past the city glittered in the vernal sun; and the happy faces which crowded its banks, and rushed tumultuously across its wooden bridges, seemed to have caught the reflection. Large parties of all ranks were continually seen through the trees descending the rocks, where the broad and rapid stream first bursts upon the view of the spectator; while the joyful shouts of the men, and the playful screams of the village lasses, clad in the picturesque costume of the country, as they chased one another down the steep, at once gladdened and confused the ear.

The gallant admiral of France, as yet holding for the League, and the ostensible enemy of his king, with the Baron de Medavy, and the President de Bognemare, surrounded by the authorities and troops of the town, were posted in the grand square; and as Rosny appeared with a guard of honour, so great was the crowd that he had much difficulty in obtaining entrance. When at length, however, he was sufficiently near, he pronounced an address to the admiral, reminding him that the king was now a Catholic; and as there was no longer any pretext for disaffection, that it was his duty, as a good subject, to show his zeal and loyalty.

Villars, in his reply, declared that he was already in his heart the faithful servant of his majesty; and that he was anxious to prove it by receiving, at the hands of the envoy, the white scarf, which ought to be the badge no longer of a party, but of the country. He was accordingly girded with the royal emblem, and the bystanders bent eagerly forward to hear his speech on so important and interesting an occasion. The noise occasioned by the movement sunk into profound silence.

"Allons morbieu!" cried the brave admiral, with an eloquence more home and pithy than that of Demosthenes,—*"allons morbieu! the League is nothing more than that we all cry, God*

save the King!" A shout burst simultaneously from the multitude, and mingling with the deep tones of the men, the voices of the women and children rose shrilly into the air, as they all cried "God save the King!" In an instant the sound was joined by the pealing of the great bell of the city, followed by all the others, and this by the thunder of artillery from the fort and batteries; the whole forming a noise, says Sully, fit to inspire terror, if the general sentiment of joy had allowed any one to observe that there was not a house in the city which did not shake to its foundation.

"These bells," said he to the governor, "remind us that we ought to go and return thanks to God in the church of Notre Dame;" and the motion being received with becoming applause, the church was soon crowded, and its venerable roof rang to the solemn hymn of *Te Deum*, which was followed by the splendid idolatry of the mass.

Among the spectators of the ceremony in the square there had been a horseman, who apparently had ridden a considerable distance to witness it; but who, after all, could scarcely be said to be in time, as, in the outskirts of the crowd, he was unable to obtain more than a very imperfect view of the principal personages. He was a young—indeed a very young man, although this could scarcely have been discovered on casual observation: his figure, although fully the middle height, being singularly athletic and trimly formed, and his face flushed with the dark ruddy colour which the action of foreign climates, or rough weather, imparts to fair complexions. His horse was a good serviceable roadster, such as a gentleman would by no means disdain to travel on: and, through the dust which covered the dress of the rider, it might have been discovered, that although far from likely to be a rich man, he yet laid claim to a certain rank and consideration in society. Not many, indeed, on observing his air and manner, would have been unwilling to allow him a due share of polite respect: and the few, whose moral perceptions were lost in their devotion to fine clothes, found a certain something in the stranger's eye which extorted the deference from their prudence which was grudged by their vanity.

The young man certainly seemed to be an interested, but not altogether a pleased spectator. His less amiable feelings, however, were occasionally subdued in the course of the ceremony, and at its conclusion he joined, as if involuntarily, in the shout of "God save the King!" with an honesty of enthusiasm, and a loudness of lungs, not excelled by those of any of his neighbours: when it was over, however, he seemed half to repent his condescension.

"Pshaw!" said he, in a grumbling voice of soliloquy, "what a noise we are making here!—and yet, I dare say, if one knew all, there are few except Villars himself who are paid for the piping. What would this day have been but for me? Who broke off the negotiations between these two parties? and who again, by a single word of his mouth, enabled the king to talk in a voice to which even the admiral could not affect deafness? Why I, simple *Sieur de Boisrose*; and here I stand, shouting till I am hoarse, for *Henri of Navarre*, who thus profits by my prow-

ess, without acknowledging the service even by a bow—and in honour of the Admiral Villars, who is now reaping the fruits of my labour—and of the vagabond Rosny, by whose councils I am set aside and forgotten! Ay, shout, shout, ye ragamuffins, out with it—huzza! I pray heaven ye be all as well rewarded as myself!” The *Sieur de Boisrose* then turned his horse in high dudgeon, and, putting him up at a hostelry near the river’s side, sought to wreak his vengeance on the good things at the table d’hôte, which was supplied with an abundance worthy of the patronage it that day received.

Having slept indifferently well for a disappointed man, he set out betimes the next morning for *Louviers*, leaving his enemy *Rosny* enjoying his good fortune, the whole town preparing to go to his hotel in procession, for the purpose of presenting him with a vase of silver gilt, worth three thousand crowns.

Boisrose journeyed leisurely along the road, concerting within himself a plan for bespeaking the king’s attention to his affairs. He knew little of the court, or royalty, and was quite bewildered as to the proper method of reminding a crowned head of a service, and claiming the performance of a promise. All he knew was, that interest went farther than merit; and that a letter from his old acquaintance *Rollet*, the governor of *Louviers*, who had always been a staunch royalist, was more likely to be attended to by *Henri Quatre* than an unsupported application from himself. It was for the purpose of obtaining this document that he had taken *Louviers* on his way to *Paris* from *Feschamp*, a fortress on the borders of the sea.

On reaching the town, he rode up to an inn and dismounted; but a great lord, with a retinue several hundred yards long, having just arrived at the same house, it was some time before the unattended traveller could find any one condescending enough to take charge of his horse. *Boisrose*, however, was amply consoled for the neglect, for a fortunate idea had struck him as he gazed on the splendour of the other’s equipage.

“Who knows,” thought he, “what may be the character of this personage? Can it be that all great lords are mean, selfish, and tyrannical? I will not believe it. He has an honest look, and I will trust him with my story. Oh, if he but takes the affair in hand! his interest, I am convinced, is worth a hundred of *Rollet’s*, and I shall be sure to prosper.”

The person thus selected for a patron by the traveller was a man apparently about thirty-five; his features were sharp, and there was as much shrewdness in the expression as was consistent with an appearance of integrity. He was dressed in a coat of mail, over which was thrown a rich mantle; and his remarkably fine oval beard hung gracefully over a double frill, which, in the fashion of the day, encircled his neck.

In pursuance of his resolution, *Boisrose* waited upon the stranger, and was received with a frankness and affability which made him feel quite at home. In a few minutes he had told his name and business, and his patron elect catechised him on the subject like one accustomed to business.

“I recollect the circumstance,” said he, “very well, although not all the details. You are the gentleman who, unassisted, except by the compa-

nions you prevailed upon to accompany you, surprised the fortress of *Feschamp*, in a manner so daring as to be almost incredible. The singular dangers attending your adventure, I remember, made my head giddy but to hear of: and all men said that you must have been prompted to the enterprise either by love or madness.” The young man blushed.

“It matters not,” said he, “as for that; by the aid of God and my comrades, I achieved what I attempted. Being then in the interest of the League, as every good Catholic should have been, I offered my capture to Admiral Villars, on condition of being made governor of the fort. The admiral, on hearing that so important a place had fallen into his hands, broke off the negotiations he had commenced with the king; but, instead of making any direct and honest reply to the terms I had proposed, sent his troops to take possession. This maddened me, and, learning at the instant that *Henri* had come over to the true faith, I felt myself absolved from all obedience to the League, which, indeed, was never to be respected for its persons, but solely for its religious purpose—and I proposed the same terms to him.”

“Well, and how sped you?”

“The terms were accepted.”

“And you became governor of *Feschamp*?”

“As much,” said the traveller, grinding his teeth, “as you are governor of purgatory! I was inveigled out of the fortress, which, with the assistance of my brave comrades, I might have held against one half of France, by *Marshal Biron*. He promised me, in the king’s name, ample indemnification, of which, up to this good hour, I have heard nothing more; and now, I presume, the marshal has as little ability as his master has inclination to keep the promise, for I was myself witness, no longer ago than yesterday, to a ceremony which gives virtually up to Admiral Villars—who has no cause to love me—not only *Feschamp*, but the whole country of *Caux*.”

“This is a strange story,” remarked the grandee; “our royal master has always been reported great and bountiful.”

“And so he may be,” said *Boisrose*; “but a word in your ear,—he has a pack of rascals behind him, who whisper poison.”

“Whom do you accuse?”

“Why, the hang-dog *Rosny* alone is enough to undo fifty kings! Do you know him! No, you do not; or you would be at no loss to guess who was at the bottom when mischief was brewing. He is the veriest viper on the face of the earth—a cheating, cozening, slandering, lying—Ah, vagabond! if he were but here!” and *Boisrose*, with flushing cheek and swelling temples, clenched his hands in his patron’s face, while he stamped upon the floor with rage and disdain. The grandee smiled gravely at the young man’s warmth.

“Sir,” said he, “I fear you do less than justice to the Marquis of *Rosny*. If he has really done you this wrong, it would appear to me to have proceeded rather from necessity than malevolence. At all events, I pledge my word that the affair shall be inquired into. Call on me after my arrival at the court, for I shall be sure to have news to tell you.” He then dismissed

his protegee with true courtierlike politeness, and Boisrose descended the stairs intoxicated with his good fortune. He stood at the door while the great man, who was travelling in haste, and had only called for a brief refreshment, took his departure.

"Who is that?" he whispered to one of the bystanders, when the gorgeous cavalry was in motion.

"The Marquis de Rosny."

Boisrose was thunderstruck, overwhelmed, annihilated. Recovering, however, in an instant, he dragged out his horse with his own hands, threw himself into the saddle, and scarcely drew bridle till he had reached Paris. There he obtained an introduction into the king's presence, and, not having arranged his papers, or drawn up a proper statement of the case, the only request he made to his majesty was, that he would not give faith to aught M. Rosny might say on the subject, who, he might be assured, would speak from an old grudge. He then retired to his lodgings to concert, in great trepidation, measures of defence against the powerful favourite.

The Marquis of Rosny, in the meantime, perfectly aware that he played a sure game with such an enemy as the odd, passionate, and unsuspecting Boisrose, did not put himself in the least out of the way. He proceeded to Mante, whither he had originally intended to go, and from thence journeyed leisurely with his marchioness, whom he met there, to Paris. Boisrose heard of his arrival, and passed some days in an agony of passion, tempered occasionally by such fits of civil fear as a man of military courage may feel.

At last the storm broke. He was sent for officially by M. Rosny himself, and late in the evening he followed the messenger to the palace of the Louvre, like a criminal going to execution.

He was conducted through several suites of rooms dimly lighted, till he arrived at a little apartment resembling an antechamber; and there he found his enemy alone.

"So, sir," said M. Rosny, calmly, "you have put me upon my trial? Come in, we shall see who gains the cause;" and opening a door suddenly, a blaze of light flashed upon the eyes of Boisrose which almost stupefied him. The room was not very large, but it was more sumptuously furnished than any fairy palace he had ever dreamed of. It was illumined by naked statues of admirable workmanship, placed round the walls, and bearing lights of perfumed wax in their hands; and between every two of these stood a richly gilded sofa, with cushions that appeared as if swelling to the touch.

On one of these reclined a female form, so motionless and so lovely, that Boisrose, at the first glance, imagined it to be some dead wonder of art, intended to mock nature by surpassing her most fair creations. The eyes of the exquisite statue, however, were alive; and they fixed themselves on the youth's face as he entered, with a gaze, which, although expressing only simple curiosity, brought the blood into his face, and made his heart beat and his breath come thick. A man stood behind the sofa, on the back of which his hands rested; and his head was bent down, as if to drink in at leisure the full delight of the spectacle before him. He did not look up

when the door opened, and M. Rosny, after advancing a few paces, stopped respectfully. At length the worshipper of beauty raised his head; and both visitors bent their knees as they saw the king of France.

Henri came forward; and after looking for some time at the youth with evident curiosity, he exchanged a glance of remark with his fair companion, who replied with the intelligence which love and habit teach.

"So, my lord," said he, "you have brought your prisoner. Let us hear what he has to say for himself. Are you still in the vein, Gabrielle?" Madame de Liancourt looked yes, but did not take the trouble of moving her lips even into a smile.

"Sir," said M. Rosny, addressing the culprit, "you are required, in the first place, to state to his majesty the particulars of the adventure on the success of which you found a claim upon his justice. His majesty will graciously permit you to sit down during the recital; and you are particularly desired to omit nothing which may explain either your motives for the enterprise, or its details." Boisrose was then made to seat himself in such a position as to allow the light to stream full upon his manly, handsome, and intelligent face; and after hemming away a kind of qualm that passed through his heart, he covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, as if recollecting his story, and then began as follows:—

"I was a sailor in my youth," said he—

"How long is that ago?" asked Gabrielle, suddenly. The king laughed, and Rosny smiled; but Boisrose, after considering gravely for a moment, answered—

"Two years and nine months, Mademoiselle D'Estrees." Rosny coughed, and frowned, and shook his head at the unfortunate story-teller.

"My lady," said the latter, looking alarmed, "I hope I have made no mistake. I have been so much at sea, that indeed I know little about the land in any quarter, far less the court. I have seldom heard you called by any other name than that of the beautiful Gabrielle." The beauty smiled, and the monarch, stealing his arm round her waist, bent his head upon her shoulder. Rosny nodded, as if he said, "Well done!"

"I was a sailor in my youth," resumed Boisrose, "and made several voyages to the West Indies; but receiving a hurt in an encounter with certain pirates, I went home to my native town of Feschamp, and was laid on the shelf. Here, while getting well of one malady, I fell ill of another. My family had some time or other been among the wealthiest of the place, and even now, that it was fallen into decay, continued to make strong pretensions to gentility. We were visited occasionally by almost all the respectable persons, as belonging to their own caste in society; and although we could no longer give entertainments, yet a seat in the porch on a fine evening, and a handful of sour grapes, answered the purpose as well to people who were too proud to accept of any thing better in return.

"Our principal inhabitant was a M. Bellegrade, a widower, as powerful as the governor himself, and far richer. It was said that, after the death of his wife, he paid his addresses to my mother, then a widow—but I do not believe it. He called frequently, it is true, and drank

cider, and looked as if he wished that my father had left her a handsome jointure: but he went no farther; prudence came to his aid—and at last he gave up calling, for ten years at a stretch, and then—”

“And then,” assisted Gabrielle, “he found it was not worth his trouble to keep away.”

“Precisely. His daughter, however, Monique, was constant throughout in her visits; and at last came to look upon my mother as her own. She was my companion for many years—a little creature whom I played with as one would with a doll; but when I came home from sea, she had grown—how she had grown!

“When fairly laid on my bed on shore, I grew sick with the stability of the land; the smell of the grass, and the stones, and the trees, was too much for the delicacy of nerves that had been nourished with the pure and odorous breath of the ocean; and then the doctors came, with their long faces; and then the astrologers, and then the priests; and my mother began to weep that her only son was going to heaven—

“Monique was all this time, or almost all this time, ‘at my bedside. In the intervals of my fever, without forgetting her identity for a moment, I thought she was an angel newly alighted and breathing of paradise. It was strange that I knew her at the same moment in both characters; yet it was so. I saw her wings as plainly as the shoulders from which they waved. When I began to get better, she sang to me, and read to me—no woman had ever such a voice!—and I told her of my voyages, and my battles, and my wounds—and of the strange lands I had seen, and the birds of glorious plumage, and the roar of the wild beasts as it boomed at night over the desert sea. And then we spoke of storms and shipwrecks; and I told her how we had driven on a dark night before the tempest, our sails riven into strips; and how we struck upon the dread lee-shore; and how the waves swept wildly over us, shrieking as they flew; and how I was washed upon the beach by the so potent billows, and stood helpless and alone upon that savage coast, a naked, bleeding, famishing seaboys. And then she wept; and then I wept too that she did weep—and then—and then—” Boissrose wiped his face—“and then we fell in love!

“I was long of getting well, your majesty—”

“What! of your passion?” asked Gabrielle.

“No, madam,” said Boissrose, gravely; “it is not of gallantry I am talking, but of love—and we all know that is incurable!” The king smiled tenderly; Gabrielle pressed his hand; and the Marquis of Rosny laughed.

“I was long of getting well,” continued the narrator; “but at length my strength returned, and in process of time I became stronger than ever. In these days your majesty was not a true believer, and you were compelled to wade through blood to a throne which is columned round with the institutions of the most holy Catholic church. Among the rest of the honest men of the time, our governor shut his doors against you, and hoisted the standard of the League on his ramparts. Then your general Biron came against us, with an overwhelming force—a swaggering bravo, who was an excellent captain, but would have made a still better trumpeter;—and after a

time we saw with absolute certainty how the affair would go.

“We at last surrendered of our own free will, to prevent the enemy from boasting that they had taken the place from us by force; the terms were that all who chose should be allowed to march out, bag and baggage; and I forgot the shame of defeat in anticipation of the joy I should feel in guarding Monique to a place of safety, and assisting to establish her family in some more continuing city. When we were all prepared, knapsack on shoulder, to throw open the gates of our little town, I hastened to M. Bellegrade’s house.

“‘And so you are going?’ said he—‘Well—give my compliments to your mother; and tell her, when the country is settled, one way or other, and we are all comfortable, I shall be happy to see her again.’

“‘What do you mean, M. Bellegrade?’ said I, beginning to perspire—‘Do you know that the place is just about to be evacuated?’

“‘Not by me, young man,’ he replied—‘not by me. Why should I leave a spot in which I have grown and flourished, and where I hope to wither and die? What is it to me who calls himself governor of Feschamp, or what is the colour of the flag which waves on the ramparts? Here I shall live as usual, respected, and die comfortable—for these poor knaves of Protestants will be only too happy to be patronised by a substantial man like me. You know I have not troubled myself with the defence of the place; I have done the conquerors no injury; and they can have no pretext for injuring me. Thank the saints I am neither a soldier nor a sailor; I employ myself in collecting my rents, selling my commodities to the best advantage, and keeping short accounts. You are in quite a different case. If you have any trade at all—which may be a matter of doubt—it is war; you have played the very devil with these people who are now knocking at the gates, and I only marvel that they let you out at all. Come, there is the drum striking up for Henri Quatre; be thankful it is not worse—to the right about, march, and God be with you!’

“‘M. Bellegrade,’ said I, in a fury, ‘I want to marry your daughter!’

“‘Recapture the fort, then,’ replied he with a grin, ‘and elect yourself governor; for no less a man shall marry Monique.’

“‘I will do it,’ said I—‘by heaven and hell! I will do it!’ and at the moment the noise without informed us that the gates had been opened. The bells rang, the artillery thundered, and the conquerors shouted ‘Vive Henri Quatre!’

“I clasped Monique in my arms—she was pale, trembling, and in tears; and her father ran to the window to see the show.

“‘Monique,’ said I, ‘listen! Fail not every night of your life, if it should be for twelve months, to walk out upon the ramparts, which are close by, before going to bed. As often as you see a light on the masthead of a boat below, you may be sure that your lover is there, and that his hopes are still alive. When you see two lights, provide yourself, at your leisure, with a cord long enough to reach the distant waters below; and when you see three, let fall the end of the cord at the place where the rock sweeps

perpendicularly down six hundred feet to the sea—will you do this?

"I will."

"The message you will receive by the cord will explain the rest. Now, farewell!"

"This, your majesty," continued Boisrose, "is the way in which I came first to think of an enterprise which the world is pleased to repute so extraordinary."

"A very proper and sensible way, I declare," said the beautiful Gabrielle—"only I wish you had given us the adventure first, which I am dying to hear, and kept the preface against winter."

"It was M. Rosny's fault," cried Boisrose, starting up, and reddening. "Plague on him! he told me to give my motives in full, when you and his majesty were not listening! This was done on purpose—O the—well, if I do not one time or other—*Sacre Dieu!*" Henry and his minister laughed heartily at the young sailor's naivete; and Gabrielle laughed as much as a beauty dares do with the fear of wrinkles before her eyes.

"Never mind," said the debonair king, "dullness is not capital; sit down again, and tell us the story of your three lights."

CHAPTER II.

By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where never fathom-line could touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

SHAKESPEARE.

"During the defence of the fort," continued Boisrose, "I had formed an intimacy with about a score of the finest fellows it contained. They were all of the true breed—not a shilly-shallyer among them; and every one was as poor as your majesty yourself, when only King of Navarre, at the time you had not a whole shirt, nor a whole doublet, nor even a serviceable suit of armour to your baek. With these gentlemen, as soon as I had established my mother with a relation, I held a council of war about recapturing the fort."

"Sirs," said I, "to make the attempt in the usual way, with any prospect of success, would require an army. It is necessary, therefore, if we think of it at all, to consider whether there is not some avenue which no human being would dream of but ourselves. The fort being built on the edge of a cliff, six hundred feet sheer down into the sea, has always been considered, and with much apparent reason, to be impregnable on that side: and it is precisely there where I would counsel the attempt to be made."

"But how?" said they—"with wings?"

"Ay, of hemp," replied I. "Suppose you had a knotted rope let down to you from the ramparts, is there any man here who would decline ascending it for a reasonable wager? No, not one. Well, if at my own expense I procure a tackle strong enough to hold us all, with thirty more picked men at our back—what would you say then to the adventure?"

"Do that and we are yours!"

"What! you are—are you? No thanks to you! You would do as much, you rascals, to rob a crow's nest. Come, I did but try you; the

affair is all arranged; I have friends in the garrison, and money in my pouch; if you choose to join in the escalade, why, so. I shall be your true captain—if not, God be with you!" They all agreed to a man; I chose one of them, whose name was Andre, for my lieutenant; and selling my patrimony, purchased a large open boat, and a coil of cable six hundred feet long.

"The affair, however, was by no means settled. My funds were exhausted; thirty men were to be looked for, as fifty was the smallest number that would suffice to cut so many throats; and it was necessary, therefore, to lie upon our oars, to see what God would send us. Both I and my comrades, therefore, were obliged to go adrift for the present, each of them engaging to meet me by a certain day, bringing a tried and true friend with him, worthy of a share in the adventure. The remaining ten I promised to pick up myself. What they did in the interval, I am sure I cannot very well tell; and your majesty and the queen—I mean Mademoiselle D'Estrees—(that idea, I suppose, is given up)—must excuse me on this part of the subject. Some, however, I suppose, went a short trip to sea; some took to the fishing; and some, I dare say, lived as well as they could on their neighbours, who were, luckily, almost all heretics."

"Oh fy, fy," interrupted Gabrielle, but not in a tone of displeasure.

"What of that, madame?" said Boisrose, "I am sure it was only the Protestants who suffered—scurvy knaves! and it was even too good for them. Nay, you need not bend your brows at me, M. Rosny, for I do not offend his majesty. I have ever observed, that people who change their religion are still bitterer against its professors than if they had been their enemies from the first."

"My lieutenant, Andre, parted company with me last; and previously we rowed out to the rock of the fort on a dark night, and for the first time I gave the signal to Monique by running a light up to the mast head. Proud of the contrivance, I looked up, and saw the edge of the horizon faintly and irregularly defined. It was impossible to discern a human figure at such a distance, and even the white flag, planted on the highest part of the ramparts, resembled more a patch of sky, or a sailing cloud, as it floated in the wind."

"I was so much annoyed on discovering the oversight I had been guilty of in omitting to establish a countersign with Monique, that Andre, imagining I had been struck with a panic at sight of the dark rock, and on the idea presenting itself of the terrific height we should have to swing ourselves up on a starless night, by our hands and feet, and with no other support to cling to than a hempen line, began to try to animate my courage."

"Peace," said I, "peace! Take care that I have not to put you in mind of this when we are half way up, in order to egg you on to finish the adventure." I then told him of the blunder I had committed—although still taking care not to allow him to suspect that my only ally in the garrison was a young timid girl—and we consulted as to the best mode of repairing it.

"Owing to the movements of the *Leaguers*, occasioned by the successes of your majesty's arms in Normandy, the fort had been kept in a

state of great alarm from the moment it had been won; and the same precautions were taken in admitting persons within the gates as if the place had been in a state of siege. It was necessary, therefore, that a communication with Monique should be made through some person as little liable to suspicion as possible; and Andre offered to employ on the occasion a young country girl in the neighbourhood, whose accepted lover he was. This seemed to me a fortunate thought. We extinguished our light, rowed back to the village, and the next morning set out for the place, about two leagues off, where Andre's sweetheart resided.

"The lieutenant had already taken leave of her, intending that day to have proceeded on a coasting trip as far as Dieppe; and from thence, if he found a friend of his still in the port, for London, the capital of England; but the wind being unfavourable, he was permitted to defer his embarkation till the following day. After a pleasant walk, we reached the place of our destination early in the forenoon. It was a pretty village on the seashore, with a neat spire seen tapering through the trees, a few fishing boats on the beach, and some small flocks of sheep spotting the circumjacent meadows white.

"Our way lay by the church; and as we passed near the wall, surprised by the sound of singing, very different in measure and cadence from church music, being soft and tender, without any touch of solemnity, we paused to listen. In another moment, Andre recognized some of the voices, and we both leaped over the wall, for the singers had entered the church; and presently all was silent. We looked in at one of the windows, and saw the prettiest sight that could be seen. About twenty young girls, dressed in white, and their heads coroneted with the early spring flowers, were sweeping with besoms of tender new-plucked shrubs the space before the altar. They were arranged in regular file, and kept time with their motions as if to some inaudible tune. In their hearts, I am sure they sung; and if it was the priest who told them that God would have been displeased with the utterance of the tune by their lips, he lied like a knave!

"A young damsel, still prettier than the rest, was the queen of this maiden company; and I saw by the direction of Andre's eyes, and the expression of his face, that she was his own. Having swept the fine dust into a heap in the middle, they deposited it in a white apron, which they delivered to Annette, their seeming priestess; and then moving trippingly, as if they would have danced had they dared, and their feet falling softly, with nicely-measured tread upon the floor, they slowly quitted the church.

"We were still unseen; and, stealing by the side of the wall, we followed them till they had gained an eminence of smooth and delicate green, just without the enclosure of the churchyard, and sloping down to the edge of the sea, where they drew up in regular array. The morning wind kissed merrily their fresh faces, and the long lappets of their caps waved and danced to its unseen touch. The sky was bright above their heads, the sea glittered at their feet, and the earth around them was as fair, and green, and fragrant, as if war had never entered into the world.

"The young girls dipped their hands into the

apron; and while their song rose clear into the sunny air—

• 'Goelands, Goelands,
Rammenez-nous nos amans!'

they scattered the holy dust upon the wind. I know not how it was, but the pretty superstition, clinging as it were for support to the blessed religion of the Cross, impressed me with a feeling of awe. These mysteries had been performed to propitiate—they knew not what power of heaven or of earth—to send back to them their lovers, now tossing on the vasty sea! Is it possible that God would appropriate to himself a worship so equivocal in its simplicity, and answer to their half-pagan spell? I say it is.

"No sooner had the charmed strain died away upon the wind, than Andre, rushing into the group, clasped his mistress in his arms. A scream, and a leap, and a joyful laugh of surprise from the whole party, was the result. Annette grew pale at first, and red afterward, and hid her blushes in her lover's bosom; then her companions, plucking the garlands from their hair, flung the flowers playfully upon them both; their song burst forth again from their hearts and lips, and, joining hands, they danced to their own music round the happy pair.

"They were young," continued Boisrose, in a lower voice—"young, heedless, happy creatures! and they were all so beautiful, and they looked so innocent—I pray your majesty to like these poor girls!"

"And so I do," said the good Henri—"so I do, indeed, my fine fellow!"

"And you, beautiful Gabrielle?" Gabrielle suddenly, yet gently, removed Henri's hand from her shoulder, on which he was reclining, and leaning her face upon the arm of the sofa, burst into tears. The monarch sighed, and Boisrose looked as if he had been taken in the fact of some enormous crime.

"Go on," said the Marquis of Rosny, while the unloving look with which he usually regarded the future Duchess of Beaufort, softened into a smile of compassion.

"Annette, may it please madame and your majesty," said Boisrose, "was easily prevailed upon to lend herself to our views; and that same day, providing herself with a little basket of fresh eggs, she mounted upon an ass, and, escorted by us, took her way to the fort. Her embassy was successfully performed; she delivered undiscovered a letter to Monique, and brought back to me a few hurried words, which were more powerful than whole volumes of magic.

"That night we showed our signal again off the Rock of the Fort, consisting this time of two lights, as it was time that Monique should begin to prepare; and immediately after, to our great joy, we saw a small light above, which seemed to us more beautiful than a star. What it was owing to, I do not know; but the distance, as marked by the light, appeared to be greater than before. Perhaps it was the association in our fancies between this star of our hope and the stars of heaven—for it truly seemed, as we gazed upon the speck of brilliance gemming the crown of night, that our project was to scale the sky itself, and take the thunderer by surprise. I felt convinced at the moment, from my companion's

manner, and the tone of his voice, that a thrill of awe passed through his heart; nevertheless, he mastered his emotion very gallantly, and, in rowing home, we talked of the enterprise as serenely as usual.

"The next day Andre and I parted: he went to Dieppe; and I, after seeing my boat properly secured, being reduced to my last sol, sailed for Bordeaux as a man before the mast. The story has nothing to do with the attempt upon the fort; but perhaps your majesty, now that I am talking, at any rate, would like to hear my adventures at sea?"

"By no means!" interposed Gabrielle.

"Very well. On the appointed day, my comrades and I met according to promise. We had all been successful in finding recruits, so that the proper number of fifty was made up, and it was necessary, without more loss of time, to go to work. They were a set of fellows who could not have been matched in Europe for nerve and muscle. Their faces were almost all of a grayish-brown, which speaks of rough weather and sea-spray; their eyes were small, quick, and sharp; they were under rather than over the middle size, and they stooped a little like men who were in the habit of clutching and grappling. There were some exceptions, it is true, to this description, and among them was Andre. He was tall and elegant, rather than strongly proportioned, and was quite a stripling compared with the majority of the rest. I had chosen him for my lieutenant from the frankness and boldness of his air, and a certain enthusiasm in his bright eyes which proclaimed him the very man for such an enterprise. Andre, besides, could understand me: this is a quality which your majesty is doubtless well able to appreciate. It is an excellent thing to have people about one who can do well what they are bidden wisely; but the benefit is incalculable to the chief of any daring enterprise to possess a comrade capable of entering into his feelings, and to whom a hinted word is sufficient to awaken a train of ideas corresponding to his own. Such a comrade was Andre.

"Having exchanged signals with my watchful angel Monique, who was still true to her post, a night was fixed upon for the adventure. The night came.

"The weather for some time had been dull and gloomy during the day, and squally as the night set in. It was early in the moon; and the sky was covered with clouds, which, although brittle and restless, allowed not a twinkle of starlight to appear. The shoreward sea rolled in heavy and almost unbroken masses, although the white foam was dimly visible in the offing. We embarked at a point half a league from the village; each man wearing a helmet and a coat-of-mail, with his offensive arms, consisting of a sword, dagger, and battle-axe, strapped round his body.

"Before we reached the Rock of the Fort, the wind had considerably increased, so that it was dangerous to go too far in-shore. Our signal light, however, would have been an object of great surprise and alarm if seen by any of the garrison; and it was necessary to revert to our original intention. So at all events we should have been obliged to do very soon, as we all

knew; and I only mention it to account for the kind of awe which, on nearing the rocks, ran through my crew.

"This was owing to nothing more nor less than the noise of the waves as they broke sullenly upon the cliff. Farther out, the sound was bad enough, but it was referred by the sailor's experience to its natural causes—and, perhaps, might have been rather encouraging than otherwise, as forming part of the things of which he was professionally cognoscent. But when close by—muttered as it were into our ears—it was as dismal as can well be conceived. The fissures and unevenness of the rock gave it many of the intonations of the human voice, while in itself—the body, if I may so speak, of the sound—it was so altogether above, or, perhaps, beneath humanity, as to be absolutely appalling.

"I believe there was not one among us who did not feel this; but I also believe that had it not been for the imprudence of my lieutenant, Andre, we should all have been too much ashamed of the sensation to have allowed it to be suspected even in our silence. When we first plunged close upon the cliff, and dipped our oars deep into the water to arrest the boat's progress, Andre, who all on a sudden had leisure to listen, stunned and horror-struck by the hellish clamour that assailed his ears, cried out—

"Holy Saints! what is that?" and we, who wanted only an excuse to listen also, gave up our minds so entirely to the task that it was some time before we even thought of running up our signal-light to the mast-head.

"Andre, notwithstanding, was one of the first to recover, and by his brisk and cheerful whispers—for although the distance was so great, we did not think it prudent to talk above our breath—contributed greatly to restore the self-possession of the crew. In the meantime, in the deadly shade of the cliff, the darkness became so great that we could hardly see the figure of one another; and above, the rock was scarcely distinguishable from the dull sky beyond. The wind veered a little, but always for the worse, and gradually increased in force, till at length it came on to blow great guns from the northwest.

"Having struck fire with a flint and steel, we at last lighted our lamp, and sent it dancing up to the mast-head. It enabled us to look into one another's faces for a moment; but when it had passed higher than our heads, the effect was completely lost in the surrounding gloom—its beams did not even carry to the wall of rock, which, at the present moment, was our most deadly enemy. Every face was turned up in expectation. The ridge of the cliff was now invisible; and for some moments—I know not whether I ought to say moments or minutes—we were in doubt whether any countersign was to appear.

"At length the star of our destiny arose in the heavens. I shall never forget the sound which came from the hearts of my comrades at its sudden apparition. The light appeared to be fixed in the sky, while we were grovelling on the surface of the sea. It happened at the moment that there was a pause in the rising storm; and notwithstanding the inarticulate roar of the waters, I am convinced that the slightest sigh from our lips would have been heard from stem to stern.

"Our second, and then our third light was

run up in the same manner, but still the solitary signal twinkled above. Expecting that a reply should be made to each of my challenges, I was greatly discomfited; and although I allowed no hint of it to escape, it was at one time my firm belief that something had occurred above to prevent the descent of the cord. But how did I know that the cord had not already descended? As the question flashed suddenly upon me, I was covered with a cold perspiration. An object fifty times the thickness of an ordinary cord would scarcely have been discernible at the time!

"This oversight of mine, however, was made up for by my admirable Monique. In a few moments the star above began to fall; its descent became more rapid; it swung wildly in the wind; and at length it almost reached the water's edge before us. It was with some damage to our boat, and extreme hazard to our lives, that we approached near enough; but at length we had the satisfaction of seizing the welcome cord.

"To this the end of the cable was speedily made fast, and a pause of expectation ensued. The cable was furnished with small pieces of wood lashed across it at equal distances, to serve for the steps of a ladder; and the whole was coiled carefully up and laid free upon the beams of the boat, so as to run easily. The vessel was now so crowded both at stern and bows, all requiring to be clear at midships, that we could scarcely use the oars to keep our position in the water; and as the wind increased every instant, and the sea rose higher and rougher upon the rocks, the moment was exceedingly critical.

"The cable at last began to rise, and my heart was relieved, for I feared that Monique had found her strength unequal to the task: as, indeed, it would have been without the aid of an old wheel which had been used in weighing stones for the repair of the ramparts. I knew that she would meet with no interruption in her labour, for this part of the fort was wholly deserted even in the day-time: and little danger could be apprehended by the garrison in such a quarter, except from an insurrection of the eagles. My mind was therefore perfectly tranquil from the moment the cable began to rise: and whispering my orders to the men, we set about what remained of our duty in the boat with alacrity.

"Uncoiling a sufficient quantity of the cable to keep our friend above employed, we threw it overboard, and then pulled out a little farther from the rocks, to allow room for dragging, and cast anchor. Our anchor was heavy enough for a much larger vessel in an ordinary situation; but here the ground was bad, the wind high, and the sea by this time roaring and hissing, and plunging like mad. The noise with which it met the cliff was like incessant discharges of artillery; and the waves broke so continually over our heads that the air we breathed seemed to be thick with foam.

"In this situation we remained, I think, for upwards of an hour, before we saw that the rope was nearly all spun out. At length the hoisting ceased; the labour of Monique was at a close; and we lashed the cable's end securely to the boat. All things went bravely on; we had hit our time to a minute; the sky was covered with a pall, the ends of which seemed to hang far over the horizon of the earth; the winds piped

loud and wild, and the answering sea danced and shouted to the sound; there was not a twinkle of starlight above, and below there were only the white heads of the billows seen dim and far in the waste. It was now the dead watch, and deep middle of the night.

"We followed the rope with our eye towards our destination; but it was lost in darkness. We could not even see the edge of the cliff against the sky. At length a light appeared, like a star, far, far above our heads: it was the signal that all was ready, and we eagerly threw ourselves upon the rope to try, by a strain, whether it was securely enough fastened above. It did not yield.

"Now, my lads," cried I, "now for the crow's nest! Andre, my noble heart! you shall lead the way; and although I doubt no man of you any more than I doubt the mass, yet I myself will bring up the rear. There must be no return, once our feet have left the boat! Remember, I require no compulsion even now: stay below whoever pleases; but if you mount, you shall never descend this way alive. Whatever difficulties we may meet with on the way, or whatever alarm we may hear above, on we must go. This dagger sharpened on purpose, I shall carry in my mouth to cut the rope below me on the first murmur of mutiny. Are you all agreed?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" was the answer from every hero of them. The winds, waves, and rocks, shouted their applause; and the sea, rising wildly around us, broke in a deluge over our heads.

"Now for it, my lads!" cried Andre, in the midst of the din—"Follow who will, here I go like a rigger!" and he sprang upon the rope and disappeared in the darkness above. Up they jumped behind him, one after another, head and shoulders. Sacre! it would have done your majesty's heart good to have seen it! Up they jumped—the rope swung, the sea roared—hurrah! I sheathed my dagger, for I saw there would be no use for it; and, drunken with exultation, as the last man left the gunwale, I almost leaped upon his shoulders.

"We had gained the middle, three hundred feet from the surface of the sea, and three hundred feet from the surface of the land. We were in total darkness; and the rope, notwithstanding our enormous weight, agitated by the rocking of the boat and the rushing of the storm, swung and swayed like a thread.

"Hold fast!" cried the lieutenant at that moment—but there was no need of the command. We had all stopped suddenly, as if we had been one man, and clung with a death-grip to the rope. We knew not whether the danger—imminent, mortal, and overwhelming—was above or below; but we felt as if we were lost. A hundred different ideas swept through my mind in one instant; but the predominating one was that Monique had been discovered, and that the garrison were heaving off the rope above. I was confirmed in this belief by a wild and piercing voice screaming into my ears—it was the voice of Monique! But this was impossible!—or, had they thrown her headlong down, shrieking into the abyss!

"That I heard and felt all this, in the compass of a few seconds may seem strange, and yet it is most true. The next moment, the motion of the rope which had produced these ideas

was repeated, and a shudder seemed to run through it from end to end. It then swayed so wide and so high, being carried with the boat driving from her moorings on the top of an enormous wave, that it was with the utmost difficulty we kept our hold: and it then broke off from its lashings, with a report like that of a cannon, and we swung far and free in the storm.

"Thrice we were flung with such violence against the cliff that many of our helmets crashed like nutshells; but at last by desperate and continued efforts, grasping at the nearest fissures of the rock, we contrived to keep the frail machine comparatively steady. It was some time before we thought of resuming our progress; and there we hung, in the dead middle of the night, suspended three hundred feet above the roaring sea, supported by nothing more than a rope fastened three hundred feet above our heads by the weak fingers of a maid.

"I at last became impatient, and passed the word to go on; but the order was given in vain. Notwithstanding my threat of cutting the rope in case of mutiny, it seemed as if the very fact of the existence of a communication with the boat had had the effect of nerving the hearts of some of the men, which now failed them when that communication was cut off.

"Andre, the leader of the crew, he on whom I depended so much, sunk suddenly into a state of stupefaction and despair; and when I demanded furiously the cause of the delay, word was passed to me from mouth to mouth that he had declared himself to be unable to proceed a step higher.

"The situation was terrible. The faint tones in which some of the men spoke informed me that the contagion was spreading; we should hang there—those who had nerve enough to preserve their hold—till daylight appeared; and, when discovered by the garrison, we should be dropped down into the hissing hell of waters, with the deriding and exulting cries of the victors ringing, like the laughter of demons, in our ears!

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "it is better that one perish than all!" and passing the word to hold fast, I climbed up the rope over the heads of my comrades. Each man, as I reached him, assured me, although some with faltering voices, that his resolution was unshaken, and that if I only cleared the way, he would follow me to death; but when I arrived at Andre, he was immovable. His voice was fearfully calm, while he told me that he felt it impossible to go on—that he would remain there and die.

"That you shall not," said I; "the lives of so many brave men shall not be sacrificed to the despair of a coward; and grappling with him fiercely, I tore his feeble hands from their hold, and bent him down over the abyss. I knew not what withheld my arms as I was about to send him headlong into the sea; but I believe it was the remembrance of that gentle scene I had witnessed with him at the village church. I can hardly understand it now; but at that moment, even amid the howling of the night-tempest, I heard the maiden's voices in their sweet wild song swell distinctly on my ear, and the innocent face of his young fair mistress gleamed upon me like a spirit through the darkness.

"My heart was softened, but my tongue bitter. I raised him up, and fixed his hands again upon the rope; and with every execration that hate and scorn could teach the human lips, I stabbed him repeatedly, but not deeply, in the legs and back with my dagger. The sense of pain roused him to the sense of insult; and at length, as I repeated my attacks, his fear vanished, and grasping the rope with one hand, he tugged at his sword with the other to combat his enemy on the spot.

"I will meet you on the ramparts," said I, sliding down the backs of my comrades to my original post.

"On! on!" cried they, with one voice; "the day breaks!—on, or we are lost!" and Andre rushed frantically up the trembling ladder.

"We at length gained the edge of the precipice, and crept one by one upon the ramparts. That moment was delightful! we unbound our swords and battle-axes, and my comrades gathered round me to take orders for the assault. Monique at the instant startled us by bursting into the circle. She sunk down before me, and clasped my knees.

"They are asleep!" said she, in a whisper that was heard distinctly by all present—"they are sound asleep—calm and unsuspecting on their peaceful beds! Oh, spare them! spare them!"—But we did not spare them!"

"Wretch!" cried Gabrielle, "after having just escaped such danger yourselves!"

"That was just the reason," returned Boisrose; "we had no fancy to be hurled down the cliff again; the numbers were three to one against us; and before we had nearly reduced them to an equality, so many had time to rub their eyes and arm, that, after all, we had a fair stand-up fight for the fort, which we gained—besides, they were Protestants."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Gabrielle, "that you have come to an end one way or other. I am sure I wished heartily that the rope had broken above rather than below you; for I thought you never meant to have got more than half-way; and certes, if I had gone to bed with my imagination hanging with you on that eternal line, the storm shrieking in my ears, and the sea roaring at my feet, I should have risen in the morning mad!—now tell me, out of what stale romance have you filched that adventure?"

"It is all true, madam," said the Marquis of Rosny—"true, every syllable, as I have had an opportunity of knowing. If ever I write the history of my own time, I shall not forget, be assured, the story of the Rock of the Fort."

"But tell me," said Henri, "for I long to know how you sped after the fortress was taken."

"Why, your majesty," replied Boisrose, "as the affair was settled, I elected myself Governor of Feschamp, and sent an offer to Admiral Villars to deliver up the fort to the League on the simple condition of my being permitted to retain the government. I then went to M. Bellegarde to ask his daughter in marriage. What do you think the old fellow answered?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the monarch.

"I know that—but guess."

"Indeed I cannot."

"Why then, he said, that as your majesty had turned your coat to get a throne, it was yours

by right; and that without the royal permission, I could be no more governor than he! Think of that! That I, who had scaled a perpendicular cliff six hundred feet high, and carried the fort with my own men, should wait *your* permission to govern it! *Sacre!*"

"It was a most unreasonable idea!" remarked Gabrielle, gravely.

"Shocking! shocking!" said the king. The Marquis of Rosny grinned from ear to ear.

"Well," returned Boisrose, "M. Bellegrade was inflexible, and Villars played the fool. Instead of snapping at the offer at once, the admiral went a roundabout way to work, employing some of his underlings to negotiate; and when I flatly refused to deliver up the fort before the bargain was made, he marched an army against me! This, as it happened, was very well; for out of affection to your majesty, I had already half-persuaded myself that as the Church had opened her arms to receive an erring and repentant son, a sinner like me had no right to stand in his way. No sooner, therefore, did I hear the admiral's movement, than I sent the same offer to your majesty which I had made to him; and presently there comes Marshal Biron, swelling, and strutting, and puffing, as if he would blow out the sun, and wheel me out of my fort. Never was a freer man! If I had asked for the succession of the throne of France, he would have given it at a word. But, alas! his gifts were all in words! With the concurrence of M. Bellegrade, the bargain I made with him was, that I should either receive the government of Feschamp, or an adequate remuneration. From that day to this, I have heard nothing more about the matter, either from Biron or your majesty."

"And whom do you accuse?" asked the king.

"Why, that M. Rosny," replied Boisrose, "people say, makes your majesty do any thing he has a mind to—or let it alone, just as he pleases; and as I was always inclined to form a favourable opinion of your majesty, I, of course, am compelled to conclude that it is owing to his evil influence you act on this point in so strange a manner."

"We shall waive that point in the mean time," said the king; "and now let me ask you why you have all on a sudden ceased mention of your friend Andre?"

"*Sacre!* I hardly know what to say of Andre. After the fort was taken, he wanted to fight with me for stabbing him; and when I only told him he was a fool, he went away in a dudgeon, and I neither saw nor heard any thing more of him."

"This is your account, sir," said the king, sternly; "will you preserve the assurance of your countenance when you are informed that Andre has been here before you?"

"Oh, the son of a sea-cow! what has he been saying? Do not believe him, please your majesty! his mother was a Protestant! O that I had him here!"

"And so you shall—you shall not be condemned without witnesses and a full hearing. Keep yourself in readiness to return here when sent for; and I pledge my word, as a king and a knight, that you shall have justice done you."

Boisrose left the presence, devoured with rage and mortification.

"If I had thought it," said he, with a bitter oath, "I would have been flayed alive before they had that long yarn out of me!" Five days passed by, and he was at his wits' end, as well as his purse's end; but at last the message came, and he hurried to the Louvre.

He was ushered into the same room, where he found the same company; and after making his obeisance to royalty, he looked fiercely round for the accusing witness. In another moment, Andre entered.

"Silence in the court!" bawled the Marquis de Rosny—

"Please your majesty, stop his mouth!" said Boisrose; and striding up to Andre, who seemed about to faint away in the august presence—"Sacre!" he continued, "what is this you have been saying of me? Look me in the face, and out with it!"

"I never said any thing of you, Boisrose," replied Andre, "that was not true."

"What *did* you say of me then—speak!"

"Why, I only said that you would not fight with me."

"And was that all?"

"That was the worst I knew of you to say—and the only thing of the kind that was ever said of you in your life."

"Please your majesty," said Boisrose, "his mother recanted before her death! I will go to communion upon it.—Andre, my fine fellow, I'll fight with you to-morrow; or, if that will not do, I beg your pardon now!"

"The next witness!" bawled the Marquis de Rosny; and M. Bellegrade entered the room.

"Report your accusation against the prisoner," said the marquis.

"My accusation!—Holy Virgin! I am sure I do not remember that I—"

"No hesitation—you know it was something about defending the fort."

"Well, I am sure I meant no harm to the young man; but if I did say any thing, it must have been, that he declared to me, if made governor of the fort, he would defend it against his majesty's enemies, if the king himself were to lead them on."

"That is hanging!" said Gabrielle. Boisrose gave her a look; but he bit his lip and remained silent, for he could not deny the charge.

"The next witness!" An old lady entered the room.

"What, mother! you here!" cried Boisrose.

"What, in Heaven's name, have you been saying against me?"

"Indeed I could not help it!" said she; "the gentleman asked me so many questions, and pressed me so hard, that at last I told him—"

"What, what?"

"That, when preparing for your mad adventure, rather than hamper me by living on the part of your small patrimony which you had settled on me, you barbarously went a voyage to Bordeaux as a man before the mast!" and the widow sobbed bitterly.

"The next witness!" Annette entered the room.

"What is the heaviest complaint you have to make against the prisoner Boisrose?"

"Please you, sir, that when I told him that

Mademoiselle de Bellegrade had saluted me when I gave her the letter, 'he broke all my eggs to pieces in taking the kiss off my cheek.'

"The last witness!" Monique entered the room; and Boisrose ran and clasped her in his arms.

"Your complaint! your complaint!" cried the king.

"This is his way," said Monique, struggling; "you are witness as well as I—he always so stops my breath!" Gabrielle clapped her hands, delighted at the damsel's readiness, and Henri rose up.

"Prisoner," said he, "you are convicted of valour, generosity, true loyalty, filial affection, and love, and I remit you into the hands of the Marquis of Rosny for sentence."

"With your majesty's permission, then," cried the Marquis, "he shall for these offences receive two thousand crowns in ready money, a captaincy in the army, with proper appointments, and a pension of twelve thousand livres a-year; and when your majesty makes me grand master of the Norman Artillery, he will be, if he pleases, my lieutenant-general, with Andre the next in command."

"But there is one fault, my Lord of Rosny," said Gabrielle, "common to both your officers, which I trust his majesty will not overlook. They have quite too much spirit, particularly Boisrose, for the quiet holiday times which I hope by the blessing of God this realm is now to enjoy—and I would beg permission to propose a remedy."

"Name it," said the king.

"Marriage!"

"You are right. My Lord of Rosny, see that it be instantly administered at our own charge. Let the entertainment be on a scale befitting our royal station;—and it will go hard with us, Gabrielle," continued Henri, whispering, "if you and I do not look in among the maskers."

THE MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

Pretty streamlet! singing, dancing,
While through meadows green you stray,
In morning beams your beauty glancing—
Say, whence come you, young runaway?

Ay—from the foot of yonder mountain,
On whose brown side the mist ascends;
You were nursed beside the fountain,
Which to the sward fresh beauty lends.

And there—a child—you learned to prattle
As you might, in hidden dells:
To crowds of rushes to give battle,
Or play at bo-peep with harebells.

So, you have left your loves of childhood,
Round whose neck you fondly curled;
And come hither, in some wild mood,
To sport awhile, and see the world.

Eh! you have got a roguish twinkle;
They say you Streams are fond of Flowers;
Well, here they all your path besprinkle;—
Bright Flora! you'll have gleesome hours.

They say you kiss the flowrets, Streamlet—
Or so some tattling poets feign;
Or, is it only but a dreamlet
Of some flower-enamoured swain?

I rather think 'tis *they* steal kisses;
When you glide, all slow and meek,
They bathe their glowing lips and tresses
On your cooling dewy cheek.

Well! 'tis between you—happy union!
Long and constant may it prove!
Streams and Flowers—a bless'd communion—
Beauties, ye were made for love!

Giddy streamlet—ever changing—
You are not framed for days nor hours;
Wanton streamlet—ever ranging
'Mong varied scenes and fairy bowers.

Anon, you'll dart to yonder coppice,
And there some love-lorn birks beguile;
Which, gently drooping, all their hope is
That there you'll linger for awhile.

But I must leave you, though with sorrow;
I'd love to trace the waltz you led;
Pray, give my compliments to *Yarrow*.
Remember, ere you go to bed.

WORMS AND FLOWERS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain-streams
To blue autumnal skies.

You're springing for my lady, flower!
You're training for my love,
The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above:
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

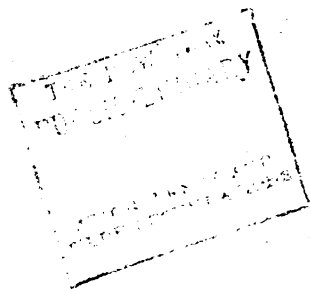
Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in aramanthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.



VIEW IN MANAYUNK.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.



A WEDDING AT BOURG-EN-BRESSE.

An old college friend invited me to pass last autumn with him at Arbigny, a small village about a league distant from Pont-de-Vaux.* The situation of his estate was picturesque and rural in the extreme, but to my taste far too secluded. The inmates of the castle consisted of my friend, his wife, and two ladies on a visit. The country has no great charms for me; and the monotonous life we led, caused my time to hang heavily on my hands, so that I soon sighed for the society and brilliant re-unions of our gay city of Paris. As a pastime, I bethought me of making love. Two were married, but the prettiest was free from incumbrance, and might have been an agreeable companion, had she not had an intolerable habit of laughing, which was wearisome beyond measure: it had become a passion, a sort of mania with her; at breakfast, dinner, riding, walking, the most insignificant gesture, or unmeaning word; the simple "utterance of good night," or "good morning;" the accidental flitting of a bird; the spring of the grasshopper across her path, whatever happened, created violent and frequent fits of laughter. Whilst standing one morning at my chamber window, I saw a young girl enter the castle-yard, carrying a pitcher, to fill it at a well situated in an adjacent meadow. She was a brunette of about twenty, with piercing black eyes, and a complexion in which the piony certainly preponderated over the lily and the rose, and a figure as broad as she was long. Her picturesque costume of blue cloth was ornamented with crimson ribbons fringed with silver; and her tiny hat with its floating ribbons was placed over one ear, as if it had fallen there by accident. Although I could neither fancy her a Ruth nor a Rachel, still in a country where the women wear their waists just beneath their shoulder-bones, and shade with these baby hats their enormous faces, which are as broad as pumpkins, I thought her sufficiently charming to enable me to pass an hour agreeably.

One morning I approached my little heroine as she was about to draw water from the well; and as I have often found the success of a well-placed compliment upon a pretty woman, I lauded the brilliancy of her eyes, and becoming costume: this, as it flattered her vanity, was tolerably well received. Unfortunately, however, I was tempted to push my curiosity too far. Wishing to ascertain the texture of the ribbon to which a gold cross was suspended from her neck; I had scarcely touched it, ere I received a blow in the face, which made the blood flow copiously from my nose, and sent me reeling backwards several paces. How fortunate that we were alone, for had my laughing damsel been present, her risible faculties would have been beyond measure excited. I judged it the most prudent plan to sound a retreat. I, however, still affected to laugh, telling her that she displayed a little too much vivacity in her mode of salutation. She instantly raised her pitcher upon her head without assistance, and departed, muttering as

she went along, "Have you not had enough! or will you try it again?" At breakfast I inquired the name of my charmer, taking good care not to allude to her extraordinary prowess. My friend, who was lord of the manor, told me she was the only daughter of one of his tenants, a farmer, of the name of Grand, and that Margaret was the affianced bride of William Brulard, the son of another tenant; that their marriage was to take place the following morning, and that it would be a sight well worth the attention of a stranger, as the manners and customs of the middle ages were still preserved in that part of the country on these occasions.

"This village," said he, "was originally a colony founded by the Saracens, after their defeat in the plains of Tours, by Charles Martel. Indelible characters mark it on the countenances of the inhabitants, although their manners and characters may have undergone a change, during long intercourse with the inhabitants of other parts."

At ten o'clock the following morning the marriage commenced. Voices were heard without; farmers demanding admittance into the courtyard of the castle. The great gates were accordingly thrown open, and the processions preceded by a most discordant band of musicians, consisting of hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, and squeaking clarionets. Foremost was Farmer Grand, leading his daughter by the hand, attired in the ancient Bresson costume; the former with his jacket and culotte-courte of white velveteen; the red, long-flapped waistcoat, with its immense buttons made of bone; the enormous three-cocked hat, that had seen nearly as many years as its aged proprietor; and the huge bunch of wild-thyme, fastened with long red ribbons to the button-hole of his waistcoat. Margaret walked with her eyes modestly cast downwards, the very personification of gentleness; she wore a robe like that in which I had previously seen her, of blue Bressian cloth, with crimson ribbons, ornamented in front with an apron of the changeable colour "Gorge de Pigeon:" placed over her ear was a tiny hat, ornamented with long black lace lappets, which floated over her shoulders; white cotton gloves covered her rustic, but well-formed hands; blue stockings, wove with red clocks, covered her feet; and her shoes were black, bound with crimson velvet. Next followed a whole tribe of relations—grandfathers and grandmothers, brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins of the bride.

A second procession simultaneously entered at another gate—the party of the bridegroom, who himself was dressed in the costume of the present day. He wore loose trousers of blue velvet, short hunting jacket, with its double row of metal buttons, and its seams covered with gold braid, a broad red belt, long silver watch-chain, and a white cotton night-cap, with the tassel thrown backwards. The latter is so generally adopted at the present day in Bourg-en-Bresse, and, indeed, throughout the department of Ain, that no male of the working or lower classes is without, excepting, perhaps, the very aged and infirm. The two groups drew up at about fifteen paces distant, salutations commenced in true country fashion with the scrape of the foot, the

* In the department of Ain, at the foot of Mount Jura.

leg thrown backwards, and the hat in hand. The dialogue began by the bride's father addressing the father of the young man—

Farmer Grand.—"What do you want?"

Farmer Brulard (twisting his cocked hat in his hand,)—"I want you to deliver your daughter, Margaret Grand, to my son, William Brulard."

Farmer Grand.—"Come forward."

There was some hesitation, neither party seeming inclined to take the first step. At length the two groups advanced at the same time.

Farmer Grand.—"Have you much money?"

Farmer Brulard (thumping his waistcoat pocket to make the money jingle)—"We have as much money as you."

Farmer Grand.—"How much will you give your son William on the day of his marriage?"

Farmer Brulard.—"I will give my son William as much as you will give your daughter Margaret."

Farmer Grand.—"I will lay five hundred silver crowns on the notary's table for my daughter Margaret: and together with this dowry, a *beau trousseau* made expressly for her by her grandmother."

Farmer Brulard.—"I will give my son William, now before us, and taking a wife, my hemp field, valued by the surveyors at two thousand francs. I dispossess myself of it in his favour; and by act of notary renounce all right and title to it, both present and future."

Farmer Grand.—"Will you take care of my poor little Margaret? Will you love her—be kind to her? Will you make her happy? Do you promise all this before God, who sees and hears us, and before her family here assembled?"

Farmer Brulard.—"Will I take care of her! Better care than if she were my own. Shall we all love her! As we would the child of our bosoms: and William, will he love and make her happy! He promises it to God, to you, to me, his father, and to both our families."

Farmer Grand (taking Margaret by the hand, turns her slowly round twice.)—"Ah! look at her! Is she not pretty and well-favoured, and good, and industrious, and modest? Saving the company's presence, she is as mild and gentle as the pet lamb of the flock she takes to graze upon the mountain." (I think I could answer for the truth of this assertion.)

During this dialogue, which can scarcely be translated in all its simplicity, the blushing Margaret stood close by her father's side, her hands folded beneath her apron, scarcely daring to cast even a furtive glance towards her future husband. William, taking her by the hand, now advanced, and proceeded at the head of the now united processions, to the church where the marriage ceremony took place.

On their return to the court-yard, twelve village youths, friends of the bridegroom, entered demanding to speak with Margaret: they had brought her, as a present, a magnificent wedding gown of crimson cloth—but custom forbids that this gown should ever reach its destination; for twelve youths, friends of her family, were lying in wait, and rushed upon the bearers: a struggle ensued, and the side of victory was long doubtful: in the end, the dress was torn to shreds, and fixed on the top of a pole, when it was carried in

triumph through the village by the bridegroom's friends, the victorious party.

In the evening, the interior of Grand's farm presented a most animated scene. Several hog-heads of wine were broached; whole quarters of beef, an entire calf, two sheep, geese, ducks, fowls, &c., were all to be seen roasting before an enormous kitchen fire. But the impatient guests actually tore the half-cooked provisions from the fire, in their eagerness to commence the delicious repast.

The dinner ended; Farmer Grand rose and demanded silence. He apprized the company that, according to ancient usages, the bride would make a collection to defray part of the expenses of the nuptial banquet. Accordingly, Margaret, accompanied by the bridegroom's man, made the circuit of the tables. She presented a piece of gauffre* and a glass of wine to each person, who in return dropped his offering into the purse. This ceremony ended, the musicians, stationed in an adjoining room, sent forth their discordant sounds. At that moment the bride was seized, carried away, and hid with the bridesmaid upon the roof of the house behind a large chimney, where the two damsels were left exposed to an inclement night atmosphere. This singular custom, handed down from time immemorial, is preserved unchanged in the present day; and the greater the difficulty in discovering the bride, the higher she is held in estimation by the inhabitants of the village.

Whilst the dancing continued, William was anxiously seeking his bride; at length, after more than two long hours, he discovered her nearly benumbed with cold.

Sometimes brides are hid in cellars, in empty casks, and in chaldrons: at other times under hayricks; in short, in the darkest and most impenetrable corners. It happened not long ago that a girl was concealed in an old chest, which was carefully closed: when her husband discovered her, after several hours, the poor girl was a corpse! Another time a handsome village youth married an ancient damsel, merely for her money; at night she was hid in a dark closet in the bed-room; instead, however, of looking for her, the husband retired very contentedly to bed. When the guests had departed, and the house was quiet, the lady perceiving the indifference of her lord and master, put out her head—"M. Jacquier," she said, "I lay you a wager you will not find me." "Probably not, Madame Jacquier," said her spouse, turning on the other side, and falling into a second sound slumber. The bride at length came to the wise determination of coming unsought out of her hiding-place.

As soon as William had discovered Margaret, he proposed conducting her to his paternal home; but there was another singular ceremony to be previously gone through. The bride had to proceed through every room in the farm-house, and to take the farewell of every object, animate and inanimate. She began in the kitchen, taking her apron between both hands to receive her tears, which flowed most abundantly.

"Farewell!" she said, "my chimney corner, in which I have so often sheltered my head:

* Gauffre, a kind of light paste cake.

young and happy days, when I sought refuge from rain and storm. Farewell my winter's evenings, passed beside thy cheerful hearth! farewell my chair, my spinning-wheel, my shovel, tongs, my frying-pan; farewell my table, my mirror, my bed, where I have dreamed of my red cow, my pretty sheep and lambs! farewell my cat, my faithful dog! alas! must I leave you all! my God! is it possible? farewell brother, farewell to thee, father, and to thee, my poor old grandmother, who hath fostered my infant head! farewell! farewell! to all who have so long and kindly loved me! farewell!" She disappeared with her husband.

I have yet to add, that if, the morning after the wedding, any young woman of the company is found to rise later than the bride, she is unmercifully seized upon by four of the village youths, carried in a blanket from door to door, demanding provisions, as butter, eggs, milk, &c., and at each house she is tossed in the blanket!

These details may, perhaps, appear exaggerated; still they are *facts*. Their real worth being in the fidelity of the narration.

THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. IX.

APRIL-FOOL—RETORT COURTEOUS.

"To-day," says Dick, "is April day—
And though so mighty wise you be,
A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,
Ere night I'll make a fool of thee."

"A fool I may be made, 'tis true,
But Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid,
No man can make a fool of you—
For you're a fool already made."

ON A DANDY.

They say, my friend, that you admire,
Yourself with all a lover's fire.
Men who possess what they desire,
Like you, are happy fellows.
But you can boast one blessing more
While blest with all that you adore—
That no one will be jealous.

ON A WORTHLESS PAIR.—FROM MARTIAL.

Pair'd in wedlock—pair'd in life—
The husband suited to the wife.
Worthless he, and worthless she,
How strange it is they can't agree.

LIFE.

Life's best emblem is a flower,
That buds and blossoms in an hour;
'Tis subject to the same decay,
For time and death sweep both away.

WAR AND PEACE.

I hate the trumpet's brazen noise,
Its loud, shrill tone my peace destroys,
And rends my aching heart:
The rattling drum, the bugle's sound—
These alike my feelings wound,
Dire ministers of the slaught'ring art.
For fate has oft my footsteps led
Among the dying and the dead,
Strew'd o'er the bloody field,
There in promiscuous heaps to lie,
To thirst, to rave, to groan, to die—
No friend to bury, and no arm to shield.
Avant! ye scenes of murderous strife,
Give me the joys of social life,
Where, round my cheerful hearth,
I view—with heartfelt pleasure view,
Those sympathetic friends so true,
Who share my sorrows and enjoy my mirth.

EPIGRAM.—A GENUINE XANTIPPE.

"Nay, pray thee, dear Thomas, never say thus and
curse,
Remember, you took me 'for better, for worse.'"
"I know it," cried Thomas, "but then, madam, look
you—
You prove, upon trial, much worse than I took you."

*On the Crew of a vessel, among whom were some
names once of high celebrity.*—BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

In life's uncertain, odd career,
What changes ev'ry day appear
To please or plague the eye.
A goodly brotherhood of priests,
Are here transform'd to drunken beasts,
That heav'n and hell defy.
Here Bonner, bruised with many a knock,
Has chang'd his surplice for a frock,
Old Erskine swabs the decks;
And Watts, who once such pleasure took
In writing hymns, now, grown a cook,
Sinners no longer vex.
Here Burnet, Tillotson, and Blair.
With Jemmy Harvey, curse and swear;
Here Cudworth mixes grog.
Pearson the crew to dinner hails,
A graceless Sherlock trims the sails,
And Bunyan heaves the log.

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinions, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for the council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary. Napoleon accused Murat of a want of the one, and he himself has not been wholly unsuspected of a want of the other.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

THOMAS GRAY.



THOMAS GRAY, one of the most eminent of British poets, was born, in 1716, in London; was educated at Eton and Peter House, Cambridge; accompanied Horace Walpole, on a continental tour, but parted from him at Reggio, and returned to England in 1741; spent the ensuing years in literary retirement, in sacrificing to the Muses, and in visiting the lakes and Scotland; refused, on the death of Cibber, the post of poet laureat, but, in 1768, accepted that of professor of modern history at Cambridge; and died, 1771, of the gout in his stomach. The poems of Gray are few, but they are gems of the first water. As a lyrist he is rivalled by Collins alone, and his celebrated *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, has extorted the reluctant praise of his hypercritical Johnson. His correspondence places him among our best letter writers; his Latin poetry equals that of any modern; and some of his posthumous pieces afford proof of his profound erudition. The best edition of his works is that by Mr. Mathias.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON RUMFORD.



BENJAMIN THOMPSON RUMFORD, count, was born, in 1753, at Rumford, in New Hampshire, and was educated at Harvard College. During the American war he espoused the royal cause, obtained the rank of colonel, and was knighted. At the close of the contest he entered the Bavarian service, as lieutenant-general, and was created

a count, and received the order of the white eagle, for the reforms which he introduced into the army, and the police. In 1798 he visited England, where he remained for four years, and took a prominent part in founding the Royal Institution. On his return to the continent he married the widow of Lavoisier. He settled near Paris, and died there August 21, 1814. His experiments and discoveries are recorded in his *Essays*, and in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

LOVE AND VANITY.

"It is very strange," said Caroline St. Clair, starting suddenly from her seat, and pacing her room with hurried steps; "it is very strange I cannot learn to love Lord Frederick Fitzmaurice; the perfection of every thing one could wish for, as every body says; handsome, rich, talented, amiable!—and it is equally strange, and alas! not less true, that I cannot *help* loving Charles Moray, whom nobody thinks has any thing particular to recommend him. It is true his strange manner is rather against him; but then, though he seems cold, and almost indifferent to other people, he is never so to me; and this in my vain eyes, is just an additional reason for liking him.

"The sun shines bright when all's awake,
On earth and o'er the deep;
I like the moon which shines on me
When all the world's asleep!"

"Still though they are much too indulgent to press it, I know my father and mother wish me to marry Lord Frederick, and that consideration *ought* to outweigh my wayward predilection for Charles. I also know that could my proud father see his darling daughter's heart laid bare before him—did he but suspect the passion she is cherishing there—it would bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: and this consideration *ought*—not only to make me hate that passion, but feel indifferent to its object: and yet," she continued, and she shook her head mournfully as she spoke; "I cannot subdue it, it has gained a place in my very soul, too strong, my conscience tells me, for any human affection to hold there, and I must submit to its control. Still my family need not fear"—and unconsciously she walked more proudly through the room,—“if Caroline St. Clair cannot make passion yield to principle, she will at least be the only sufferer herself; if she cannot make her father and mother happy by marrying Lord Frederick, the object of their choice, she will not make them miserable by uniting herself to any one against their inclinations. No, no! mine alone be the misery, the proper penalty of encouraging a love which my reason tells me to be wrong. But,” she continued, after a pause, “my unhappiness will not be the only fruit of that encouragement; at least, if Charles loves me, as I love him, he will be miserable too, when he finds that our love is hopeless, and can only be indulged in at the expense of my father's curse: and to be the cause of misery to Charles is more than I could bear. Oh!” she passionately exclaimed, throwing herself on a sofa, and burying her face in her hands; “better marry Lord Frederick than this! It may

be still time to save Charles; he has never said he loves me—perhaps he does not; and were I another's, his better principle would soon enable him to get over any little predilection he may now feel for me. Though I cannot *love* Lord Frederick, I could at least be a good wife. I think I know what constitutes that. I would endure every thing, try every thing; in sickness I would watch over him, in sorrow sympathise with him, and were he joyous, I would *try* to smile with him: but then," and she shuddered as the idea came over her,—“should a thought of Charles steal across me, how I should hate myself! Oh, how *could* I, with my affections fixed on another, look in my *husband's* face and *smile*! No, no, no, *that* were impossible! And yet what to do? the post hour approaches, and my father says I must write definitively to Lord Frederick to-day. Oh for one friend in the wide world whose opinion I *might* ask, whose advice I could follow! But,” she exclaimed, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her; “I have such a friend; one whose advice I have often asked and always followed—and that friend is Charles. Yes, I am resolved what to do; I know he is in the library just now, I will go to him, tell him of Lord Frederick's unfortunate fancy for me, my family's more unfortunate wishes on the subject, and ask him what I am to do. I shall discover whether he loves me or not—if he does, no power on earth shall induce me to accept Lord Frederick—if he does not, for my father and mother's sake, I will sacrifice myself, and marry him.”

So reasoned Caroline, the only child of Sir John and Lady St. Clair, and having arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, to the library she forthwith proceeded.—She found Charles Moray reading, and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, apologised for interrupting his studies.

“You never interrupt me, Caroline,” he replied; “you know you do not, so sit down, and tell me what you want.”

“Your advice, dear Charles; it is rather on a strange subject, but there is no other unprejudiced person to whom I can apply.”

“My best advice you shall have; but do not be too sure I am unprejudiced; for I fear the best of us are only so when we take no interest in the point in question; and this you know, Caroline, is not very likely to be the case when you are my client.”

Caroline blushed slightly at the implied compliment, and seating herself in a window, opposite, so that she could study his expression without herself being exposed to a like scrutiny, she began to state her case.

He listened with deep attention, nor could Caroline discover the slightest emotion which betrayed anything beyond the brotherly regard he had always expressed for her, until she came to that part of her narrative which touched on her own indifference: “And now Charles,” she concluded—“here is the puzzling part of the affair; I do *not* love Lord Frederick, I feel I never can.” When he heard this declaration a deep flush of pleasure suffused his usually pale countenance, and as Caroline caught the gratified expression which sparkled in his dark eyes, she felt almost certain he loved her. It was, however, but for a moment he allowed his feelings to get the better of him, for instantly resuming his former quiet

manner, he replied to Caroline's repeated question as to what she was to do, with the most perfect calmness. “Why, if you neither do love him, nor ever can, I should say, you ought not to accept of him; but I can scarce think it possible for any one to know Lord Frederick and not to like him. He is one of the most perfect characters I ever met with, and when you call to mind your father and mother's wish to see you settled, their strong prepossession in his favour, and how well he merits their high opinion, I should think you would not find it very difficult to comply with their wishes.”

“From all which, I think it would appear, Charles, that you recommend me to marry him now, upon the chance of being able to like him afterwards. Well, as it is *your* advice, I shall make the experiment;” and Caroline rose to leave the room.

“Nay, Caroline,” interrupted Charles, “stay a little; I don't think what I said quite amounted to that. It would indeed be a fearful experiment, and one I should not feel justified in recommending to any one, far less to you, in whom I feel so deeply interested. What I meant to say was, that if you knew Lord Frederick better, you would probably like him better, and I was going to suggest you should ask a longer delay before finally deciding.”

“That would scarcely be honourable, Charles,” replied Caroline, “because I feel convinced time can make no alteration in my feelings towards him; and I respect myself and him too much to trifle with him. If I marry him it must be to study resignation to my fate, not with the prospect of bettering it: and therefore, if it is to be done, perhaps the sooner I begin my hard lesson the easier I shall find it.”

There was a tone of melancholy in the voice in which Caroline uttered this last sentence which nearly proved too much for Charles's philosophy. He longed to throw himself at her feet, and there breathe out the confession of a love he had felt for her for years—a love at least as ardent, as exclusive as her own; but he was so well aware Sir John would consider him no fit match for his beautiful and talented daughter, that he had kept this secret of his heart locked up from every human eye, and *now* he felt was not the time to disclose it. “If,” he thought, “of her own free will and accord she refuses Lord Frederick, then with a quiet conscience may I continue to love her; but if, from any hint of mine she were induced to come to that determination, never again should I know what peace was. I know he is every way more worthy of her than I am; and heaven forbid that my own selfish wishes should ever interfere with the chance of her happiness.” By thus reasoning with his better feelings, Charles was enabled to resist a temptation which had nearly proved too much for him; and assuring Caroline of his total inability to give an opinion on so difficult a subject he begged of her to be guided by her own good sense.

“And is this the result?” she said, with a bitter smile; “is this the result of all your researches after that knowledge of the world on which you so much pride yourself, Charles? Had you spent those years you have devoted to the study of strangers in foreign lands, at home,

you would at least have known more of its feelings and affections—you would perhaps have known that at this moment I am the creature in the world the least likely to be guided by my *own good sense*."

"Perhaps I might, Caroline," he replied with a tone of deeply wounded feeling; "but, as it is, you must see my inability to speak on a subject I so little understand. What indeed can a cold philosophising inquirer into the *outward* customs of *foreigners*, know of the *inward* feelings of the *heart and home*."

And yet, thought Caroline, as a smile of triumph passed over her countenance, never did I feel so convinced of his knowledge of both as at this moment: and it was with a resolved step she left the library, and with a lightened heart she wrote a polite refusal to Lord Frederick.

It is now time to say a little about Charles Moray. He was the orphan son of an intimate friend of Sir John St. Clair, whose ward he was, and to whose guardianship he had been committed when still a child. Sir John instantly took him to his own home, and ever since had acted the part of a parent towards him. He was possessed of a small, but what is generally termed, an independent fortune, and was now on a visit of a few months to his guardian, previous to taking up his residence on his own estate in Scotland. He was aware of Lord Frederick's attachment to Caroline, and had been endeavouring, ever since his return from the continent, to school himself into seeing her become the wife of another with some degree of patience: but now that he had heard her declare her indifference to him, and knew from herself that she had refused him, he once more allowed himself to love her; and week after week stole away, leaving no trace behind, except the record of their increased affection. Still, when Caroline did pause to think—when, for a few moments, she awakened from the dream which had taken such strong possession of her, she was not happy. Her conscience told her she had preferred her own gratification to that of her indulgent parents; that she was encouraging passion at the expense of principle; and there was a certain indistinct anticipation of retribution which would often steal upon her in the silence of the night, and send the blood mantling to her forehead, though there was no human eye there to witness it. And Charles, too, had his hours of reflection and self accusation. It is strange how natural sophistry seems to the mind of man; and how often, by its false reasoning, we try to reconcile our conscience to what we *know* to be wrong! But the still small voice will not always be so silenced; and though Charles said to himself, and said truly, he had never tried to win Caroline's affections, and had never told her that he loved her, still he knew that he *had* won that confiding heart, and that latterly he had taken no pains to conceal how completely that love was returned.

About this time a distant cousin of the St. Clairs came to pay them a visit. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished; but though her manner seemed artless, and her heart warm, she was in fact, cold, worldly, selfish, and vain. Caroline had not known Nora Vivian long enough to find out her true character, and welcomed her

to Clair Park with unaffected pleasure. Had she known—could she have anticipated the viper she was taking to her bosom, how different would have been her greeting! Miss Vivian had had much intercourse with the world, and profited thereby; and she had not been long in the house with Charles and Caroline before she discovered the attachment which subsisted between them, and determined, "*pour passer le temps*," as she expressed it in a letter to a chosen spirit, to interrupt the course of their "*innocent affection*." This was the one object of her actions by day and thoughts by night; and for some time she could scarcely conceal how much her vanity was mortified by the slow progress she made in her heartless scheme. Caroline was so confident in her own affection, so confiding in Charles's, that no hint Nora could give, distinct or implied, ever gave her a moment's uneasiness: and then, though always polite, Charles's manner towards her was so cold, so distant, that she felt her very pride concerned in winning him from Caroline. "One smile from that piece of indifference," she said to herself one day, as she sat musing how she was to proceed, "would be worth more in my eyes than the adulation of a multitude—but how to obtain it? I see I must alter my plans; and as I cannot rouse her suspicions, I must try and work upon his vanity. I will attract to myself by imperceptible degrees, and in a manner which no polite person can refuse, all those little attentions which now are so exclusively her own—she will *feel* this and resent it. The vanity of woman has passed into a proverb, but my experience proves that of man to be greater; therefore while Charles Moray's pride is hurt by Caroline's reproachful manner, I will minister to his vanity by a thousand numberless attentions, which, in that hour of mortified affection, will be to him like sunrise to the benighted traveller." We will not stop to follow Miss Vivian through the crooked path she thus marked out for herself; suffice it to say she had drawn her conclusions from but too intimate a knowledge of the human heart, and the truth and accuracy of her calculations were but too well proved by the result.

By an appearance of great helplessness and dependence upon Mr. Moray's assistance and support, which she knew would gratify his pride, and which she knew well how to assume, Nora soon managed to usurp almost the whole of his attention. If they rode, she was nervous, and though it was dreadfully selfish to steal him from *dear, dear* Caroline, still, if he would ride along side of her horse, she would feel secure. If they walked, she was sure to feel fatigued almost immediately, and compelled to take the arm Charles was so polite as to offer. In the house it was the same thing, if she sung, Charles must take the second; she was foolishly timid and never could sing alone: if she played, he must turn the pages; in short, he was forever by her side; and so well did she play her part, that, at first, he fancied that, without a great breach of politeness, he could not act otherwise. By degrees, however, his politeness assumed a much warmer character; he neglected Caroline almost entirely, and at last, much to his own surprise, found himself desperately in love with Miss Vivian. It is human nature to *feel* neglect, and to resent it; and Caroline did sometimes feel mor-

tified to see all the attention, once so exclusively her own, bestowed upon another, but she did not resent it: perhaps, at times, unconsciously her manner towards him was colder than it used to be, but that was but a passing feeling of wounded vanity; she was too strong in the strength of her own attachment, to allow anything of a serious suspicion of his to enter her mind. Things, however, could not long continue in this state, and at last her eyes were destined to be opened.

Charles had promised to accompany her to a village a few miles off, to assist her in fixing upon a site for a cottage Sir John was anxious to have built for an old servant. She walked into the drawing room one beautiful forenoon, and asked him if he was ready to accompany her, adding, she feared the distance was too great for Nora to walk.

To this Nora instantly assented, but Charles made no reply, and upon Caroline turning towards him, she was surprised to see him standing irresolute in the middle of the room. She smiled confidently on him, and again asked him if he was ready to accompany her.

"If to-morrow would do as well, Caroline," he replied with some confusion—"I should be delighted to escort you—but I have just promised Miss Vivian to stay at home and practise the duet we were trying over last night."

"Strange," thought Caroline, "to prefer practising a duet with Nora to walking with me!" but adding aloud, "Very well, Charles, though it is too far for me to walk alone, I can easily ride there." She left the room; before she had proceeded many steps, she remembered she had forgotten to order horses, and returned to the drawing room to do so: she gently re-opened the door, and found Charles leaning over Nora at the piano, his arm, unforbidden, thrown resting round her waist. They started at her approach, a cold shudder came over Caroline, and scarcely believing she saw aright, she fixed her eyes on those of Charles—they sank beneath her searching glance, and in the conscious flush of guilt which burned on his brow she read the truth. Caroline was a creature of impulse, as we have seen; she was sensitive, too, to a painful degree, but she was also proud; as the truth first flashed upon her, she thought she must have died on the spot; there was a sickness of heart—an annihilation of all she cared about, of all that made life dear to her, which nearly struck her to the ground; but pride came to her aid, and raising her eyes from the carpet, and fixing upon Charles a smile "more terrible in its reproachfulness than Gorgon hideousness," she said, with a quietness almost unnatural: "I had forgotten to order my horses—will you ring and do it for me?" And then, without giving him time to answer, she walked composedly out of the room, and before Charles had time to collect his tempestuous feelings, he saw her dash past the window on her beautiful pet, Selim.

Poor Caroline's ride, was a sad one; there was the agonizing feeling of misplaced affection, of outraged confidence; and that still small voice, which in her happier hours had only *whispered* blame for preferring her own happiness to that of her father and mother had now increased into an accusation too loud for any sophism to silence. Her brain was on fire, and giving the reins to

her horse, she sought, by bodily exertion, to calm the fever which raged within; but it would not do; and checking Selim to a walk, she bent her head on his mane and wept bitterly. "And has it come to this?" she at last passionately exclaimed, as she slowly raised her head, and threw back the long dark ringlets which clustered down her burning cheeks—"has it come to this—to tears? and does Caroline St. Clair weep because she could not make her passion yield to principle, and because a just and retributing God has now made the object of her idolatry the instrument of his vengeance? I know," she continued, as she raised her tearful eyes to the clear smiling sky, "I know if I have inclined my heart to any evil way *thou* wilt not hear me—but now, now in this hour of agony, when I pray to thee for strength to tear that evil from my soul, thou wilt not refuse thine aid to thine offending, but suffering child—Oh, give me strength patiently to endure what I have but too well deserved. Enable me to veil from every eye, especially from *his*, the desolation he has caused; and do *thou* enable me not only to endure, but to smile upon, misfortune, even as thine own clear sky smiles upon a world of wickedness."

Thus did poor Caroline try to strengthen herself for the trial she felt awaiting her, but she had received a blow from which she never recovered, and though she struggled on, and even smiled on those around, her's was not the quiet smile of happiness; it was too bright—too like the lightning's flash to speak of peace within; and those who were well versed in the mind's deep philosophy, might have traced its meteoric brightness home to the cloud from which it emanated; its brightness might have dazzled, but could not *hide* from them the darkness of its origin.

Caroline's one aim and object now seemed to be to conceal, from all around her, the grief that was destroying her. There were times, indeed, when she almost wished Charles knew the agony she endured, that something might bring home to his truant heart the blackness of his ingratitude; but she chased the wish from her heart as something too lowering, too humbling to gain admittance there. "Never, never!" she exclaimed, striking her beating heart, "shall *he* see the havoc he has committed here; perhaps the time may come when a like experience may make him *feel* how he has outraged a heart which trusted him, confided in him, loved him as no other woman will ever do again, but never shall he hear this from my reproaches. No! though the struggle may hasten a death which has already begun, I will be to him, in appearance at least, the same as I have ever been." And Caroline acted up to her resolves, with a firmness scarcely credible. She read to her father, drove with her mother, walked and rode with Nora and Charles as before: she omitted no kindness, neglected no attention, and, if she ever gave way to her feelings, it was in the silent solitude of her own chamber, or on the neck of her faithful Selim.

It is strange how blind are those around us to the change from health to sickness, if it be but gradual! How, day by day, the cheek may pale, the eye grow dim, the strength decay, and none remark the change! And so it was with Caroline: none saw her heart was breaking: none

saw that she was dying; till she sank exhausted beyond the chance of recovery.

Several months previous to this, Nora left Clair Park, and was very soon followed by the deluded Charles, who went to lay his heart, his fortune, and his fate at her tiny feet. She started with well-feigned surprise, and then having begged of him to rise, with a politeness which chilled him, she proceeded with the utmost coolness to inform him that his case was hopeless; that she had been engaged for some time before she had the pleasure of his acquaintanceship, and that she was to be married to his fortunate rival next week. This was retribution; but Charles's cup was not yet full. "Nora saw the wound she had inflicted, and with a heartlessness which but too well accorded with the rest of her behaviour, she determined to probe still more deeply, and concluded her reply to Charles by saying, she never could sufficiently express her regret at the mistake which had occurred, but that really she could not understand how it had arisen, for that, as far as she herself was concerned, she could honestly declare, her regard for Mr. Moray had never amounted to anything beyond that friendship which their country intimacy seemed to her completely to justify, but which she would not have suffered herself to indulge in, had she not seen, or fancied she saw, an attachment subsisting between himself and Caroline St. Clair, strong enough to defy every danger.

Charles's eyes were now opened, but it was too late, and he hurried to the Continent, in solitude to brood over that disappointment, which he felt he but too well deserved. One day, as he sat musing in his room and gazing listlessly on the Lake of Geneva, which lay stretched in beauty before him, his servant brought him a letter. "From home, sir," said he, as he laid it on the table, and left the apartment. The word home sounded strangely in Charles's ears—

"I have no home, now," he mentally exclaimed, as he took the letter up. "I once had a home, and friends, but *now*! I am an isolated being, with none to care for me, not worthy of being cared about;"—and he opened the letter with a degree of apathy that seemed strange in one so young. It was from his guardian, Sir John St. Clair, informing him, in all the agony of a fond father's heart, of Caroline's illness. "Come to us, dear Charles,"—the broken hearted old man concluded; "come to us in this our night of gloom; we are indeed in need of a friend, and no where, I am sure, could we find so sincere a one as yourself." This was, indeed, a severe blow to Charles; he, in a manner, the murderer of Caroline, to be written to by her father in this trusting, this confiding manner; it was too much almost for human nature to bear. "I will at least go," he exclaimed, in the torture of a self-accusing conscience, "and view the wretchedness my heartless vanity has occasioned." He rang the bell, and gave orders for his instant departure; nor did he halt by night or by day, until he reached his destination. How often in the course of that journey did the thoughts of all that had passed, come over him, till his heart burned and his brain maddened! How often did he vow that if Caroline were but spared, a life of devotion should prove the sincerity of his repentance, the devoted-

ness of his again doating heart! But vain were his vows, vain his repentance!

He reached Clair Park on a beautiful autumn afternoon; the setting sunbeams fell redly on the oaks and elms which clothed the richly wooded park, already clad in all the varied hues of October; and glittered on the Gothic windows of the old hall in waving masses of burnished gold.

All looked so like what he had often seen it before, that Charles tried to persuade himself his fears were exaggerated; but as the post-boy slowly walked his horses up a steep part of the approach, the low moaning of the wind sounded mournfully in his ears, and a shower of dead leaves which it wafted into the carriage window checked his rising hopes.

A beam of pleasure passed over Sir John St. Clair's countenance as his young friend entered his room, but a melancholy shake of the head was his only reply to Charles's inquiries after Caroline: he expressed his wish to see her; but Sir John seemed to doubt if she had sufficient strength left to bear the agitation of the interview; he said, however, she was aware he was coming, and that he would send to inform her of his arrival.

Gently, and with many fears did Lady St. Clair communicate this piece of intelligence to her dying daughter, for during anxious watchings of many a long night and day, something like a suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. But, contrary to her expectation, Caroline seemed quite pleased to hear Charles was in the house. "He will comfort you, mother, when I am gone," she said; "thank God I can now die tranquilly!"

"He is anxious to see you, Caroline; may I tell him to come?" asked Lady St. Clair. The hectic flush, which the moment before had burned on Caroline's cheek, died suddenly away when she heard her mother's question, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as her head sank back on the sofa on which she was reclining: at last she slowly raised it again, and pressing her forehead against her mother's hand, who was leaning alarmedly over her, she said faintly:

"See him! Oh no! I have loved him too much, mother! he would again estrange my thoughts from that heaven where I hope so soon to be. I am glad he has come, but indeed, indeed I cannot see him now."

"You shall not, then, my beloved child," replied Lady St. Clair, soothingly; "I will tell him you do not feel strong enough to-day; and to-morrow, perhaps——" "Yes, mother," interrupted Caroline with a faint smile, "tell him that to-morrow he may see me," and Lady St. Clair left the room. "Yes, to-morrow," continued Caroline, "he may, indeed, see me, for I shall not be able to see him then—to-morrow, I feel, I shall be beyond the reach of temptation."

The room in which Caroline was, had always been her favourite sitting room; it opened into a conservatory, which again opened into some beautifully-kept pleasure grounds; and in consequence of an occasional difficulty of breathing with which Caroline was annoyed, both these doors were now open. A rustling sound amongst the leaves caused her to look up; one glance told her the figure she saw in the conservatory

was Charles, and before she had time or strength to forbid his approach, he was beside her.

"Caroline!" he exclaimed, as he took her wan hand in his; "can you forgive me! can you pardon, angel as you are, the wretch who has sacrificed your happiness and his own to a vanity as weak as it was heartless?"

It was some moments before Caroline was able to reply. A bright flush flitted over her face, then settled into one deep red hectic spot on the cheek, whilst all the rest of her countenance was of a marble whiteness—at last she spoke, and it was with a calmness which seemed to herself almost unaccountable, and with which heaven alone could have inspired her.

"Charles," she said, "I have long since forgiven you; it would ill have become one, standing so much in need of forgiveness from Heaven, to withhold it from you on earth; but oh! for the sake of that peace of mind, without which this life is but a living death, never yield again to the unrestrained influence of those passions which have destroyed us both. In me, Charles, behold an example of their desolating effects; and if ever again you feel your principles in danger of yielding to these temptations, oh! let this, my dying warning, sound to you like a voice from the tomb, and awaken you in time to save you! too blest are my sufferings, if they can save from a single pang one still too dear!"

"Bless you, Caroline, a thousand times," faltered the repentant Charles; "but you must live and not die, my Caroline! you must live to comfort your father and mother: to cheer me on my difficult course;" and he gazed intently on her face.

"Heaven will do both, Charles," she replied; "that Heaven which enables me to feel my hand in yours, to know once more that you love me, and yet to say, I am content to die." And a smile, happy, triumphant, pure as that heaven she spoke of, settled on her dying countenance.

Charles gazed on her for some minutes in silence, fearful to interrupt a tranquillity so beautiful; but the coldness of the hand he held in his, alarmed him, and he rose from his knee beside her, saying he would shut the door, as the evening was chill.

"The cold will not hurt me now, Charles," she faintly replied; he felt his hand convulsively grasped by her's, he heard one short, deep sigh, and he saw she was no more. He saw by the smile which still illuminated her countenance that her once erring but now purified spirit had fled to its native home—but he felt his vanity had killed the only thing he ever truly loved on earth.

—•••••

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Avarice has ruined more than prodigality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes, as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.

From the Violet for 1837, a new Juvenile Annual.

THE EAGLE'S SPEECH.

BY HORATIO E. HALE.

An Eagle came from his eyrie down,
On the loftiest peak of Monadnock's crown;
The flash of his dark eye was terribly bright,
As the marsh-fire's gleam in the dead of night;
And the war-darts shook in his red right claw,
But the bough of peace in his left I saw.

Then slowly he opened his ivory beak,
And he stood, like a Senator, ready to speak;
And the forests shook, and the winds grew still,
And hush'd was the voice of the noisy rill;
And the raven cowered in his hollow oak,
(As well he might when the Eagle spoke.)

"I am the monarch of air," said he;
"Proudly I soar over land and sea;
And I feel the breezes around me ring
To the hurricane sweep of my mighty wing,
And my flight is chainless, and fearless, and free,
For I am the bright bird of liberty!

"I marshal the course of the free and the brave,
Upward and onward, o'er mountain and wave;
I lead them to glory, I beckon them on,
And I join in the din till the battle is won;
And the dim eye will gladden, my shadow to see,
For I am the bright bird of liberty!

"In the days of old, with the freemen of Rome—
With Brutus and Cato, I made me a home;
And my wing was before them, unwearied and fleet,
'Till the princes of earth were all low at their feet,
And the Roman was master, by land and by sea,
For he followed the bright bird of liberty!

"But luxury came, like the simoom's hot breath,
And the flowers were all withered in valour's green
wreath,
And virtue was trampled and hustled aside,
By the pageant of guilt and the purple of pride:
But fetters, though gilded, are hateful to me,
So I fled to the mountains of liberty!

"Then ages went by, 'till Muscovia's Czar,
In hatred determined my glory to mar;
So he seized me, and chained me, and struck off my
head,
But courteously gave me two others instead.
My own noble beauty he never could see,
For most loathsome to despots is liberty!

"But tyranny's chains are too feeble to bind.
When the will is unfettered—unbroken the mind;
So I made my adieu with a very bad grace,
And I flung my superfluous head in his face;
And southward I sped, over forest and sea,
To France—the bright region of liberty!

"Oh! this was my season of triumph and pride,
On the smoke-wreath of battle 'twas glory to ride;
'Till kingdoms were shattered, and despots o'erthrown,
And the hero of destiny called me his own;
Of the masters of earth, none so mighty as he,
For they loved not the bright bird of liberty!

"But the warrior was dazzled by glory's red ray,
And forgot the mild lustre of freedom's new day,
'Till pontiff and tyrant arose from the shock,
And the hero lay dead on the far ocean's rock;
And the slaves who forsook him bent lowly the knee
To the tyrants who trample on liberty!

"So I parted in scorn from the land of the slave,
And I found me a home far beyond the broad wave;
With Columbia's children I made me a home;
And wider than Russia, and greater than Rome,
And prouder than Gaul shall their father-land be,
If they cherish the bright bird of liberty!"

Boston.

THE FLAG OF TEXAS!

A National Song.

Composed in honour of the Glorious Victory on the 21st of April, 1836, and respectfully dedicated to

GENERAL SAMUEL HOUSTON,

BY A. F. WINNEMORE.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by

P. M. WOLSIEFFER.

Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.

Allegro Maestoso.

The musical score is written for piano and features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *fm* (forzando). The lyrics are: "Flow on, flow on, thou bright young Banner, A - dopt - ed by the Free; When at the cannon's mouth they swore, For Death or Liber - ty - For Death or Liber - ty. Thou child of pe - ril, the stripes that date Thy yet unwrit - - ten". The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the tempo marking *Allegro Maestoso.* and the key signature. The second system includes the lyrics "Flow on, flow on, thou bright young Banner, A - dopt - ed by the Free; When". The third system includes the lyrics "at the cannon's mouth they swore, For Death or Liber - ty - For Death or Liber -". The fourth system includes the lyrics "ty. Thou child of pe - ril, the stripes that date Thy yet unwrit - - ten".

Flow on, flow on, thou bright young Banner, A - dopt - ed by the Free; When

at the cannon's mouth they swore, For Death or Liber - ty - For Death or Liber -

ty. Thou child of pe - ril, the stripes that date Thy yet unwrit - - ten



II.

The breeze of heaven shall bear thee,
Upon its sunny wing,
Until the triumph of thy star
The dove of peace shall bring.
Thy birth-place was the field of blood,
And war's terrific thunder,
Did cradle thee till thou hast broke,
The oppressor's bonds asunder.

III.

Among the flags of nations,
There is a place for thee;
Flaunt up thou proud young banner,
Flaunt proudly o'er the free!
The stripes and stars shall lead thee on,
That o'er Columbia wave,
Float on in sweet companionship,
Proud banners of the brave!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF MARIA M. W*****

As our bright summer birds go back
To some more kindly, constant sky—
With buoyant wing on homeward track,
Singing sweet farewells as they fly—
Leaving us when our summer time
Would almost seem a southern clime;

So hast thou gone! thy pathway brief
Was here a garden-spot of flowers—
With not a fading flower or leaf,
To dim its green, luxuriant bowers,—
Where hope in constant sunshine played,
And, Eden-like, the future made.

'T is sad, when our sweet birds away,
Flit from the colder breezes near;

But who, O! who would have them stay,
Drooping and trembling sufferers here—
With weary, wet, and folded wing—
And wo in every note they sing!

So, thoughts of thee should scarce be grief,
Remembering thy far happier lot—
An earthly pilgrimage so brief—
A resting-place, where sin is not;—
A home in the bright spirit-land—
White garments, like the seraph band.

A happy lot! thy spirits' gem,
Scarce sullied from the hand divine.
Beset in Heaven's own diadem
Of sinlessness, shall shine—
With ever-added lustre, given
From the great throne of light in Heaven.

E. H. W.

Haverhill, Mass. 10th 1st mo. 1836.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The publisher of this work, with a view of securing original contributions for its columns, will give for such articles as he may approve and publish, the highest rates of remuneration offered by any periodical in this country. Persons wishing to communicate with him on this subject, either in person or by letter, may rely on the utmost secrecy in all cases where it is desired.

In addition to our description of Fashions we extract the following from a late arrival:—

CAPS.—The Paysanne form is still in favour, but several new caprices have advanced their claims; amongst these, the most becoming is a little bonnet *ruche*, showing a portion of the hair behind, and drawn into a point surmounting the knot or braid: in front this cap comes very close to the cheek and ties under the chin; a flower or bow of ribbon reclines on each temple, and a larger bow finishes the pointed crown; the ribbons are usually of gauze and *glace*. Most evening caps have lappets rounded at the ends, and hanging low on the neck, or sometimes a blond veil is fixed to the bow behind; very delicate flowers or bouquets of the drooping marabout feathers, are the usual ornaments.

HAIR DRESSING.—For young ladies, the *Sevigne* curls or ringlets, *a la Anglaise*, are adopted; the hair behind dressed rather low, and brought into a knot or braid on the side, surmounted by a little coronet of flowers, or twined with coloured ribbon, the ends hanging low. Some of the Parisian *elegantes* place the garland across their forehead, the side ringlets being confined by combs which represent foliage, in jewellery; the simple style of parting in front and folding the hair behind without any curls or plaits is certainly gaining favour, but the whole dress should partake of the same simplicity. When tiaras or jewel *bandeaus* are worn, the hair should be dressed full behind, and a few ringlets let fall from the knot or braid: a beautiful effect is produced by repeating the front ornament on a smaller scale, and twining it round the knot.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."—Loss of rest is certainly a great evil; most of us have experienced it, and we all know the next day's lassitude, the repeated yawnings, the oft looking for night, that we may make up for the preceding night's loss. When once acknowledged an evil, should we not endeavour to avoid it. The remedies proposed are numerous; opiates, which ought never to be recommended; a hard day's toil, which does not agree with the weak; a long walk, which the obese cannot partake of; riding on horseback, many have no horses, and cannot afford to hire. What, then, is the remedy that may be adopted by all, without inconvenience. Read the following, and if, after having written it, the writer did not enjoy refreshing slumbers, we know nought of the matter.

Hermon, St. Law. Co., N. Y. }
July 23, 1836. }

Louis A. Godey, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Believing it necessary to "pay the printer" at all times, I send you enclosed *Five Dollars* on account of the Lady's Book, which you will please credit and send receipt per next number. Your Lady's Book is a valuable work and well worthy the patronage which I believe it receives, and hoping that you will continue to "go ahead,"

I am yours, &c.,

After doing such a praiseworthy act, how he must have slept!

The Soul's Paradise, by Dr. T. S. Worrall, in our last number, was furnished us for publication by the author.

It is conceded by publishers, that the present edition of Bulwer's Novels is the handsomest yet issued from the American press.

The time is approaching when subscriptions commenced in January, 1836, are near an end; we should like to have timely notice of a wish to continue or discontinue.

Those subscribers indebted for the Lady's Book, and wishing Bulwer's Novels, can remit a Five Dollar Note—and the Novels will be sent to them for Three Dollars—and Two Dollars passed to their credit for Lady's Book.

Carey & Hart, of this city, will soon publish *The Gift and Violet*, two very splendid Annuals. The former, in mechanical excellence, is one of the finest publications of the kind we have seen, and its pages are filled with contributions from American writers of deserved celebrity. The latter, intended more particularly for young people, is finished with considerable beauty and neatness, and its literary merits are considerable. Both these works are edited by Miss Leslie.

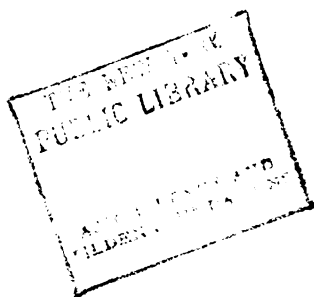
We understand that Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the author of Northwood, and Editor of the American Ladies Magazine, has now in press, "The Ladies Wreath, a selection from the female poetic writers of England and America." From the extensive acquaintance which Mrs. Hall possesses with that kind of literature, which has been laid under contribution, and her acknowledged good taste, we may anticipate that the "Wreath" will be both interesting and valuable. Such a work is much needed, and we cannot doubt that it will secure for itself both profit and popularity.

The poetic talents of Mrs. Hale have descended to her son, a lad only fourteen years of age. "The Eagle's Speech," which we have extracted from the forthcoming *Violet*, gives promise of great future merit. There is much vigour in its conception, and considerable facility in the expression.

Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, England, is one of the Illustrations of this Number. This place is celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his admirable novel of Kenilworth, to which we refer our readers for a more particular description. The other, a View in the flourishing Town of Manayunk, is admirably engraved by Peace, an artist of great skill.

The "Extract from the Diary of a Village Clergyman," which we publish in the present number, has uncommon merit. To well-managed incidents it unites a clear and forcible style, and we feel sure that no one can read it without being deeply impressed with its tenderness and pathos. With all the naturalness—the fidelity of portraiture, and the accuracy of description, which characterize the well-known "Passages in the Diary of a Physician," it has a purity of diction, and a delicacy of sentiment which those popular papers do not possess. Miss Gooch—to whom we take this occasion to acknowledge repeated obligations—is destined to occupy a high place among the female writers of this country. Though yet quite young, she has already produced many articles, both in prose and poetry, that would do credit to the ablest pens; and her improvement is rapid and decided. We take pride in the recollection that it was through our columns she was first introduced to the public.

The SATURDAY NEWS has succeeded thus far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. The number of subscribers is already so great that we do not mention it, lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, and is increasing constantly and rapidly. No efforts will be wanting to deserve this unexampled patronage, and the cordial approbation which it has received from the newspaper press in all sections of the country. For advertisement see our cover.





Adeline

Engraved for the Lady's Book - L.A. Godey, Publisher

THE LADY'S BOOK.

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and of a loftiness of spirit that presaged for him distinction in after life.

His person, which in shape and developement of muscle, resembled the infant Hercules, seemed animated by the fire, dignity, and grace of the young Apollo. In walking, his head was borne proudly up as he marched along with the air of a conqueror; and in repose, as in conversation,

as that it was not the ardent feeling common to those of sanguine temperament, but her heart softened by the dews of sorrow—overflowed with all the chastened sensibilities of nature to her mother, who had participated in the same bereavement; and her conduct to others was characterised by kindness and solicitude for their welfare.

Such were the characters of the children whom

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FREDERICK AND ADELAIDE.

"I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

Alas! alas! that hopes like her's, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight—
Bow down her fair but fragile form—her brilliant brow o'ercast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past."—A. A. WATTS.

PHRENOLOGISTS descant upon the importance of early ascertaining, through their philosophy, the natural disposition and genius of children, that a proper direction may be given to those energies, which the peculiar conformation of the body and the mind jointly produce. But as the developments of the cerebral organs are the effects of the action of the mind and soul—are the slow work of time, and are materially affected by all those extraneous circumstances that influence the human growth; why, in studying the characters, wait for tardy developments, the *effects* of the actions and affections, when the hidden *cause* is daily and hourly exhibited to the eye of observation, in the look, the voice, the gesture, and the language and demeanour, that mark the intercourse of life.

Regard, then, the unfolding of the disposition and mind by the above unerring indications, and you may form a proper estimate of the *present* character; and with a proper allowance for the modifying effects of education predict the *future* with a certainty which the dreams of phrenology can never realize.

If nature has implanted within the soul and mind of man (as unquestionably she has) the germs of feeling and of intellect, then every act in infancy—every expression that drops from the youthful lip, may be regarded as the buds and flowers that in after life shall produce the fruits of virtue or of crime—of infamy or renown.

The history of Frederick and Adelaide, affords ample illustration of the foregoing reflections. The former was the son of a highly respectable gentleman of South Carolina, the latter, the only daughter of a widow lady, whose farm adjoined that of Frederick's father. Early in youth Frederick gave evidence of great energy of character and of a loftiness of spirit that presaged for him distinction in after life.

His person, which in shape and development of muscle, resembled the infant Hercules, seemed animated by the fire, dignity, and grace of the young Apollo. In walking, his head was borne proudly up as he marched along with the air of a conqueror; and in repose, as in conversation,

his was the majesty of brow—the determination of countenance—the proud curl of the lip that bespoke one "born to command." Free, fearless, and independent, he was at all times ready to converse with his elders without bashfulness—to encounter dangers without apprehension, and to pursue his own way without regard for the opinions or prejudices of those around him. And, not to withhold from him his due meed of praise, such was his good fortune, and his instinctive perception of the right, that in conversation he never exhibited anything like impudence—in encountering danger he escaped injury, and in following his own convictions of propriety, he seldom transgressed the commands of his parents.

Adelaide was in many respects the reverse of the picture I have drawn. She exhibited in infancy that excessive timidity and tenderness of disposition that disqualified her for undergoing the cares and disappointments of the world. Such was the morbid state of her feelings in infancy, that even the moth, singed by the blaze of the candle, drew forth her tears of commiseration.

Her person was slight and beautiful, but like the frail flower of the garden seemed destined to pass away with its delicate beauty in untimely decay. When she walked, her step was light and timid; and in conversation, the tremor of the voice, the shadowy suffusion of the cheek, and the downcast eye, marked the gentleness—the weakness of her nature. Her father's death, too, had tinged with an air of melancholy, features naturally serious and thoughtful, and diffused over them a mild and pensive languor. Yet Adelaide was not deficient in affection. It is true it was not the ardent feeling common to those of sanguine temperament, but her heart softened by the dews of sorrow—overflowed with all the chastened sensibilities of nature to her mother, who had participated in the same bereavement; and her conduct to others was characterised by kindness and solicitude for their welfare.

Such were the characters of the children whom

I have introduced to the reader—the one bold, proud, fiery, and impatient—the other timid, gentle, meek, and condescending; yet from these contraries arose a union of feeling—an irresistible attraction drawing them together like the positive and negative electricities, and the spark of love resulting from the simultaneous rush. I will not state to those curious in love-making, upon what principles this took place, but leaving every one to solve the difficulty in whatever manner may be most agreeable to himself, I merely state the fact—that the youth and the maiden early discovered a predilection for each other, and were never happy except when in each other's company. At home, abroad, in school, or at play, Frederick was uneasy unless Adelaide were near him: and she, gentle, confiding creature, could only sigh in his absence, and wish that it had been her good fortune to have had a brother like Frederick, and they would never be separated.

I think, I set out with the view of showing that the character early develops itself. It has been said "one fact is worth a ship-load of arguments." Well, listen, and I will give you one.

"Come, Adelaide," said Frederick, one morning, "let us go down to the creek, and while you are gathering those beautiful wild-flowers, I will catch some trout, and we will have a fine fry for supper."

"Yes, Frederick," returned the orphan, "the flowers are beautiful, and I should like to go very much, but you see the grass is very high. I am afraid of the snakes."

"Pooh! nonsense! Adelaide, you are always so easily frightened. Why aint I with you? What need you fear?" said the youth, with a noble curl of the lip that would have added dignity to the "quid times" of Cæsar; and continued "I'll go on before, and tread the grass down and then you will follow. Come, now, Adelaide! do come, now, and wreath your head with the wild-flowers as you used to do; and if a snake puts his head up, look at my hickory angle; I will cut it off like the top of a scallion."

Seeing her irresolute, the youth wound his little arm around her waist, and pressing his lips on her brown ringlets, led her along, while she, in the condescension of her nature, endeavoured to forget her fears, and gave up her own inclination, lest she might deprive him of his anticipated pleasure of fishing. They proceeded together until they came to a place where the grass was tall; then Adelaide refused to proceed further, unless he fulfilled his promise and went before and beat down the grass. This accomplished, she followed on until he came to the water, and then both betook themselves to their different occupations—the hooking of fish and the wreathing of flowers.

Meeting with but little success in fishing, Frederick gave way to the impatience of his nature, and throwing down his angle, climbed up a tall oak, with the rapidity of a squirrel, to obtain a bird's nest, which he had discovered near the top. When he had nearly reached the nest he stopped to recover himself in the fork of a tree, and was looking down on Adelaide, who appeared to have lost some of her timidity, and had gone into the tall grass for the purpose of getting some beautiful lilies. Presently she

uttered a loud shriek, and commenced running with precipitation; but her foot became entangled in the grass, and exhausted with fear, she fell against a crooked beech that supported her.

Considering it the effect of ungrounded dread, he made no effort to go down until he perceived the grass moving, and heard the rattle of the deadly snake. Sliding, or rather dropping down the tree, he caught up his hickory angling-rod and jerking the upper portions from the socket of the lower part, as he ran, hastened to the relief of the affrighted girl. She had fainted from fear, and was lying across the trunk of the tree apparently dead.

As he came near, the envenomed animal drew back its head convulsively and buried it again in the folds of the maiden's dress. The teeth did not pierce through the skin, but being caught in the threads of the garment, were extricated with difficulty. Releasing them, however, the enraged beast drew itself back, and fixing its burning eyes upon the girl's neck, darted forward with increased impetuosity: but Frederick had come up, and striking his angle close to the neck of his beloved playmate, swept the head of the snake some yards from its body. The well-known rattle again arrested his attention, and the mate of the slain serpent prepared to attack him, when advancing to meet it as it sprang forward, a blow of the angling-rod laid it beside the other, severed—lifeless.

The danger was not yet over; running to Adelaide he caught her up in his arms—sprinkled her face with water from the creek, and had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes with that timid yet sweet expression of gratitude and affection, that more than amply repaid all the danger that he had braved.

"But where are the flowers, Adelaide?" said Frederick, as they arose to depart; "did you leave them to the snakes?"

"Yes! but you will not think of getting them again. No, Frederick! not for worlds," replied the girl, who had not yet recovered from her paroxysm of fear.

"Having conquered the enemy," replied the intrepid youth, "we will not leave them masters of the field. I must certainly have the nosebags," and marching into the grass, he gathered up the flowers as they lay strewn by the maiden in her precipitate flight. Adelaide, after this named him her little hero—a title which he richly merited, and which designated him for years. Time passed on; the character of our youth was developed—was appreciated—was rewarded. He obtained a midshipman's warrant—entered the service of his country, and was distinguished for the tact, talent, and promptitude with which he discharged his duties.

The brilliant action of the Constitution and Guerriere spread joy from one end of the union to the other, and the different cities appeared to vie with each other in their expressions of gratitude and exultation to Commodore Hull and his gallant officers, on their way to the seat of government.

This achievement, amid the dark clouds of defeat and disaster, was hailed by the American people as the morning star of victory, and diffused confidence through every breast. The

citizens of Washington were not the least anxious to make a public expression of the high sense of the obligations which they owed to the gallant defenders of the country—and that expression was made by congratulations—by addresses—by donations—and by a magnificent public ball to the victors—given by the citizens. What pen can describe the gorgeous appearance of the room—lit up with a thousand lamps—decorated with vases of flowers—wreaths and evergreens in festoons—the American Eagle, with the crouching Lion beneath—the Star-spangled Banner, and the colours of the captured Guerriere? What American heart did not beat high with pride, as he hurried along the blazing streets of the illuminated city, to the hall where he was to join hands with those sturdy heroes whose breasts had been the bulwark of the country? President Madison, the heads of department, Commodore Hull, and many of his officers, and all the beauty and fashion of the place were in attendance—and never did any assemblage wear a more happy aspect. Love and gratitude filled the breast—every pulse beat high—every eye brightened with the ennobling boldness of patriotism; the music—the dance—the promenade—all seemed as the delicious delirium of a trance.

One person did not participate in the intoxicating buoyancy of the evening—though her heart was full of deep and quiet joy, and a tear of gratitude occasionally glistened in her full lustrous eye. She sat as if in reverie, with her rich tresses braided with white roses, intermingled—her thoughts occasionally abstracted from the surrounding objects to him who had first taught her to decorate her hair with that simple ornament.

It was Adelaide. Proud of her country's honour, her gentle nature participated in the present rejoicing, yet her joy was moderated by the reflection that one dear to her as life itself was hourly exposed to the horrors of war.

"Why so pensive, Adelaide," said a young lady, seating herself beside her. "Thinking of the 'Little Hero,' I suppose. Well, take comfort, you'll perhaps see him come home covered with glory like the gallant Commodore Hull and his companions. What a meeting, then. Come, Adelaide, cheer up. Say, is not that young officer beautiful?"

The remarks of the young lady were interrupted by the circumstance of the Secretary of the Navy's starting up suddenly from his seat beside the President and hurrying out of the room. He returned presently, accompanied by a young officer of commanding appearance, and advanced to the President's chair. The Secretary whispered to the President and appeared to shake with a slight tremor. The President commanded silence. Instantly the music ceased—the company looked on with astonishment, when the Secretary of the Navy unrolled the trophy of another naval victory—the colours of the Macedonia. The achievement was recounted—the assembled multitude were electrified with joy and surprise; and the loud acclamation of the people rung through the apartments—united as the voice of one man.

The President on the spot, as soon as the cheering ceased, advanced the young officer to the rank of lieutenant; the gentlemen gathered

around him—some shook him by the hand—others took him in their arms, and the ladies crowding in a circle of admiration around, wreathed his brows with laurels, and showered presents of flowers upon him. One alone was long in advancing to meet him; her timid modesty prevented her from hastening to him when every one was striving to be foremost in paying the tribute of respect to the young officer; but when Adelaide's trembling hand placed in his the white roses which she had taken from her hair, and while the tears glistened in her eye, breathed but the name of Frederick—that little offering—that one word was to him worth all the flowers—all the compliments and congratulations of the evening.

In that memorable engagement, as the young midshipman had occupied the foremost place of danger, the gallant Decatur had given to him the foremost place of glory, and had selected him from the crew as the fittest representative of his own courage and gallantry to bear the news of the victory.

The retrospect of the past, the dreams of the future, between the two lovers, I will leave to my readers—but, alas! alas! for the sad reality—to the rending of the heart of innocence, and to the unspeakable loss of the country, about two years afterwards the above officer fell in the encounter between the United States frigate President and the Endymion, and the young and beautiful Adelaide, like a flower with the worm at its root, fell by an untimely decay. The death of the lieutenant, like his life, was that of a hero; his sun went down at noon, but in noonday splendour; and the frail, tender girl, whose life was characterized by so much softness, so much sweetness of disposition, faded away from earth like a summer cloud, lost in the light of heaven. Should the reader wish to know the real name of Frederick, let him turn to the account of the rencontre of the President and Endymion, and he will find it recorded—one of the three lieutenants that fell in that action.

N. C. B.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently begin on *this* side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved. But admitting that the vicious may happen to escape those tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess and of that sin, yet in that calm and constant sunshine of the soul which illuminates the breast of the good man, vice can have no competition but virtue. "Our thoughts," says an eloquent divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men."

When you have nothing to say, say nothing: a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

NAPOLEANA :

AN EPISODE ON THE WAR IN ITALY.

[The following narrative, relating an instance of the clemency of Bonaparte at the period of his first campaign, is a *free* translation from an *unpublished* work by Monsieur Paul Hennequin, one of the most popular French writers of the present day.]

WHEN the French revolution changed so many destinies, and the roads were swarming with emigrants, an open carriage, containing two travellers, was seen crossing the Alps in the direction of the capital of Piedmont. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon: the sky was clear, serene, and of a deep azure, the atmosphere free at the time from vapour, and the setting sun gilding with golden beams the lofty and snow-clad summits of the mountains. An awful stillness reigned around. In the distance, a small wooden bridge, slightly constructed for the purpose of joining two rocks rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature, added to the romantic effect of the sublime scenery around.

"See you yonder vapours?" said the postillion, suddenly turning towards the travellers, and at the same time pointing towards the distant horizon, "a storm is gathering: before an hour passes we shall have a hurricane; we must hasten to cross yonder bridge." A few light fleecy clouds were indeed now to be seen hovering over the most elevated points of the mountains, and this to an experienced eye gave certain indication of an approaching storm. The garçon spurred his horses.

The travellers to whom this menacing prediction was addressed, were the Marquis de Solanges and his youthful daughter.

Sophy de Solanges had just attained her eighteenth year: her features were small and delicate, her eye expressive, and her countenance, which bore the stamp of almost infantine grace and simplicity, was unctured in a slight degree with melancholy. On hearing the remark of the postillion, she bent forward eagerly in the direction pointed out; yet without daring to manifest her own painful apprehensions, lest she should add to the visible uneasiness of her father, she remained pensive and silent.

Meanwhile, the carriage, impelled by the swiftness of its rapid descent, advanced with the speed of an arrow in the direction of the bridge: a few moments more, and the travellers would have passed the alarming abyss; but the elements had ordained it otherwise. The winds, which, until this time, had lain dormant, now spoke in boisterous bluster; the clouds gathered rapidly, and, in a very brief period the postillion's sinister predictions were fully verified. A thick fog arose, and distant peals of thunder were heard, while an almost inexplicable murmur filled the upper regions of the air. In a few minutes more the summits of the mountain were nearly hid by the dense masses of clouds which were momentarily increasing, until at length they became wholly concealed from view. The sun had disappeared, and his glorious beams were no longer reflected on the surrounding landscape: a darkness nearly equal to that of

night succeeded; the large drops began rapidly to descend, whilst continual flashes of lightning burst ever and anon upon the gloomy scene; the winds also howled fearfully; and loud and continued peals of thunder rent the air, so that, with the horrible echo, the vast amphitheatre of mountains seemed to be shook to the very base. Torrents of water poured down the valley beneath, and soon created one expansive inundation, thereby not only rendering the roads completely impassable, but changing the whole face of the country. The horses were unable to advance a step; the spot where their progress was thus interrupted was far distant from every habitation, and in itself afforded no protection from the pitiless storm. At this juncture the remains of an old tower at a short distance attracted attention: it had evidently been a long time deserted, and, in truth, was falling into extreme decay. Its moss-clad walls formed, indeed, a picturesque object in the general landscape; but its ruins, nevertheless, afforded nothing from which the slightest shelter could be obtained. Itself a mere skeleton, it had, it would seem, no sympathy for the utter destitution of earth's habitants. The marquis in this extremity, leaving his daughter in the carriage, descended, for the purpose of aiding the postillion to lead the horses forward; they had already reached the bridge, but such was its dilapidated and ruinous state, that the travellers paused in fearful consternation, not daring to advance on the frail tenement. Time, that great destroyer, had extended its ravages to the bridge, which, slightly formed of a single arch thrown across the awfully deep chasm, was fast falling into decay. It shook and tottered with the wind; and the rock, into which it had been originally fixed, was rent into fissures at every fresh peal, and the huge and broken fragments rolled, with terrific violence, into the boiling torrent beneath. In delaying to cross the bridge, the danger became every moment greater; for the foaming cataracts descending from the neighbouring heights, inundated the road yet more and more, so that their only refuge was at the very edge of the precipice. Immense masses of snow detached from the summits of the mountains swept past them continually threatening momentarily to hurl them downward to destruction; while on the other hand enormous pines, torn up by the roots, and carried onwards by the fury of the tempest, menaced them with death in another and equally terrific form.

The horses, immovable with terror, instinctively stooped their heads towards the earth, as if conscious of the impending danger.

Suddenly a clap of thunder resounded with deafening explosion, echoing through the mountains like a volley of artillery; the earth seemed to shake, and the lightning by which it was accompanied for an instant inflamed the whole horizon; the heavens presented the aspect of one general conflagration. The bridge itself now gave way with a tremendous crash, and the terrified horses darted forward with equally tremendous bound. At this awful crisis the travellers, almost blinded by the electric fluid, in dread dismay grasped the projecting fragments of a rock; whilst, at the same moment, piercing shrieks of despair fell from the lips of the young female whom they had left in the carriage, making dis-

tress more fearful in the din of this "elemental roar."

A few seconds elapsed of horrible suspense, ere a stifled groan burst from the anguished bosom of the marquis.

"Sophy! my child!" he cried, in the extreme of anguish.

The horses had been seen rising high into the air, as animals are wont to do in moments of extreme terror, accompanying this movement with loud snortings; then the plunging of a heavy mass was heard in the waters beneath, the howling winds, and on a sudden, silence as that of the grave. The marquis fainted.

By the glare of the last flash a mountaineer on the opposite side of the precipice had beheld the carriage in its progress, marking with painful anxiety, the danger of the travellers. He saw the shrieking female, her arms extended, as if claiming his protection, a prey to the wildest anguish, hurried onwards to inevitable destruction; a moment's delay, and her doom would be sealed for ever.

Darting forward with the swiftness of that lightning itself which had caused such havoc, as "a ministering angel," he bounded across the only remaining plank of the bridge, passed the frightful abyss in safety, and, without wasting one second in vain endeavours to stop the horses, seized, with a vigorous arm, the imploring female, and lifted her from the vehicle. The effort was Herculean, and strength failing him, he fell with his lovely charge at the edge of the riven rock.

The carriage, hurled onwards, soon reached the bridge. It remained for an instant supported by the broken fragments of wood and rock, and was then plunged (that plunge which had awakened the attention of all) into the torrent, where it was dashed to atoms, and the horses killed.

Here the elements seemed to have exhausted the utmost of their fury: the winds diminished their boisterous breezes, the clouds dispersed, and the heavens once more brightened, as if to give a fairer view of the scene of desolation. The travellers, recovering in some measure from their terror, surrounded the mountaineer, who, pale and motionless, yet lay extended on the spot where he had fallen.

Severely cut upon the forehead by the sharp edge of the rock, a stream of blood gushing from the wound disfigured his features, and his brow was cold and damp. Sophy fast held his hand, on which the tears of gratitude to him, her preserver, were falling abundantly. At length circulation began to return with greater power, the stranger opened his eyes, and, after a short time, he had sufficient strength to raise himself up, and, as it was then too late for the party to reach the nearest village on foot, they gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of proceeding to the habitation of the mountaineer, where they purposed passing the night.

Martelli was a tall youth, of fine proportions, and noble, though clad in a rustic exterior; his eye was bright and intelligent, his physiognomy expressive. With the inhabitants of his native mountains, his address, gentleness, and bravery, had rendered him a general favourite.

Next morning, at the moment of departure, the marquis drew forth his purse.

"Young man," said he, "I owe you a debt far beyond that of life; you have preserved my child. Accept this slight recompense; one day, perhaps, I may be enabled to prove my gratitude in a manner more worthy of you and of myself."

To his astonishment Martelli refused the well-filled purse. Though imbued with the prejudices of high birth, the marquis could admire greatness of soul even in a peasant. He seized the youth's hand, and, pressing it with a frank cordiality, "Well!" he said, "I am on my road to Milan, where I am about to purchase an estate—accept the management of it?"

A few weeks more saw the child of the mountains established in his new abode. Endowed with natural genius, Martelli soon became an altered man: he studied unceasingly, for he was sensible of his own inferiority. Sophy saw, with the most undisguised satisfaction, the daily progress of her *protégé*; frequently would she converse with him, guiding him by her counsels. She found a secret pleasure in thus acknowledging the generous devotion of him for whom she was indebted for the preservation of her life.

One day Martelli was alone with his young and beautiful mistress; her eyes were fixed complacently upon his handsome countenance, whilst the melody of a voice, full of charms, fell upon his enraptured ear. He had taken her hand, and that hand was, without reserve, abandoned to him—the simple peasant of the Alps—the uncultivated child of nature.

At length, incapable of containing himself longer, he fell at Sophy's feet, pressed her hand to his lips, essayed to speak, but could only shed tears.

"What is the matter, my friend?" inquired Sophy, with solicitude.

"The matter, Sophy?"—at this name, pronounced without other accompaniment, the aristocratic blood of the fair damsel mounted to her cheek—"the matter is—that I love you more than——" he stopped; Sophy had understood him.

"Rise, sir," she said haughtily; but in her accents any other than Martelli would have discovered the treacherous existence of a real affection.

He arose in silence. "I am without a name, without fortune, without education even," thought the unhappy young man, "why should she love me?"

This scene, though it lasted but a moment, had, however, sufficed to destroy his happiness: the illusions he had hitherto so fondly cherished were dissipated; the bright dreams of a happy future in which he had indulged had fled; and nothing now remained save a dreary blank. Alas! how frequently do we see hopes as fondly cherished, and, by a word, as rudely destroyed.

Martelli's heart was not, however, of a nature to lose all hope. The following morning, therefore, at an early hour, the young mountaineer presented himself before the marquis.

"I come," said he, sorrowfully, but resolutely, "to thank you for all your kindness; I leave you, but never, never shall I forget what you would have done for me."

Whilst Martelli was taking this abrupt leave of his protector, Sophy was alone in her chamber, a prey to the most unaccountable melancholy. One single thought, which chased away sleep entirely from her eyelids, engrossed her whole attention, while every effort she made to calm her feelings seemed but to increase the anguish that oppressed her bosom. Poor Sophy! she had no self-reproach to make, for internally she approved of the conduct she had pursued. Still Martelli in affliction, Martelli absent, grief painted on his handsome features, a prey to despair, were thoughts too horrible for her gentle frame to endure.

She arose from her sleepless couch, and, led on by a vague though invincible presentiment, of evil, hastened to the saloon. The last words that the mountaineer addressed to her father fell upon her ear; an involuntary shudder passed over her whole frame.

"Farewell! M. le Marquis," said the young man, "farewell!"

The words vibrated like a funeral knell, and fell chill and heavy upon her heart: her knees trembled, and she leaned for support against the door; but after a moment passed in the most cruel suspense, by a violent effort she regained apparent composure, and entered the room.

The marquis turned an uneasy glance towards his daughter, and Martelli changed colour, but dreading to betray his fatal secret, the youth who would have thrown himself at her feet, and given vent to his affection, remained cold and immovable in her presence. One glance sufficed to explain all to Sophy; the woman who loves needs not explanations. All that Martelli had suffered—she knew—she felt—the scene of the preceding day rose vividly to her imagination, and by the cruel anguish which took possession of her heart, she was too fully aware that she then loved, and had long loved Martelli: the devoted Martelli, of whose misery she was at that moment the cause, and her heart reproached her for her severity. "You leave us, Martelli?" she cried, her voice trembling with emotion, and a tear starting to her eye.

"Yes, madam."

Martelli laid an emphasis on the word—it was a reproach, and felt so. Sophy's colour rose, notwithstanding her efforts to appear calm; she burst into tears.

It was too much for the mountaineer, he felt his courage waver, and lest he should betray his emotions, was about to quit the room immediately.

"Martelli! Martelli!" cried Sophy, in a voice of anguish. "One embrace, oh! to you I owe my existence: leave us not thus!"

Martelli approached, and bent over her; a burning tear fell upon the pale brow of the unhappy girl.

"Farewell, madam! farewell, Sophy! Marquis, your kindness shall not be forgotten."

Once more he pressed the hand of Sophy to his lips, and quick as lightning disappeared.

Mademoiselle de Solanges, overcome by the excess of her emotion, fainted.

Her terrified father bent anxiously over her with restoratives, while he exclaimed, "My beloved Sophy, how good, how grateful thou art!"

and when animation was restored, "knowest thou, my child," he added, "that nature was mistaken in yonder youth; she has hid the heart of a prince beneath the garb of a peasant."

Two years elapsed without any tidings of Martelli reaching the Marquis's family, but he was far from forgotten. Often would Sophy call to remembrance the moments she had passed in his presence, when the mountaineer listening in silence, would hang enraptured upon her words, catching every sound, and watching every movement of her lips; and as at those moments she recalled the expressions of his fine and noble countenance, and the simple grace and elegance of this child of nature, she would bestow a sigh upon her absent deliverer. Sophy did not, however, wholly despair, she cherished a hope that she should again behold Martelli. Often in the midst of a ball would her thoughts recur to him, and she would breathe forth ardent vows for his return; for she felt in the absence of the mountaineer, a something was wanted to complete her happiness. A bright landscape scene and a rural fete, were sights that invariably recalled him to her mind; in short, his image, so deeply engraven upon her heart, seemed bound up with all her dreams of present, and, perhaps, of future happiness. But the sight which of all others most affected her was, when she beheld two young persons before the altar. Then would regrets and poignant sorrow agitate her bosom, the inequality of birth, and the immeasurable distance in station between the peasant and the ancient name of Solanges would disappear, and she would own with a sigh that with Martelli she would have been happy. Mademoiselle de Solanges, with an ample fortune, was entitled to look forward to a brilliant marriage, and the vanity of her sex might have taught her that she would not want for admirers; but the young peasant had appeared to her with so superior a soul—she had discovered in him so much sensibility, so much courage, so many noble qualities; and the sweeping revolution had destroyed so many fortunes, abolished so many invidious distinctions, had swept away so many prejudices; it had, in fact, so much modified her aristocratic principles, that, abandoning herself to hopes of future happiness, a union between the mountaineer and the illustrious family to which she belonged, no longer appeared to her the monstrous association she had once thought it would have been. Such were the sentiments of Mademoiselle de Solanges with regard to her lover, when intelligence that the French were preparing to pass the Alps, reached Milan.

At this news a secret fermentation circulated throughout all classes in Italy; and it was more than suspected that if the invaders obtained the slightest advantage over their adversaries, they would there find thousands disposed to second the enterprise. Like many other nobles who had emigrated, the Marquis de Solanges joined the enemies of France, and soon became one of the most zealous partisans in the new cause he had adopted.

The Alps, which we have seen to be hitherto so desolate, now presented the most animated picture. From their snow-clad summits to their

granite base, bathed by mountain streams, were visible, long files of troops, which in the distance might be likened to an almost indivisible line. The aspect of the mountains was even more interesting and picturesque, as the remaining portions of the army occupied each high and rocky point: here the men and horses seemed suspended over the yawning gulphs beneath; beyond, they were seen following the winding borders of the precipice; while further on they disappeared in part from the view of the spectator, seeming to the eyes of the beholder to have been engulfed in the deep and frowning abysses. The dismounted cavalry led on their horses by the bridles; the baggage was carried on the backs of men; the guns were dismounted and dragged along, reaching the most immeasurable heights, as if by enchantment; and when a dangerous defile was passed, a stupendous height scaled, the cries and acclamations of the troops, answered by the thousand echoes of the mountains, gave life and animation to these desert dwellings by nature in eternal silence.

The Hannibal or Brennus of this gigantic expedition was Bonaparte, whose glorious career was already opening. Under the command of one who knew so well how to excite enthusiasm, each soldier was a hero. Emulation produced prodigies, and obstacles were removed, or at least no longer appeared insurmountable.

Martelli had joined those who were destined a little later, at Marengo, to overthrow in one single day the power of Austria in the Italian peninsula. On quitting M. de Solanges, he had returned to the Alps, once more to behold the home of his childhood. The sight of the bridge produced a profound impression upon him, by recalling vividly to his imagination the events which had so changed his destiny; and it was not without a severe struggle that he was enabled to combat the despair and dejection which took possession of his mind, for at that moment the distance of rank between him and Sophy appeared more insurmountable than ever.

This overpowering weakness was, however, but of short duration, and Martelli directed his steps towards France. At that period of military effervescence, the roads were covered with myriads of volunteers, all enthusiastically bent on the expected conflict with the common enemy, and that enemy was the whole of Europe. Martelli, though a foreigner, partook of this warlike ardour, for his mind, too, was fixed on the word "liberty." He distinguished himself immediately on his entrance into the army, and shortly obtained promotion.

When Bonaparte decided upon entering Italy, Martelli, already advanced to the post of captain, was appointed to a command during the memorable passage of the Alps; his were such signal services, that they obtained for him not only the notice of the commander of the expedition, but still further promotion. The French army had already passed the stupendous passage hitherto deemed inaccessible. Their sudden appearance struck terror into the inhabitants, and a memorable battle rendered them masters of Italy. Their general quarters were established at Milan; and the Marquis de Solanges compromised, like hundreds of others, for having

taken up arms against his country, awaited in a dungeon the result of a council of war.

One morning this extraordinary man, Bonaparte, the parent of such mighty projects, was seated before a table covered with papers; an aide-de-camp entered.

"General, the chief de bataillon, Martelli, demands an interview."

"Martelli!" murmured Bonaparte, pre-occupied—"Martelli! it is to him that I owe, in part, my success at Marengo!" then turning towards the officer, "he wishes to speak with me immediately?"

"He does, general."

"Let him enter."

"Well, my brave comrade, what have you to ask of me?" inquired Bonaparte, without raising his eyes from the papers spread before him.

"A pardon, general—a pardon for two prisoners."

A cloud gathered over the fine brow of Bonaparte. After a brief pause—

"Well—these persons are——"

"The Marquis de Solanges and——"

"Solanges!" repeated Bonaparte, hastily; "Impossible; he is a traitor!—the other?"

"His daughter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bonaparte, repressing a smile, "the Marquis has a daughter, then—I understand."

During this short discourse his penetrating eye was fixed upon the countenance of his officer, and his own had assumed that expression of kindness for which it was remarkable; he was silent for a moment.

"Martelli," said he, at length, "a brave man like thyself cannot be the friend of a traitor; canst thou answer for the marquis?"

"With my life."

Bonaparte called to an aide-de-camp.

"Bring in the Marquis de Solanges and his daughter."

The prisoners entered.

"Colonel Martelli," said Bonaparte, laying a stress upon the word—"Colonel, I here repay my debt in part; to you I deliver up my prisoners. Do with them as you please."

During this scene M. de Solanges was attentively examining the officer, his countenance alternately expressing doubt and astonishment, at length—

"Martelli!" he cried, throwing himself upon the young man's neck.

Sophy, pale and trembling with emotion, sat as if transfixed: soon, however, gratitude and affection banished every other consideration, she rose, and rushing into his arms, "Martelli!" she uttered, but overcome by the excess of her feelings, and unable to say more, she burst into tears.

The officer pressed her again and again to his bosom; and the marquis stepping forward, and seizing the youth's hand—"Martelli!" he cried, "I know all—my daughter is thine!"

The young officer was unable to reply, the excess of happiness had deprived him of all power of utterance. Bonaparte, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene, smilingly arose and left the room.

A few days after, a marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Milan. It was that of Martelli and Mademoiselle de Solanges.

SUPPLICATION:

Great Power! whose hand the tempest stills
And calms the howling wind,
Whose midnight blast with terror fills
The ever waking mind;
For they who bear the chilling blast
An humble suppliant see,
For they who brave the ocean's storm—
The seamen on the sea.

For they, who in the darkened hour,
Await, with anxious breath,
The fiat of thy might and power,
E'en in the face of death,
Hear a devoted prayer for those
Who hope and trust in thee,
Oh! save the dauntless and the brave—
The seamen on the sea.

Again let mother fold her child
Through fierce tornado's strife;
Though shipwreck threaten stern and wild
The husband clasp his wife.
Protect the aged and the young,
Whose children lisp to thee:
In mercy heed the infant tongue
For all upon the sea.

Let woman's sighs for them be heard,
Nor vainly fall her tear,
And let affections fondest word
Again delight their ear.
Oh! hush the hurricane to sleep,
Be mercy shown by thee
To all who track the boundless deep—
The seamen on the sea.

A PARTING HOUR.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.

I sate with one I loved last night,
She played to me an olden strain;
In other days it brought delight—
Last night, but pain.

Last night I watched the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimmed the ether blue;
I turned and sought their sister eyes.
Clouds dimmed them too.

Yet all around was bright and calm,
Was calm and beautiful as ever;
We saw, but could not feel the balm—
Can those who sever.

We paced along our favourite walk,
We paced in silence, broken-hearted;
We could but weep—we durst not talk,
And thus we parted.

O! grief can give the blight of years—
The stony impress of the dead;
We looked farewell through blighting tears,
And then hope fled.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

When on the chilly dead
Is bent a young child's eye,
And first the bitter lesson read,
That all who live must die!

When a loving parent's hand
Last rests upon our brow,
And loos'd from home, life's cable-band,
To sea we turn our prow!

When thoughtless words, unkind,
The chain of friendship sever;
And tones of pride that Love unbind,
We should have clasp'd for ever!

When 'midst the glittering crowd,
Such parted friends we spy;
And the thoughts the lips have disavow'd,
Are imagin'd in the eye!

When sorrow round her brow,
Twines a wreath of short-lived bloom,
When her starting tear-drops flow,
In her own unlighted room!

When a dream at eventide
Is thronged with gone-by hours;
And backward seems life's stream to glide,
To the land of friends and flowers!

When shade a form assumes,
And our tearful eyes we cast,
Where Memory's golden torch illumines
The valley of the past!

When the stricken spirit bends,
And bows the wounded soul
To Him, that kindest, best of friends,
Whose love can make it whole!

He that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to all other questions with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they were ever accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects, they encountered more fatigue, but the victory was bloodless.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.



CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the most distinguished of statesmen and orators, was the second son of Lord Holland, and was born January 13, 1748. Westminster and Eton schools, and Hertford College, Oxford, were the seminaries at which he received his education. In classical learning his proficiency was great, and he always retained a fondness for it. Having completed his studies, he set out on his travels, and an intellect like his could not fail to profit by such an enlarged field of observation. Unfortunately, however, his powerful mind did not preserve him from dissipated habits, and from a propensity to gaming, which long continued to be the bane of his existence. In the hope of weaning him from these follies, he was, when only nineteen, elected member for Midhurst, through the influence of his father. Prudence, perhaps, kept him silent in the House till he was of an age legally to hold a seat in it. His lips were unlocked in 1770, and for four years he continued to be the advocate of the ministry. His aid was rewarded by his being appointed a lord of the admiralty, which situation he soon resigned to be a lord of the treasury. In 1774, however, in consequence of some disagreement with Lord North, he was abruptly dismissed, and his dismissal was announced to him in a manner which added insult to injury. The ranks of opposition gladly received so promising an ally; and, during the whole of the American war, he was one of the most persevering, eloquent, and formidable of the minister's opponents. Additional spirit and effect were given to his exertions by his being elected for Westminster, in 1780, in spite of the whole weight of the government interest having been thrown into the scale against him. On the downfall of the North administration, Fox came into office, as secretary of state for foreign affairs. But the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and disgust at the conduct of Lord Shelburne, soon induced Fox and some of his party to retire. In an evil hour for their popularity, they formed the celebrated coalition with Lord North. The measure enabled them to carry the cabinet by storm, but it shook their influence with the people, and their short-lived triumph was closed by their expulsion from power, on the question of Fox's India Bill. A new election in 1784, di-

minished their parliamentary numbers, and gave Mr. Pitt a secure majority. For more than twenty years the mighty talents of Fox were exerted in almost constant but fruitless opposition to his great rival. His espousing the cause of the French revolution lost him the friendship of Burke. To the war against France he was decidedly hostile. At length, in 1806, he resumed his situation of secretary of state. But his constitution was now broken, and he expired on the 16th of September, in the same year. Before his death, however, he had the happiness of putting an end to the slave trade; an object which had for many years been nearest to his heart. The wisdom of Fox's political conduct has, on some points, been violently impeached, but no one has yet denied the goodness and sweetness of his disposition; so amiable was his temper that to know him was to love him. Of his eloquence one of his panegyrists justly observes that, "plain, nervous, energetic, vehement, it simplified what was complicate, it unravelled what was entangled, it cast light upon what was obscure, and through the understanding it forced its way to the heart. It came home to the sense and feelings of the hearer; and, by a secret, irresistible charm, it extorted the assent of those who were most unwilling to be convinced." His literary compositions consist of some excellent Greek, Latin, and English verses; a few papers in the *Englishman*: A Letter to the Electors of Westminster; and A History of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a celebrated poet and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a clergyman; was born, in 1731, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, in Ireland; and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, with a view to his adopting the medical profession. Leyden, however, he quitted abruptly, with no money and a single shirt in his pocket, and wandered over a considerable part of Europe. During his peregrinations he was sometimes indebted to his German flute for procuring him a meal or a lodging from the peasants. Returning penniless to England in 1758, he was, for a short time, usher to a school at Peckham, but soon gave up that occupation to become an author.

In 1759 appeared his first work, an *Essay on the Present State of Polite Literature*. His subsequent labours were multifarious; for he soon gained an honourable popularity, and seems never to have been unemployed, but his want of economy kept him always embarrassed. Among his friends he numbered Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and many other eminent characters. Between 1759 and 1774, he produced the *Traveller*, *The Deserted Village*, and *Retaliation*; the comedies of the Good-natured Man, and *She Stoops to Conquer*; *The Vicar of Wakefield*; *Histories of England, Greece, Rome, and Animated Nature*; *The Citizen of the World*, and *the Bee*; and several pieces of less consequence. He died in 1774. In his manners, Goldsmith was eccentric, and in conversation he displayed such a lack of talent, that he was satirically said to have "talked like poor Poll." Though benevolent in his disposition, he was exceedingly jealous, not to say envious, of competitors. As an author he stands high. His poetry, natural, melodious, affecting, and beautifully descriptive, finds an echo in every bosom; and his prose, often enlivened with humour, and always adorned with the graces of a pure style, is among the best in our language.

PARSON CLARE.

PART I.

FIFTY years ago, or thereabouts, there was not a happier fireside in our good town than Captain Oldacre's. On four evenings at least, of every week, did the same little company of persons assemble round it. There was the head of the house—a sensible, kind-hearted middle aged man, with a clear eye and a hearty voice, and that particular gait which distinguishes a sailor on land:—his wife, of whom little need be said, save that she was exactly, and in every respect, suited to her husband;—their only child, Anna—a young girl who had scarcely reached the age of eighteen—the beauty of whose face lay in its exceeding innocence—who was as well instructed as she was gentle, and as ignorant of the follies and corruptions of a town, as if her father's house had stood in a field instead of a narrow dingy street;—and, lastly, a young clergyman, twenty-five years of age, whose seat was always at the maiden's side, and who owed his welcome as much to an expected *future* relationship, as to a distant one which had been already proved to exist between Dean Herbert, his grandfather, and Mr. Symonds, Mrs. Oldacre's uncle, who had died at Quebec in the year 17—.

Wilson Herbert was, in those days, rather an extraordinary character for a town clergyman. He was retiring, grave, melancholy, and very proud; not one of the sycophantic sensual race; which, thank Heaven! is fast diminishing, who was to be found at every turtle feast and corporation dinner, overlooking, if not sanctioning by the participation in, every license of word or deed. He was not one who made his way in society among the fair and the romantic, by his black coat and blacker eyes, and those high-flown compliments which have such a peculiar charm and authority for the uninstructed: not one who

preached speculative and inflated discourses, gathering round his pulpit all those dissipated people who love a crowd, and care not whether they partake of its delights in the concert-room or the chapel—and yet he was no less far from the right than the most latitudinarian or theatrical among them. He performed his duties seriously, sedulously, not with the deep and humbling sense of his being the minister of a pure and omniscient Deity, but in the strength of pride that no one should be able to lay any omission to his charge. He shrunk back from mixing in miscellaneous society, not because he was aware of the value of time, but because he was well-born and poor, and smarted severely under the humiliations to which such are necessarily subjected in a place where trade is the business of life, and wealth the standard of perfection. He gave alms, because the smallness of his stipend precluded the possibility of his saving any sum worth notice; and his eager expectation of preferment, did not arise, as the Oldacres interpreted it, from impatience for the time when he was to be married to their daughter, but was the first manifestation of that spirit which was to exercise so strange an influence over his future fortunes, and to make their story worth telling as a warning, no less than a tale of events.

There was not a happier fireside in our good town than Captain Oldacre's. The father of the family had passed his early youth at sea, and could tell of the East and West Indies, and the then comparatively unknown countries on either side of the Persian gulf. The mother, though she did not often open her lips as a story-teller, had her own casket of domestic histories, and had no objection occasionally to talk over the tale of her own love trials. She had been the daughter of a country squire or large farmer in a neighbouring county, and had engaged herself to Captain Oldacre, when they were both very young, to the great discomfiture of his proud and ill-tempered relations. These took every possible means to break off the match; when George was at sea, they made no scruples of intercepting all the letters upon which they could lay hands, and were perversely unwearied in blackening his honourable name by spreading tales of his inconstancy far and wide. They might have spared their labour. Monica Symonds said little, and believed less, whenever they brought her some new rumour, and maliciously affected to wonder that her betrothed wrote so sparingly to her, even when he finally decided upon leaving the sea, and establishing himself at Montreal. She *knew* herself to be incapable of change or falsehood, and believed as much of her lover;—and, heedless of the ridicule of relations on both sides, and the importunity of more than one rich and handsome suitor, who became the most pressing when, in honour, they ought to have withdrawn their claims,—lived on patiently, complaining little and hoping much. Better days came at last. George Oldacre was as faithful-hearted as his mistress, and, at length, weary of wondering why Monica noticed so few of his letters, entrusted a decisive epistle to the care of an old messmate of his own, who, about that time, entered into command of a ship which traded between our port and Montreal. It was on an autumn morning that Monica, on returning from a long and

solitary walk, was summoned to speak to a "sea Captain from America who was sitting waiting for her in the best parlour."

The delight of that moment was worth all the days of evil report and probation which she had been compelled to pass through; but she was blessed with an eminently placid demeanour, and her scornful sisters could gather nothing of the contents of the precious document from her looks. She read it deliberately twice over, and then, turning to the sea-faring man, said quietly:—

"When shall you sail?"

"In less than a month," was his answer.

"I will be ready to go with you."

"What nonsense is it that you are saying?" jeered her listeners.

"George has sent for me," replied she, in the same unmoved tone; "I knew he would; I am going to be married!"

From that moment, these were the only words upon her lips:—"George has sent for me; I knew he would;"—and, in spite of the disparaging remarks which were levelled against her, as a person who would "catch at any chance,"—and in spite of all the prophecies of old relations, who pronounced her scheme to be little short of insane, she began to make instant and active preparation for her voyage—a formidable undertaking, in those days, when comfort at sea was a thing unknown. She surmounted all its difficulties, however—joined her lover, and received the reward of her modest and unobtrusive constancy in the long series of years of a happy wedded life which succeeded. One use, however, she had drawn from her own experience,—she was peremptory in insisting that her daughter and Mr. Herbert should enter into no definitive engagement. "I will never," she said, "if I can help it, allow a child of mine to be exposed to what I have suffered myself."

In addition to the entertainment to be derived from this fund of family legends, Anna Oldacre possessed a remarkable well-toned voice, and was skilled in the accomplishment of reading aloud. She could also sing the grave and delicious music of Handel with the true taste and feeling which such music demands; so that the evenings were never too long, the hours never passed heavily. Then, sometimes, when it grew late, the party would creep round the fire, and indulge in the fascinating pastime of telling ghost-stories;—the old sailor, of threatening shadows that glided slowly across the water, before a storm came on:—the lady, of strange knockings and whispers heard in the dead of the night, in a certain wainscotted chamber of her father's house;—the clergyman, not a few college stories of the appearances of friends standing, at the precise moment of their death, by the bed-sides of those whom they loved best when alive:—while Anna would sit, nestling closer to the speaker every moment, and listening, until every tinge of bloom faded out of her ripe red cheek. Those were, perhaps, the pleasantest evenings of all.

"I declare it is striking one!" said Mrs. Oldacre, on a certain Sunday morning, when they had sat unusually late, enjoying the luxury of fear; "I must positively turn you out, Herbert! I need not ask you to come in to-morrow evening, with your sermon unwritten: what is to be the text this time?"

"The deceitfulness of riches," replied Herbert, rising and shaking hands, with every one.

"Good night, then, remember you dine here on Sunday as usual."

Captain Oldacre's house was situated in the upper part of our town, and commanded a tolerably extensive view, which has since been materially intercepted by piles of new building. While Herbert yet stood upon the door-step, tying his thick silk handkerchief about his throat, to ward off the biting night wind, his attention was arrested by the bright appearance of the sky, which, in its western quarter, was overspread with a vivid rosy glow, radiating from a focus of brilliant light, which seemed every instant to tremble into greater intensity. The measured and sonorous toll of a great bell was also distinctly heard—that sound so unspeakably awful to those who suddenly start awake and hear its ominous sound through the stillness of night. At every instant some upper window was thrown up, and some anxious and scared looking head, crowned with its night-gear, protruded: then the doors were heard to be unbarred, men dressed in haste, came out to see the fire; and even here and there a lady, closely muffled up, whose curiosity had overcome her reluctance to leave her bed and mingle in a crowd. While Herbert yet stood upon the step, a magnificent column of flame arose swiftly and steadily above the roof of the building on fire, as from a cradle of blackened walls pierced with many windows, and ascended majestically into the lurid heaven! and whenever the wreaths of crimson smoke, in which it sailed off towards the south, were parted for a moment by the wind, one or two stars might be seen looking through—their cold and passionless light contrasting strangely with the awful and almost supernatural splendour which surrounded them.

That great fire was long remembered by the inhabitants of our town, and the memory thereof only effaced by that more enormous calamity of recent years, when two streets' length of huge warehouses, stored with every description of combustible goods, was consumed, and the burnt corn carried by the wind to the distance of four or five miles upon the London road. There was no resisting the excitement of the moment: Herbert was carried along with the stream, and presently approached the scene of destruction.

Round about it, the neighbouring streets presented a curious spectacle. Aged persons, who had been bed-ridden for years, had been dragged from their garrets, at the peril of their lives, and laid down in their beds, on the pavement, amidst such furniture and clothes as could be saved, heaped together in the most heterogeneous disorder; while the stronger inhabitants of the surrounding dwellings, rushed back into their blazing chambers to rescue yet more of their possessions: and the women and children who could not emulate their daring activity, kept watch over their property—and beheld in agony the progress of the victorious element; crying out aloud whenever some huge beam or fragment of wall crashed down, or some beautiful fierce jet of flame burst careering out of the windows, or through some fissure in the roof, as if to assert the triumph of destruction, and to mock the littleness of human strength.

Still nearer to the building was crowded an

immense mass of spectators of every age and condition, gathered from every quarter of the town—whose curiosity was so powerful that they were with difficulty prevented by the firemen, and the company of soldiers, drawn out on the occasion, from perilling their lives by their violent struggles to press nearer to the blazing building. Above their heads the engines were spouting upwards their long and graceful columns of water, which were cast back again in hissing steam, by the heated walls of the neighbouring warehouses, for whose preservation they were directed—and in the back ground of this fearful picture was seen the cupola of a small church, almost rocking beneath the weight of a mass of spectators, whose individual figures, nay, even features, were displayed with the most startling distinctness.

Herbert was tall and athletic, and, with a little patience, succeeded in piercing his way through the press, until he had approached so close to the cordon of military, that any sight, except of a phalanx of backs, was impossible. He chanced, however, to observe a retreating window almost close above his head, shielded from a crane hard by, by a stout cradle of iron bars. With a violent exertion of agility, he swung himself up to this, and grasping the stanchions in his hands, while his feet rested upon the window-sill, found himself in a most excellent position for observing the progress of the fire, which was now rioting in the fulness of its triumph, hissing and shooting out long wreathy tongues of light, as though greedy of fresh prey; and, what was scarcely less interesting, the countenances of the dense crowd of people beneath his feet, which were all turned upwards in the same direction, all animated by the same expression.

A more motley company cannot be imagined—there stood the vile and wretched inhabitants of the neighbouring court and alley, gigantic men, brutalized with intemperance and hard labour; women, with stupid and bold countenances, long uncombed hair, and relaxed figures only half concealed—and among these, people of a more respectable class, too much absorbed in observation, to shrink from such contact with the profligate and the unclean. There stood, also, among, or apart from the crowd, one or two of those singular figures, whom one never sees abroad upon common occasions—paralytic persons with large shaking heads, and stony eyes—dwarfs, with irritable, disproportioned countenances; beings, who seem, at such a time, like decrepit evil spirits who have crawled forth from their dens, to gloat upon the mischief and confusion wrought by their more active compeers.

But the chief strangeness of such a spectacle arises from the one expression pervading every countenance, which gives a scene like this the semblance of a tormenting dream, wherein the same face is repeated a countless number of times; paves the ground beneath you—gains the heaven above your heads, and mocks you, with its odious multiplication from under every stone by the wayside, from every dark corner of your chamber—from the detestable and maddening annoyance of which you can only escape but by waking.

One figure in particular, standing a little apart from any one else, caught Herbert's attention. He was a man who had apparently passed the

meridian of life, of a tall and stout frame, and a face which would have been handsome, had not a general meanness of expression, a cunning wink in his large eyes, and a compression of his thin lips, destroyed the comeliness of his features; and it was his dress, rather than his person, which excited remark. This was mean, even to misery; his coat, which had been whilom black, was now threadbare, and patched until little of its original texture seemed remaining—his large riding-boots were of a still earlier date than this ancient garment—his hat, which, from extreme age, and long exposure to weather, had fallen into an irregular form, resembling that of a decaying mushroom, was tied on with a rusty brown and white cotton handkerchief; and there was not a shred even of soiled calico visible at either his throat or wrists. He stood leaning upon a large ragged stick, watching the progress of the flames with a calculating eye; and while every other person was excited, or agonized, or terrified, he seemed to regard the scene of ruin before him with apathy and indifference.

Herbert recognized him at once, having often heard the description of a singular character, resident in our town, who was called the Miser Parson. He was a man of good family and more than respectable attainments, whose passion for money amounted to a disease; and who, after he had already increased the competence inherited from his father, by the most rigid parsimony, crowned the unremitting system of scraping, which he had hitherto pursued, by marrying an old paralytic, purblind widow, twenty-five years his senior, merely for the sake of her vast riches.

Every one had cried shame upon the match, and the victim of his avarice, who was as devoid of capacity as she was of personal attractions, too soon, alas! began to find that the crown matrimonial was any thing but a crown of roses. Her husband began by neglecting her before the honey-moon had expired—denied his bride the comforts which her years and infirmities demanded; forbade her the company of her friends, and, by working upon her fears, contrived most effectually to abridge her controul over her enormous fortune; and yet, before Mrs. Hyslop married him, she had always been stigmatized as penurious. She had been a fancier of birds; almost his first act was to open the cages of her winged favourites, and set them free. She had been used to ride from one rendezvous of gossips to another, in a decrepit gig drawn by an emaciated pony. This was disposed of immediately—and the same fate befell every superfluity, and most of the necessaries of life. He was at first deaf—before long, brutal, in answer to her remonstrances; and she would tremble when he crossed the floor, and cry in a tremulous and wiry voice, "O, Mr. Clare! Mr. Clare! I have paid dear for those bonny black eyes!"

Such was the man, whose miserable attire and apathetic look attracted Herbert's regard; Parson Clare had stood so long in the motionless attitude I have described, that he began to wonder when so singular looking an individual would stir—and was only recalled from a train of extraneous speculations, by the circumstance of an immense wall falling in, smothering the flames, and darkening the light, with a tremendous sound,

the echo of which reverberated again and again from the opposite houses. The crowd, terrified by this new disaster, gave a universal scream, and rushed wildly backwards; and not a few old and slow persons were thrown down, and trampled upon by the retreating mass of people, whose confusion was increased by this sudden diminution of the light.

Among those who fell was Parson Clare; Herbert had seen him borne off his feet, and in another instant heard a sharp voice crying loudly for forbearance from the crowd, in whom the panic had subsided as rapidly as it had spread, and who, upon the cause of their alarm being explained, were again eager to press forward, and watch the progress of the conflagration. A strange feeling, totally impossible to be analyzed, urged him to hasten to the assistance of the miser, whom he found laid at full-length on the foot pavement, a little without the reach of the feet of the mob, writhing with pain, and groaning most piteously. As Herbert made his way towards the spot, he caught such remarks as these—"Parson Clare!—hurt—is he?—Why, let him lie where he is; he has met with nothing more than his deserts at last."

"Ay," observed one, who spoke in a coarse, but somewhat solemn voice, "such is the end of ill-gotten and misused wealth: but, however, he must not be left here to perish."

"Oh no! no!" groaned under the poor wretch, who was grievously hurt; "some one help me home! I will make it worth any one's while—I will pay."—

"Give place to me," said Herbert, authoritatively;—"I will see that you are conveyed home, Sir,—and do you, (to the crowd,) cease to hinder, if you cannot help."

"The gentleman's *fond*," sneered one.

"Nay,—what—he is, may be, looking for a legacy," observed another.

"Or a wardrobe," echoed a depraved looking woman;—"his boots alone are worth something; they are only twenty years old!"

Heedless of all this and more such ribaldry, Herbert succeeded in raising Parson Clare out of the kennel into which he had slidden. When fairly placed upon his feet, the miser repeated his complaints. He was certainly very much hurt; he believed that some of his ribs were broken. At all events his face was cruelly crushed.

"It is impossible that you can walk home," said Herbert, compassionately, "we must find some one who will go and call a coach."

"Oh, my side!—a coach!" shrieked Parson Clare—"and double fare too at this time of night!—a coach, indeed!—I can walk—I will!" but, as he spoke, he reeled so unsteadily towards Herbert, that the latter was compelled to support him; which was a matter of some difficulty, as he cried out violently whenever he was touched.

"I have undertaken a troublesome charge, I fear," said the young clergyman to himself,—and then paused to consider what was next to be done. After some little consultation with the speaker who had denounced ill-gotten wealth, and who proved to be an itinerant Methodist preacher, Parson Clare was lifted into an elbow chair, borrowed from a neighbouring house, and carried upon it to the threshold of his own dwell-

ing, which was fortunately situated in a neighbouring street.

This was a large dilapidated building, which had once been a mansion of some consequence, now fallen into disrepute, in consequence of the deterioration of the neighbourhood. The door had been painted; but the colour was peeling off in large dry scales; the knocker had been nailed down, but the nails had long ago rusted, and fallen out;—and when Herbert applied to it, a hollow echo, from the interior of the neglected mansion, answered drearily. He knocked three times before any one appeared. At his fourth and loudest summons, a window in the third story above his head, creaked up, and a harsh vulgar voice cried out, "Who is there?"

"We have brought home Mr. Clare, who is very much hurt."

"Wait a little—I will come down as soon as I have put something on."

"I will now leave you," said Herbert's assistant,—"*I* would not enter the doors of his house for the world.—Hark! there is some one coming down stairs at last."

"Will you not stay, and help him to his room? If there be only women?"—

"No, no," replied the other earnestly; "it is venturing too far into the precincts of Satan. I must go now;" and more quickly than he had ever moved before, Mr. Lovatt shuffled away, and the *staccato* trio of his stick and feet presently dropped into silence.

After a few minutes further delay, many bars were slowly undrawn, and chains unchained, and with a violent jerk, the door was thrown open, and the desolation of the interior dimly revealed. The wide entrance hall had been flagged with diamond shaped slabs of pale marble—but years had passed since that floor had benefited by brush or bucket; the broken plastered walls were of a like dingy colour:—and the portress was yet more debased and wretched in her appearance, than might have been expected to belong, even to that squalid habitation. She was a short ill-made woman, with a broad, wild face; round, dead black eyes, lips of almost a negro thickness; greasy dark hair falling in straight *pipes* rather than locks, upon a brown neck scantily mantled by a faded wrapping gown. Her feet were bare, and thrust into loose tattered shoes, brown for lack of blacking: and she stared out with an impudent, elvish leer, which had infinitely more of the witch than of the woman in its composition.

"So it is you!" cried she in the same surly voice: "I told you what would be the end of it! Is he much hurt? Come in, come in, and make no more words about it," and dragging Parson Clare rudely after her, who seemed too much stunned to resist, she shut the door—not, however, as she had intended, leaving Herbert on the outside.

"Bar it, if you *must* come in," continued the Hecate, "and hold him up on the other side. What, bleeding, Sir?—I told you it was a crazy thing to go out; but you must see the fire, forsooth! What will your wife say, I wonder?"

As she spoke, another feeble light was seen at the head of the first flight of stairs, and an old woman, nearly bent double with years and decrepitude, appeared crawling painfully down-

wards. She was so hideous — but it is impossible to dwell upon the description of one so aged and deformed. Her head shook incessantly, and one hand hung like a stone at her side; but she had sense enough to understand, at one glance, what had passed, and slipped from step to step in her descent, with a nimbleness, which seemed incompatible with her feebleness, and when fairly confronted with her husband, laughed, and said in a low voice, something between a croak and a chuckle: "Ay—ay—Parson Clare! I told you that I should live to knock a nail in your coffin yet!"

Herbert was, as it may be supposed, unspeakably shocked by witnessing a squalid misery, so far beyond any previous experience. In the mean time, the miser had fainted. "Leave him to us," cried the younger woman, brutally, "we are used to him, and will soon bring him round."

"He will die in this miserable place," exclaimed Herbert.

"Isn't it his own choosing?" replied the old woman, "isn't it to please him, that we live as we do? Till I was married—ask my daughter."

"Daughter!" muttered Herbert to himself, "good angels deliver us!"

"Till I was married, I was always fond of having things comfortable about me; I always had *one* sheet on my bed! There, Jane, give over; he is coming about again, and now, Sir, if you choose to run and fetch a doctor, you are welcome to the trouble; it is a useless expense though, for he will die of this."

While she spoke, Herbert was, indeed, thinking, that the presence of a medical man was eminently necessary; he therefore left the miser's house hastily, and in a few moments after, his knock was heard, long and loud, at the door of a surgeon who lived in a neighbouring street.

"A job from the fire, hey?" said the man, thrusting out a mop head of hair, and a stout bare leg, at the opened front door, "I shall be dressed in a minute, and will accompany you;" and, indeed, this dressing was no sooner said than done, for he presently re-appeared clothed and shod. Upon being told the name of his patient, he shrugged his shoulders, put on a cautious face—Parson Clare was such a miser!—and was at length only prevailed upon to set forth to administer relief, by Herbert's undertaking to be answerable for his attendance, in case there should be any demur on the part of the invalid, or his family.

"In case, Sir!—I fear, from what you say, that it is a bad case!" said the callous Dr. Ducket, smirking at his own wit, which was as inveterately profuse as it was weak; "and perhaps the old lady may open her purse-strings, when he is dead and gone; there will be a fortune for somebody or other!—nothing much less, I should fancy, than a hundred thousand pounds. Good-night, Sir—Mr. Herbert did you say!—O, I know where you live, I will do myself the pleasure of looking in upon you to-morrow morning, and acquainting you how your friend goes on." As they parted, the drowsy watchman plodded past, calling the hour, "half past two o'clock!" and Herbert felt so weary, that he now took the shortest way homeward, though the still unabated glow of the heavens, and the distant

shouts of the crowd, proclaimed that the fire was not yet overcome.

He threw himself upon his bed; not, however, to sleep, until his fancy, excited by the scenes he had left, acted them over again and again before his eyes, and intruded a thousand possibilities upon his notice: mere air-castles it is true, but potent enough to keep him awake for a long time, and to mingle with dreams, when fatigue proved too strong for imagination. "How unequally," whispered the temptress, "is the lot of man cast!—one hundred thousand pounds!—there is magic in the very sound of the words; there is power, and rank, and luxury, within their grasp! and he will die of his wounds!—What is that to thee? O, nothing, nothing at all!—only, *some one* must enjoy his hoards—*some one* must riot in the abundance of all his wealth!" "Shame on me!" cried Herbert, starting awake, while the bare remembrance of his dream brought the dew to his forehead, and made his frame tremble with ecstasy. "Shame on me! what have I to do with wealth?—am I not vowed to another, holier service! and shall I allow such base thoughts to overrun my mind?—such grovelling desires to tempt me?" "Yet," again whispered Fancy, "the good things, the *great* things thou mightest achieve!—endow hospitals, befriend the neglected, acquire influence and authority, to be used well—be beloved in life, lamented in death,"—and he fell asleep again, while the temptress was in the midst of her work, of seducing his soul from the truth, under a subtler mask than that of mere sensual indulgence. He dreamed that he was possessed of boundless wealth—he awoke the next morning, a poor curate, and took his bible in his hand, and spread his paper before him, to write a sermon on the deceitfulness of riches; while he took no thought of that most deceitful of all things within him—the human heart!

He had scarcely concluded his discourse with a studied, yet simple petition, that the Omnipotent would rule the hearts of his people to moderation, and the smile of complacency, with which he beheld this eloquent period, had scarcely faded from his lips, when the train of his thoughts was interrupted by the entrance of the surgeon. He came to announce the tidings of Parson Clare's death, "and," continued he, "his widow, I think, will not be long in following him. They are going to hold an inquest upon the miser's carcass."

"My friend," said Herbert, firmly, "you speak too brutally of the dead."

"All I can say," continued Mr. Ducket, abashed for the moment, "is that you will have to attend."

"Certainly," said Herbert, rising and closing his desk, "I will go now; I may perhaps be able to give some comfort to the widow."

"Comfort! ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir, but she, with a hundred thousand pounds at her own disposal! and he used to beat her like a dog!—Comfort!"

"Begone Sir! there is your fee!" cried Herbert, sternly, cutting short the son of Galen, with his haughtiest frown, and the tender of a guinea. Mr. Ducket ventured no further pleasantry, and sneaked out of the house as fast as he could. Herbert went out also—to the house of mourning.

PART II.

Now, to avail ourselves of the privilege by which story-tellers compass time, as the Prince in the Eastern tale over-passed space upon his enchanted carpet—we will suppose “nine months are gone over,” and look in again on Captain Oldacre’s fireside. In this second view, only three were to be seen gathered round the hearth—the care-worn anxious father and mother, and, placed between them, the shadow, it surely could not be the actual person, of their beloved daughter. Yet it was the same, whom we saw so short a time ago such a different creature. Her figure was worn down to a melancholy degree of thinness; her rich hair hung about her face in masses, as if it were too heavy for her head; from her large languid eyes, bent upon the fire in the listlessness of vain speculation, a tear fell ever and anon on her clasped wasted hands; a large shawl was thrown over her shoulders—and the furred slippers upon her feet, (though the month was July) and the screen before the door, and the noiseless steps of all who came in and went out—were sufficient to tell the tale how sadly the spring had been spent.

The three sat in silence for some time; at last, Captain Oldacre having left the room, Anna disengaged her hand from her mother’s, and drawing it feebly over her brow, said, in a low voice, “I think, mother, that this time, I shall hardly die.”

“Thank God that you can say so!” replied that excellent woman; “you are much better to-day, my love; a week ago you know, you could not sit up: in another fortnight we hope that you will be strong enough to bear removal. I did not tell you that your father has heard from Bath this very morning—and he will go over, as soon as he is easy to leave you, and take possession of our new house.”

“Kind, dear father and mother!” exclaimed Anna, with energy, “and you are breaking up your happy home here to indulge my caprice. How it is of me! how impatient! I am sure I ought to have borne to stay here. Hark! hark!” and she pointed with her finger eagerly, “there is a step in the street! let no one come in here—no one, mother!”

As she spoke, a knock was heard at the hall door; Mrs. Oldacre rose hastily, and left the room, shutting the door of the parlour carefully: but Anna’s ear caught the tread of a well-known foot in the passage, and the sound of a voice—and her heart beat as though there was a fountain within it. The visitor was ushered into a room on the opposite side of the lobby; but so strong was her fancy, that she imagined that even through the thickness of two walls she could distinguish the tones which had been dearer to her than any other earthly sound. Were they pleading for forgiveness? she thought she *could* forgive, though perhaps *not at first*. She then folded her hands upon her breast, and, in that moment of suspense—of all others the most excruciating to a woman—because she can confide her anguish to no one—prayed silently and fervently for strength to bear whatever burden it might please Heaven to lay upon her.

Meanwhile her faithless lover had followed Mrs. Oldacre into the dining-room, with the

flushed face and uneasy gait of one already teased by an evil conscience—and proud as he was, he was afraid to meet the mild eye of Anna’s mother. He changed his chair twice; waited to hear whether she had anything to say, having prepared an elaborate justification of his fickleness; and when she persisted in maintaining a reserved silence, was, at last, compelled to stammer out “That the weather was much warmer than it had been.”

Mrs. Oldacre assented; there was another pause.

“I hope, madam,” he began again, “that it will have a favourable effect upon Miss Oldacre’s health; she is better, I am very glad to hear.”

“She is,” replied the mother, and a third long pause ensued, during which Mrs. Oldacre perused her visitor’s face thoroughly, with her sedate and truthful eye. “May I beg,” she said, at last “may I beg for the communication which you said you wished to make to me. I have not much time to spare, and shall be glad to be set at liberty again, as soon as is convenient.”

“I—I wish to say!—Why—Madam, so intimate as we have been—I think it strange—on such friendly terms as we have been—”

“And are to be no more,” interposed his listener, gravely.

“That is, madam—I mean—I wish, that is—to justify myself to you; I am aware that you consider that I—that you—and yet if you will do me the justice to remember—in short, Madam, I am sorry you should think I have used you ill—and if you will allow me to explain:—”

“Who has told you that we consider you to have used us ill?” said she, with dignity; “we have made complaints to no one—we have asked redress from no one. If your own conscience accuse you, Mr. Herbert, to your own conscience you must justify yourself; for my own part, I can only say, that, if this be all your errand, your presence here is as fruitless as it is unwelcome!”

“I am glad,” replied he, endeavouring to recover his self-possession, “that you confess you have no cause of complaint.”

“Why then are you here, Sir?”

Herbert’s cheek crimsoned deeply, as he ventured to mutter something about “a visit of friendship.”

“Fie upon you! fie upon you!” cried Mrs. Oldacre, “this is a miserable subterfuge which I should not have expected to hear—even from you! I thought that my opinion of your conduct towards us should never pass my lips, but this inconceivable behaviour of your’s compels me to speak. Listen to me, Sir: for the last three years you have been received within these walls upon the footing of an intimate friend. In the course of that time you used all your best addresses to gain the affections of my daughter. Many who are situated as I am would hesitate to confess that such, as you have proved yourself to be, *could* ever have gained them; but I would not disguise the truth, no, not if I could silence all the folly which I know has been, and will be talked about this story. Well, Sir, and what has been the end of our intercourse? Without any cause, without even the pretence of an affront, you are known to be on the point of marriage with another. *What* she is, speaks for itself—and I think, for I will be no more dainty

with your feelings than I have been with my own, that your motives are so obvious that even you cannot pretend to plead any other inducement than that of her immense wealth. Hear me out, and reply if you have the front to do it! You are about to marry for money; you have committed as deliberate an act of falsehood, as if you had broken an oath sworn upon a bible; and yet this does not content you! You must even come hither, in the hope of wringing from those whom you have sought to injure, an approval of your mercenary and unhandsome conduct. You are about to sell your honour for money—you will meet with your reward—and I am sorry for you—I pity you with all my soul, for the abasement of spirit which you will be compelled to undergo—for the wretchedness of the lot which you have stepped out of your way to *force* upon yourself. You wish me to confess that we have no claim upon you. Pacify your anxiety; we have never advanced any—we never shall; we are willing to leave you in your own hands. Ay, and if you see a tear upon my cheek, as I am a living woman, it is for what is to befall you, and not for what you have done to me or mine!”

She paused, exhausted by this sudden burst of feeling; and, fixing her eyes full upon the confused and astonished man, gathered herself up to hear his reply. But the truth of her reproof had stricken too deep to leave him in any condition for explanation or evasion: with a convulsive movement of his hand, he clutched up his hat from the floor, and made his way out of the house—how, he did not know.

And thus was a proud, strong, learned man, put to shame by a gentle and untutored woman! He felt every word she uttered to the inmost corner of his heart; yet he suffered with the desperate determination of one whose mind is made up, and who is prepared to abide by the consequences of his conduct. He knew what the world would say; he heard what his own conscience did say, but for all this, his heart was hardened to complete its unholy purpose.

It would be needless to retrace the steps by which he gained influence over the mind of Mrs. Clare—the course of reasoning by which he had persuaded himself to make an offer of marriage to her daughter—the Hecate of the miser's house: yet, weak as the parson's widow was, she was not utterly devoid of maternal feeling and forecast, for the happiness of her child. She knew that she was doing prudently in giving her son-in-law the controul over the greater part of his wife's property; she knew that to gain respectable protection for one so squalid, so debased by circumstances as her daughter, was next to a miracle—and reconciled herself to the exorbitant terms of the *bargain* on Herbert's part; as for love, he had common shame enough to refrain from pretending to it, even for one moment.

Unnatural as such a connection may seem to those who will not put trust in a tale, unless every minutest link of the long chain of incident is displayed for their inspection, it is only one among a thousand similar instances of mercenary marriages. How many a beautiful and delicate girl has willingly gone up to the altar with some superannuated debauchee! how many a gay gallant young fellow has thankfully leapt into the arms of age and ugliness—and all for money! And

let none fancy himself superior to the temptation, until he has proved its force; for unless that force were tenfold mightier than even imagination represents it to be, we should not be so often pained and disappointed by seeing the most gifted and the most high-minded yielding to its influence with so little show of a struggle. Thus it was that it fell out that Wilson Herbert married Jane Hyslop.

No sooner was the probability of this marriage an ascertained fact, than the tongues of half our townfolk were unloosed in amazement, in sarcasm, and in disapprobation. Herbert thought that he had prepared himself for the vehemence of this popular outcry; moreover, he had cheated himself into imagining that the creature whom milliners had dizen out for the wedding day, into an appearance at least *passable*, might be tutored into becoming a respectable commonplace member of society, amenable to the authority of her lord and master—and that it would not be impossible to counterbalance the influence of years of neglect and degradation by a season of schooling.

To school, accordingly, the bride was sent; and, for twelve months, was compelled to endure such courses of discipline and *feminizing* as were considered likely to conduce to her improvement. The event proved the sagacity of the measure. Even during that short period of constraint, strange rumours of her *eccentricities* transpired. She was not one of those passive personages, conscious of their own deficiencies, whom you may persuade or terrify into whatever you please, for the time being. She was vain, vulgar, and violent; incapable of being stirred to the task of amending herself by either shame or emulation. Many even went so far as to say, that, during the course of that time, she had shown glimpses of more disgraceful propensities than the love of tawdry finery, or the distaste to everything polished and refined. It remained for future days to develop these more completely.

While Mrs. Herbert was occupied in completing the education, which only began with her married life, her mother paid the debt of nature, and the Oldacres took up their residence in Bath; it was to Herbert, (he had resigned his curacy) therefore, less irksome than it might have been to begin his career in our town, as a rich man. His wife was brought home to her splendid mansion, clad in the most expensive mourning for her dear parent, and it was thought proper that she should be secluded from the world for the space of six months. Before the end of the time prescribed for the indulgence of her sorrow had decently expired, her impatience of the seclusion of grief had become so ungovernable, that she insisted upon taking her place in society as a rich woman, if not as a beauty.

A lady, who has five thousand a year to spend, need never spend it alone; and Herbert's house was presently crowded with company—the more the merrier, in his wife's opinion, who had never been taught the difference between gentle and simple, and who openly professed suspicion and dislike of “stiff, proud, proper people.” All this her husband was compelled to endure, though totally at variance with his tastes and inclinations—for the slightest contradiction excited her to such immoderate displays of wrath, as made her

an object of surprise and derision to her own servants. He hoped, too, that the constant collision of society might give her some practice of manner, purify her talk of its boisterous exclamations, and teach her a little composure of demeanour. He was laughed at unsparingly by the voluble and vulgar guests who filled his house, and emptied his cellar;—he was not slow in perceiving this, and it destroyed the little toleration with which he had ever regarded the individual whom he had chosen as his partner for life—for better for worse.

A year went by, and Mrs. Herbert, in spite of her having become a mother, seemed in the progress of deterioration, rather than improvement. She had so much of the savage in her composition, that she soon began to find the luxuries of her situation, at first pleasant from their novelty, before long, become irksome; and the customs of polite society, trammels, in the escaping from which was pleasure and triumph. Her fear of her husband, too, decreased daily; he had, before his marriage, planned a thousand plans for exalting his own importance, while her's was to be cast into shade, and was dismayed to discover himself compelled to relinquish all his own favourite schemes in order that he might maintain a fair appearance in the eyes of the world. As for the mere possession of wealth, when the novelty of its delight had been exhausted, it was surprising how little energy to use or to enjoy it seemed to be left to him. Day by day he became more and more frigid, more and more willing to retire from the public stare and sneer—and she, more and more careless of his approbation or blame. As for the world, (and Mrs. Herbert's comprehended only the frivolous, the malicious, and the unprincipled,) it presently began to find out how matters stood; and the length of time which elapsed, before Herbert's eyes were opened, can only be accounted for by his having bought a magnificent estate in a neighbouring county, the improvement of which, at all events, furnished occupation for his mind; moreover, his attention was engrossed by some private affairs of a delicate and interesting nature, of which we shall hear more presently.

Scandal had, indeed, been long busy with the names of both husband and wife, before her rumours reached the ear of the former. When, at last, he became aware that he was despised as an easy indifferent man, who kept no rule in his household—that his wife was in the habit of openly boasting how well she could manage him: when he became aware that not a few tales of the most odious description were in circulation, his awakening came with the violence as well as the suddenness of a clap of thunder. He was at Mile Park, when the "kind friend," whom every calumniated person is sure to possess on such an occasion, made the labour of riding half a score of miles out of his way, to open Herbert's eyes to his own unhappiness. But the listener was well practised in the science of self-command, received the unwelcome tidings with polite and listless incredulity, thanked his guest coolly for the trouble which he had taken, yawned, and ordered his own carriage. His lean, curious informant rode away, much amazed at his apathy, little thinking what a storm he was leaving behind him—to rage all the fiercer

in proportion as its expression had been at first suppressed.

There was a very large party that night at one of those houses to which it was a loss of distinction to be admitted—a house where dubious characters were haboured, till they were past doubt, and many encouraged as wits, who would have been voted coarse in more select circles; where, under pretence of escaping from formality, much undisguised levity was perpetrated; and if one or two guests of a better class were chanced to be found, the same were never to be seen a second time. In the corner of a drawing-room noisy past all endurance, and crowded to suffocation, was a whist table, at which four gentlemen were seated; and behind it, wedged in a small recess, a sofa filled by two ladies of extraordinary amplitude, who sat with their feet comfortably stretched out upon the same ottoman, and were enjoying the luxury of a little choice scandal. The strain of their conversation crossed the current of the card-players' talk much in this wise:

"Bless me! Miss Kewin!—but you amaze me!—*That* lady yonder in red crape, with the untidy back and the fly-away curls?"

"Yes—that is Mrs. Herbert—did you never see her before? I say no more than the truth; I thought it was no secret to anybody but her husband."

"I wish, Sir," said one of the whist-players, a bald-headed man, with a purple nose, addressing his partner: "I wish, Sir, you would try to be a *little* attentive to your game; we lose two tricks by your trumping my queen. It is your deal, Mr. Bigg."

"Why, if that be true, Miss Kewin! there is some excuse for her taking—ahem!—it's a horrible thing to let pass one's lips—taking a glass too much now and then."

"O, if that were all, Mrs. Barrymore!—true!—I know it is true!—he was to have been married to the girl, you know!"

"Well! yes, I know—and deserted her most shamefully."

"These men are all alike, ma'am," resumed the spinster: "and upon this the Oldacres went to live at Bath—and you know it came out that they died poor; in short, the poor girl was obliged to apply for a situation as a governess. She applied to a friend of mine at Leicester, a Mrs. Hawkes, a charming woman, ma'am, who wrote to me to inquire if she was respectable or not."

"And did she engage her?"

"Ma'am, you shall hear: Mr. Herbert upon this stepped in; wrote her the most affectionate letter in the world, enclosing a bank-bill for five hundred pounds."

"Goodness, Miss Kewin! five hundred pounds! Mrs. Clare knew what she was about when she was leaving him so much of her fortune."

There was again a murmuring at the card-table; "Another misdeal!" said he of the purple nose; "Upon my honour, Sir, this is too bad; you should think of your partner; if you do not mind for yourself."

"If you please, we will play no more," replied the rebuked stranger, rising coolly, and tossing down his cards, with an air which prevented the other three gentlemen from remark-

ing the rudeness of his behaviour. They left the corner in search of a more zealous substitute; and Herbert re-seating himself, was in a condition to be more distinctly benefited by the conversation behind him than before.

"Five hundred pounds!" repeated the incredulous widow, "I scarcely know how to believe such a sum."

"I had it from first rate authority, ma'am. I heard Mrs. Herbert herself—she knew of it."

"Knew of it! and he her own husband, too? dear me, how shocking!"

"Shocking!—not at all, Ma'am; nothing in Mrs. Herbert's way; money, you know—money, will carry anything off."

"Anything!—why?"

"All I can say, Mrs. Barrymore," replied the bilious spinster, shaking her head mysteriously; "all I can say Ma'am, is, that *poor* people are put in prison for stealing a loaf of bread out of a shop-window:—but if *rich* ladies have anything found upon them which does not happen to be their own property—why, *it's a mistake*, you know, and the more that's paid, the less that's said about it."

"*What!*" cried the widow, rising a hair's breadth from her seat, and drawing up her eyebrows to the elevation proper to express amazement and horror.

"Nay, I insinuated nothing—nothing at all; *it was—bless me!—did you notice that gentleman in the black coat?—did you see the frown he cast upon me?—Mr. Herbert is at Mile Park, or—can it be any of *her* relations?—I must go and ask Mrs. Alderson what relations she has—a—only see—there she is yonder, leaning upon the arm of that Major Godbold. I declare he is gone!—the man in the black coat! he must be *somebody*, he set off in such a hurry!"

"And did you ever see?" spitefully whispered the other amiable lady: "she can hardly stand upright! Well! well! money is a fine thing—but conduct for me, Miss Kewin!"

Now, as to the appearance of Mr. Herbert, a short explanation will suffice. He had returned home, with scandal ringing in his ears, and suspicion busy at his heart,—and found his wife abroad. "Gone," as her maid said, "to a party at Mrs. Alderson's."

I said, that as a single man, he had scrupulously refrained from society. As a married man he had rarely appeared in his wife's set, that he was mostly unknown, and never inquired for. The knowledge of this suggested to him the plan which he adopted. He followed his wife, and availing himself of the stupidity of a deaf fluttered servant man, had been announced as Mr. Harding, and been well received; for a new male face was always welcome at Mrs. Alderson's, and she did not stop to remember where she had been introduced to the gentleman. His purpose was not to shine, but to observe—what a hateful condition to be reduced to!—nothing better than that of a spy. His curiosity was gratified with a vengeance. The first figure that met his eye, was that of his wife, foolishly dressed in the extreme of inelegant fashion, and as conspicuous for her vulgar demeanour, as she was for her attire;—an object of remark from her rolling moist eye, her burnt-red cheek,

her parched lip, and her thick and confused speech: and then, for the first time, did he taste the full bitterness of that cup which he had been so eager to fill for himself. Then did he remember, with frightful distinctness, the countenance of Mrs. Oldacre at their last interview, and her words, "I am sorry for you." Then, for the first time, did he feel the just value of the fair right-hearted being whom he had so meanly deserted, and whose letter, returning his own with its enclosed bank-bill, was, even then, in his pocket-book—that letter merely a few words of acknowledgment, and "that she could not think of being indebted to strangers for what it was in the power of her own exertions to procure for her." And he had given her up for ever—he had placed himself in the situation of the despised husband of a profligate wife, and all for a few paltry thousands of pounds!

But the man who could bear to make such a sacrifice, could steel himself to abide its consequences. To leave the party, would be (should he chance to be recognised) to admit his misery publicly, and would make the retribution wherewith he intended to visit his guilty wife, appear an act of pique rather than justice. He compelled himself therefore to sit down to cards. During the course of the few first deals, he had learned the startling unwelcome truth that his offer of assistance to Anna Oldacre had been detected, robbed of its fair and honest meaning, as a penitent's attempt to make amends for past misconduct, and construed into an offence against his wife, which justified her in taking any revenge she might please. He had also gathered that her cunning was equal to her folly, that she had, in some way or other, possessed herself of a secret, which it would be easy for her to wield to his injury and her own justification. The truth was, that she had espied her husband putting the bill into the letter, and out of idle curiosity had taken it from the hall table on which it was deposited previous to being sent to the post—opened it—and made her maid read it over to her; so that in consequence of his own unaccountable want of caution, the story of "Mr. Herbert's mistress" was presently in the mouth of every servant in the house;—not, it may be supposed, to proceed no farther.

The most insatiable lover of gold would think an enormous treasure not cheaply purchased by a few hours of such agony as Herbert endured on that memorable night. Good name—domestic comfort—all gone,—and self-reproach alone left. He thought with all the bitterness of remorse and despair of his infant daughter—the child of such a mother—what might be her fate if he were to die? Hour after hour did he sit waiting for his wife's return, and still she came not. Carriage after carriage passed,—and hers was not of the number. A dreadful and evil hope crossed his mind, that she might never return. How low was he reduced when he had to stoop to the comfort which involved crime or death!

At last the sound of wheels was heard:—not as before, to die away into deep silence. The chariot stopped.—The drawing-room where Herbert had been sitting, was in darkness, the candles having burned their last. He ran out to the top of the stairs, and leaned over to listen. The

lamp in the hall too, was just expiring, so that he could see without being seen. He heard his wife's coarse voice, and that of a gentleman. He breathed short and thick, and clenched a small cane between his hands so violently, that the print of his fingers was seen on the bamboo next morning. There was some bidding of good-night—and the door closed upon the cavalier. While Herbert stood, irresolute whether he should follow or not—and how he should behave to his wife, she had snatched a candle from the hands of the footman, and was beginning to ascend the polished oak staircase. Her head was confused—she had scarcely reached the first landing-place, when her foot caught in the train of her gown,—and uttering a loud cry, she fell backwards,—her head against the sharp corner of a step. Her husband heard the fall, and the outcry of the assembled servants who pronounced her to be killed. He stepped noiselessly back to his own chamber, with his heart beating high—and his cheek and brow as warm as if the season had been summer. And this was a man who had been, or been thought to be, a conscientious minister of the gospel!

PART III.

WE must mount the enchanted carpet again, this time, to take our flight over a space of eighteen years instead of half as many months. During that period, the shrubs which had been added to the plantations of Mile Park had become flourishing trees:—and its ambitious master's daughter, whom he left an infant, had grown up into an elegant and intelligent girl;—grave it is true, for she felt that she had passed her life under a cloud, though she knew not by what that cloud was formed—and as humble and unpretending, as her father was haughty and reserved. She was beloved by every one who knew her—and it was only by her friends' scrupulous abstinence from referring to that one point, that she had learned that there was some fact about her youth which was to be concealed. Her father would have removed her from a place so pregnant with hateful remembrances, had not a clause in Mrs. Clare's will compelled him to spend annually a certain sum in his native town:—and, in addition to this, his alarmingly delicate health made travelling dangerous as well as irksome to him.

Eighteen years had changed—I might almost say, created anew the victim of his ambition. So much, indeed, was Anna Oldacre altered, that her nearest and dearest friends might have passed her in the street, and accosted her in society again and again, without recognising in the small prim figure, whose motions seemed regulated by machinery, the lovely laughing girl of former years. Eighteen years of the ungrateful labour of education, as it was in those days, had effaced every trait of beauty from her face: her mind, too, formerly so fresh and imaginative, had been narrowed to the requisitions of her calling, and once compressed by a tremendous effort, had never expanded again. Her feelings, which she had compelled herself to smother, were somewhat reduced in intensity;—her temper had lost something of its old sweetness,—her devotion something of its fervour. She was now anxious

about trifles—curious in her dress—not to make herself appear younger than she was in reality—but to preserve it scrupulously neat and exact in all its apportionments: she talked fluently in a low voice, and with a formal accent; she piqued herself upon observing the minutiae of politeness, and knowing when to come forward, and when to retire into the shade. Her colour had left her cheek—silver threads had stolen among her rich hair. She *might* remember the past—but no one ever heard her mention it; and from her bearing and uniformity of spirits, she might be judged to be as happy a woman, as she was respected in the families to which her services had been given. The last lady, indeed, whose daughters she had educated, had settled an annuity upon her, sufficient to cover her small wishes for the remainder of her days.

It was about this time, that an old friend, her only correspondent remaining to her in her native town, pressed her to pay her a visit. They met;—Anna could not but be vividly impressed, and forcibly carried back into the past, by finding Mrs. Pritchard as gay as she was handsome, and almost as young in appearance, as she had been, when they last parted; and her friend was shocked past the power of concealment, on recognising the cheerful beauty of their old days of intimacy, in the withered cautious woman, whom she now embraced,—and dreaded lest she could revert to old times, and the old sorrows, which had told so sad a tale upon her youth and beauty. There was no danger of this, however. Anna was curious to see the changes and improvements which her native town had undergone, but never once, happened to speak of her former residence there or her former trials. She betrayed no sensibility upon hearing Herbert's name mentioned in the course of conversation, nor when some person accidentally pointed out to her Phœbe, as being one of the most accomplished girls in our town. Nay more,—her friend owned a cottage on the borders of Mile Park—and Anna was found as willing to walk there, as any other lane or field of all the country round about. Mrs. Pritchard did not know what to make of this; she had intended to bring about something like the conclusion of a romance, a meeting, wherein the two lovers should make friends; but this apathy of Anna's proved a total bar to her carrying her sentimental purposes into execution.

One bright afternoon, when the ladies were sitting together in a drawing-room, which overlooked part of the grounds in question,—the unusual sight of an open carriage, containing two ladies and a gentleman, with a couple of outriders behind, was seen glancing among the huge trees in the park, and approaching the deserted mansion. "There is Miss Herbert, I know her by her long neck!" exclaimed Mrs. Pritchard eagerly.

"And who is the gentleman beside her?"

"Sir Thomas Dulwich," replied the other, provoked at the coolness of her inquiry; "the young gentleman to whom she is going to be married immediately. I hope it may turn out well."

"Ah—yes," returned Anna abstractedly "this netting silk is worse than tow."

"Upon my word!" said Mrs. Pritchard, to herself indignantly, "I verily think she must be

made of stone; netting silk—tow, indeed!—I wonder——”

Now, it must be told, that Mile Park had for many years been shut up, and only inhabited by a steward and his wife, and that its distance from the town had been assigned as the reason for its desertion. Phœbe had been very little there, and would by no means have been allowed to approach her father's house thus unceremoniously, if he had known of it; but Lady Dulwich had come down into——shire on purpose to be introduced to her daughter-in-law elect, and it had been thought proper to amuse her ladyship with excursions. Their little party had, accordingly, been spending a week in Wales, and were now upon their way homewards—they had made a deviation of a few miles from the public road, to examine an old church, and this had led them past Mr. Herbert's park wall. When they reached an old gate, flanked by two ruinous lodges, Sir Thomas could not help stopping the carriage, and looking wistfully in. “What a glorious avenue of trees!” cried he, “I have not seen such oaks north of the Trent!—this approach should lead to some place of consequence.”

“I am glad you admire it,” replied Phœbe; “I believe, yes, this must be the back approach to Mile Park.”

“Oh, then, we will take a nearer view of the premises—we have a long afternoon before us, remember:—and your father, now that I come to think of it, did once say something about comparing his place with Chatsworth—we will explore the same.”

“By all means,” cried Lady Dulwich gaily.

“Open the gate, Almond,” and before Phœbe could raise any objection, they were driving down a spacious avenue descending a slope, and bordered by a double row of magnificent old trees. The carriage road was overgrown with long grass. Pheasants and hares beyond count, seemed to start up from beneath the horses' feet. “I prophesy,” said Sir Thomas, “that I shall come here for a day's shooting, before I am a week older.”

“I wonder,” said his mother, “that Mr. Herbert can find in his heart to allow such fine grounds as these to fall into such a state of decay.”

“Papa never liked the place,” said Phœbe; “and yet, to my certain knowledge, he has more than once refused to sell it.”

“You must direct us now, Phœbe;” they had by this time reached a point, whence the avenue branched off in two separate directions.

“Upon my word,” replied Phœbe, blushing, “it may seem very odd—but I hardly know myself; I have never approached it from this side before. I wanted papa to bring me here for the summer, but he was quite angry with me, for mentioning such a thing.”

“Very odd, indeed:” observed Lady Dulwich.

“Well then, I will confide in my own sagacity. Do admire those walnut trees, mother: and Phœbe, you may thank me for a new pleasure, it seems; I thought I should be right: yonder is the house:—upon my word a noble building!” and, as he spoke, they emerged from the avenue upon the clear lawn, in full view of the mansion. The building was of that mixed style of archi-

tecture, commonly called Palladian. It was an extensive, quadrangular pile, with a clock tower over the grand entrance; that clock had not been wound up, for fifteen years, at least. The windows were all of them closed; not a pencil of smoke arose from any chimney; the fountain in the midst of a gravelled space before the front door was broken, and its basin choked with weeds; the grass round the house was ill-kept, and one or two degenerate rose-bushes leaned weakly against the rusty blue iron balustrades of the flight of steps, which led to a sort of esplanade under the windows of the principal apartments. So sombre was the entire effect on that still summer's afternoon, that all the three dropped into silence almost involuntarily, and the crashing of the wheels upon the gravel, and the whistle of some wood-bird, half tame from being so long undisturbed, were the only sounds which were heard, as the party drove up to the portal.

“And now to enter this enchanted palace!” said Sir Thomas, running up the steps boyishly. “O, here is a bell!—Meroy on us! what a sound it makes! and who will come to answer it, I wonder! some seneschal with a white beard; some I declare, Phœbe, you look frightened.”

“Never mind him!” said Lady Dulwich, “we will take care of you! here comes some one at last!—but, bless me! what a number of bolts and bars!—Do not lean against the door—I have a presentiment that it will open with an awful jerk.”

And it did so—a respectable looking middle-aged woman presented herself.

“We can see the house,” said Lady Dulwich authoritatively.

“There is nothing to see, Madam,” replied the woman civilly and steadily, “the house is not shown to strangers.”

“I think, Markland,” said Phœbe, coming forward, “you will hardly oppose our entrance.”

“Lord bless me! Miss Herbert!—what ever in the world—so surprised as I am to see you!—Mr. Herbert is with you, I hope!”

“No matter,” cried Sir Thomas, entering unceremoniously, “why, this hall is most superb!—those Ionic columns are the handsomest things of the kind that I ever saw.”

“What a shame it is, not to inhabit such a place!” echoed Lady Dulwich, “if it were mine, I should put up an organ in yonder music gallery, before I were four and twenty hours older.”

“And invite your dear five hundred friends to play upon it,” replied the Baronet. In such a light mood as this, they presently had exhausted the wonders of the hall; while Phœbe stood a little apart, silently considering how much reproof she should subject herself to, for taking such a liberty;—Mr. Herbert was a man who never forgave a liberty.

“And now the keys! good Madame la Concierge,” cried Sir Thomas, gaily; “open us all these doors, without delay, I am in the best possible humour for exploring.”

“The keys, Sir, my husband has them locked up—and—”

“And where is your husband?—is he locked up!—don't you see, that we wish to inspect every thing? Up stairs or down stairs first, mother?”

“O, up stairs first!” cried Lady Dulwich, hu-

mourning her son in his mood of mischief; "and, don't you see yonder bunch of keys? I dare say Mr. Markland has forgotten them; and, as she spoke, she pointed to an immense collection upon a ring, which hung in a niche close by.

"By Jove! so they are; well, we will use them for ourselves."

"But, if you please, Sir——"

"Thank you, Madame la Concierge—I quite understand you; you see I am a positive man. Come Phoebe!"

"What would I give if Joshua Markland was here!" cried the woman, wringing her hands dismayedly.

"Now, my dear woman! pray take things easily. Why—you might be a jailor's wife indeed. —Come Phoebe! which way first? up stairs, to the left."

"Ay—ay," muttered Markland, looking after them, in great wrath, "to the left! What in the world must I do to get them out of the house?"

While she stood at the top of the stairs, a living picture of vexation, the intruders were heard, trying every door which opened into the long corridor; entering chambers which had never been unclosed for many years, and apparently enjoying their forbidden researches with all the glee of a parcel of children; as the approaching sound of their merriment warned the disturbed house-keeper, that they had examined half the building.

"And now, Madame la Concierge," said Sir Thomas, "I think we are satisfied. We have seen nothing worth making such a fuss about; never a ghost, or a picture. Is there any thing precious on the other side of the house?"

"No, Sir—I do not know, Sir," replied Markland, in great agitation, "I have never been in several of the rooms myself, Sir."

"O then, there must be the cream of the mystery, depend upon it—we will introduce you to the secrets of these closed chambers—nay—positively, Phoebe, I must teach you a little curiosity, if only to furnish you with *one* fault. There must be something worth seeing, if it be worth hiding."

Lady Dulwich laughed heartily at Phoebe's uneasy face, and they were on the point of entering the corridor, when they were transfixed by a sound which made itself heard above the highest pitch of their voices;—an outcry, something between the yell of a terrified wild beast, and the shriek of a strong man in his death-struggle, rung from the further end of the right-hand passage, again and again. Markland darted forward, and was out of sight, and round a corner, ere the intruders had recovered from their astonishment at so horrible a sound.

"God bless me! what can this be?" cried Sir Thomas, while the ladies shrunk together in involuntary terror.

"Do not leave us!" cried Lady Dulwich, in an agony of fear, seizing him by the skirts of his coat:—"let us go at once, let us go!" and she attempted to drag him towards the staircase.

But ere he could disengage himself from her embrace, a second scream was heard, and louder than the first,—a scuffling of feet,—the rattle of a chain;—and Markland was seen issuing from the passage, crying out, "save me!—help!—

murder!"—and pursued by a ghastlier figure than any of the party had ever before beheld.

It was a strong middle-aged woman, of a herculean figure, upon whose face was stamped every bad passion, intensified by insanity. Her brilliant eyes were distended to their utmost;—her head was overgrown with a felt of shaggy black hair. Her attire was little more than a foul blanket, strapped round her waist; and a broken chain appended to this belt, and the rings about her wrists which had belonged to manacles, told how strictly she had been coerced, and how mighty had been the effects of this present paroxysm of frenzy. From the slight bedstead close outside the door of her prison-chamber, on which Markland had been accustomed to sleep, she had wrenched out a post, and was pursuing her dismayed keeper with the utmost fury, when her eye lighted upon the strangers. With a bound and another inarticulate shout, she rushed toward, brandishing her weapon, and aimed a violent blow at Sir Thomas, who vainly endeavoured to oppose her progress. It descended,—but not as she had directed it—upon the fair forehead of Phoebe. Then the maniac sprang down stairs, and in another instant, the fiendish sound of her lawless laughter was heard upon the lawn without. The unfortunate girl fell at her lover's feet, covered with blood.

"What have I lived to see?" cried Markland. "Heaven have mercy upon us! she is killed! she is killed!—*and by her own mother too!*"

The confusion and dismay of the ensuing scene baffle description. Lady Dulwich fell into fits; Sir Thomas despatched one servant for Mr. Herbert, another for medical assistance for Phoebe, who was only severely wounded. Markland, unable to face the consequences of her carelessness,—the fury of her master, and the expulsion of her husband from his place of trust—left the house on some pretext or other, and took refuge in a neighbouring cottage.

In the midst of this distress, a common farm servant rendered the most efficient assistance, by summoning Mrs. Pritchard to the spot where the thought and delicacy of a woman were so eminently needed. By degrees the neighbourhood was raised with the report that the misguided Mrs. Herbert,—who, it had been believed had died of a brain fever many years ago,—was yet alive, and had escaped from her confinement. No wonder that Mr. Herbert had always been unwilling to live at Mile Park! No wonder that Joshua Markland and his wife had been so unsociable, and had so constantly refused admittance to guest or neighbour!

Anna Oldacre was left alone, almost within hearing of the disturbances which filled the long-neglected mansion. The story of the shocking scene which had taken place, was not long in reaching her ear:—she heard it in silence, but the fountains of ancient feeling which had been, as it were, seared dry for so many years, burst open again with all their former strength, sweeping away all the reserve and pettiness with which years and small trials had encrusted her character. The love, the resentment, the amazement of old times, awoke again in all their first freshness, and she sat amid a crowd of images of other days, called up from Memory's tomb, till the evening had set, and night had grown old, without ad-

verting to the flight of time, the darkness of the sky, or the coldness of the air which sighed through her open casement.

On a sudden the dull sound of stealthy footsteps was heard in the garden below; then a lumbering noise as if something heavy had fallen; then a low scream, like the cry of some wild animal, when it lies down to die, exhausted after a long and cruel chase. Anna was startled by this interruption of her reverie; but wound up to a state of mind far beyond all fear. She looked out and listened; all was still; she called gently, "Who is there?" but no one made answer.

The same moaning was again repeated, much more faintly than before. Then for the first time, a cold shiver of fear ran through her limbs; and opening a sashed door, she stepped quietly out upon the small lawn, and eagerly looked forward into the dull shadow. She had scarcely stood an instant, trembling with the excess of agitation, when her knees were embraced by a horrible figure;—a pale, bleeding maniac, with her insufficient covering rent to fragments by the briars and furze bushes through which she had found her way, and her hands and feet miserably wounded. By the light of the lamp which Anna carried, she could see, that the passion which had blazed in the eyes of the miserable woman was dying fast; and there was scarcely enough strength left in her hoarse voice to gasp out, "Hide me! hide me!—they are coming!"

"Who?—O God!—What is this?"

"I was Herbert's wife. Hide me for mercy's sake!—they will catch me,—and I shall be starved again: *they have hold of my heart!*" As she spoke, she fell back:—her hands relaxed their hold—one more deep groan, and all was still!—

My story is told. Lady Dulwich, disgusted by so unexpected an exposure, broke off the match between her son and Phæbe Herbert; and to veil the thing a little, tried to lay the blame of this upon the poor girl's shattered health and lost beauty, and to give out that the non-fulfilment of Sir Thomas' engagement was her own choice. I have never been able to trace the fortunes of Anna Oldacre from this time forth. It was intimated to her that Mr. Herbert was about to bequeath a part of his vast property to her, in the event of her surviving him;—and soon after this she disappeared from the cognisance of all her friends, though I have heard it hinted that she is living abroad, and in the strictest retirement. On Mr. Herbert's death there appeared many paragraphs in the newspapers announcing that if she or her heirs would apply to Messrs.——— and ——, Solicitors, King's Bench Walk, London, she or they would hear of something to their advantage: but I never heard that the advertisements were answered.

SONG.

Has thou e'er mark'd when deepening twilight spread
Her dusky mantle over earth and sky;
The solitary star of evening shad
Her pure full beam—dear to the Poet's eye?—
Then hast thou seen an emblem of the power,
Thy memory in my sadness holds o'er me;

My soul is like the heaven at twilight hour,
And that sweet star of hope, a type of thee!

Has thou e'er roam'd upon a desert plain,
Where not one sunny spot of verdure smil'd;
Till wearied with thy wanderings, long and vain,
Lo! at thy feet a single flow'ret wild
Thou hast espied, and gazing on its bloom,
Hast bless'd that lonely jewel of the lea?—
That desert is life's path, I walk in gloom,
And that bright gem, Belov'd! resembles thee!

Has thou e'er seen two birds imprison'd long,
And heard when one was loosen'd glad and gay;
The other pour a melancholy song,
Even in the morn of summer's loveliest day?—
Such is our lot—together caged on earth,
And when death's hand hath set me early free;
Though all around thy way be light and mirth,
Ah! thou alone, Belov'd! wilt mourn for me!—

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

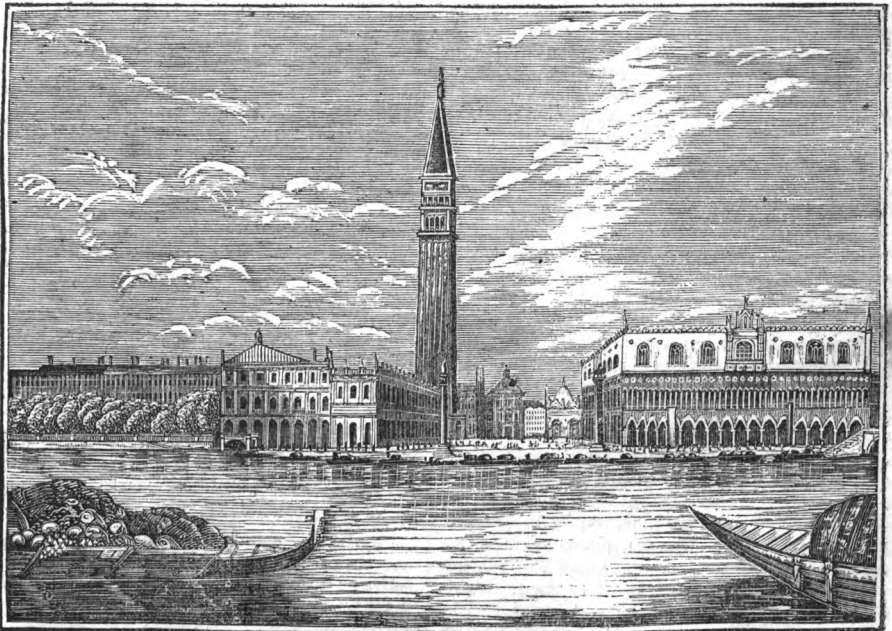
It is recorded of Henry I. that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

The bark that held a prince, went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on.
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas flash o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel's song;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep,
Was blent with every strain:
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again.

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board,
Graves, which true love hath bath'd with tears,
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again.



VIEWS IN VENICE.

MARY'S WEDDING.

BY MISS C. MESSUM.

THEY had loved each other long, almost without hope, when unforeseen circumstances occurred which changed their sorrowful days into a time of happiness unspeakable.

The wedding day is fixed—this day two months. Henry comes in and out our *own little room* (where I and Mary read and draw) just as he pleases.—He takes the liberty to tease my cat, loses my thimble, and teaches the children to call him brother—pretty goings on! he would not have dared do this a year ago, and there's Mary, foolish girl—quite spoilt for society! She would not go to the ball last night, because ~~he~~ *he* was on guard and could not be there. Why, one would think she would be tired of seeing him so often, "morning, noon and night." I'm sure I know every hair of his moustaches by heart. There's the first thing in the morning, while we are at breakfast, the window becomes darkened—I look up (but I know what I'm going to see) Mr. Henry, with his blue jacket and Greek cap, a book in his hand, or a bunch of choice flowers—you may guess who they are for;—in he steps, and drags along a chair, placing it next to Mary—then 'tis "Ah Mary, dear, how are you this morning?" shaking hands as if he had not seen her for a year, while his impudent, presuming eyes seem to say, "I'd fain ask for a kiss if I dare," and Mary can translate their language, for she replies with a blush. When I have a beau, I'll make him behave himself better than this, I promise you. Oh! for the days when lances were shivered and cloaks were spoilt for the ladies—when a kiss of the hand was granted as a great *great* reward for prodigies of valour performed at a tournament, or a scarf thrown hastily out of the window, and gracefully caught on the lance's point as he passed below on his "coal black steed"—a farewell token on his departure for Palestine. Ah! these were the days! If once I get on this theme, there I'm likely to continue, so I must "pull up," as the coachmen say, though 'tis like scratching the wall till your finger nails are full—or chewing a ball of cotton—or pulling against wind and tide to me—but Henry and Mary, I promised to tell you about their wedding, so I must not be worse than my word. Well, then, I and Mary, and the dressmakers work till our fingers are sore, particularly mine, as I seldom do any at another time and they take care to give me such monotonous work—frills to hem, or aprons to sew—that it is almost a relief, to tell the truth, when Henry does lose my thimble. Well, to be sure, there will be no end to the dresses.—"I must have another dinner dress, and I shall want some morning gowns, and this pelisse is too dark, I shall have another a little lighter."—Then there are so many alterations to be done—"This back does not set well, and must be unpicked—there Caroline you may do that—don't cut the silk, mind," and then poor I have to unpick the close stitching. Very little music we've had lately, which grieves me most; but poor dear girl, I'd sit up all night for her if she wished it, now that I am to lose her so soon. I don't know what I *shall* do when she goes. Sometimes we are very sad, when we talk together about it; then again our spirits are

rallied when we talk of the parties she means to give when I go there to stay, and how happy we shall be at Christmas when they come down, and how she longs to try her new harp, that Henry has bought for her. He won't tell her if 'tis blue, or encase colour, which we hope it is. Well, after all, 'tis a very sad thing to be married—one ought to be loved very, *very* much to leave mother, sisters, brothers, the old house—the orchard where we used to swing—the pond and Summer house, the canary that eats out of our mouths, and dear little Sappho the dog—I can't think how Mary could have made up her mind to do so.

The time draws near—every thing is made—the dress-makers are gone—a bushel basket of shreds and patches were given to the children to-day to dress their dolls—Mary has begun packing up—~~this~~ *this* was a sad task—then we shared the music between us.

"Take these duetts, Mary, for I shall never, never play them again."

"Oh nonsense, Miss P.—will play them with you, or Harriet St. John, or Jane M'Cauley—you'll get plenty of people to play them with you."

"How could I bear to hear them, Mary?"

"Well, we won't do any more just now, let us walk out."

And that's how we go on—Mary will never be ready in time. Oh dear, oh dear, how shall I bear this wedding! her drawers are empty. I shall have, alas! plenty of room now. We've been a long time about the packing, for we always have ended with weeping—this seems so much in earnest, that I can no longer feel her departure as a dream; I know that I *am* to lose my dear sister—to sit alone at my drawing—I shall never draw again—to practice alone; instead of our noisy lively duetts, I shall only play in the twilight soft sad songs and weep over them, and nurse my melancholy; to curl my hair alone, and make haste to sleep that I may forget my sorrow in oblivion, instead of sitting by the window in Summer when every thing was silent, but the nightingales, and the moon shone like a softer day. Adieu to this happy time, I may as well be married myself now.

To-morrow is the day—to-morrow! I intend to be very gay, that poor Mary may be in spirits; I can see mamma's eyes look red—then I'm sure I may cry if she does; I shall waste all my tears to-night that I may not have any for to-morrow. The cards are come—'tis certainly a pretty name, and Henry is very handsome, so there is some excuse for her. The cake is come home, too, tied up with white ribbon,—hem! our pastry-cook is vastly sentimental. Dear me! here comes Henry, and I had a thousand things to say to Mary. He would try on the ring, and the children set up a tumultuous laugh, clapping their hands, and crying out for wedding cake. I tried on the ring, and really it looks very delicate and pretty on the finger; I am to be dressed like Mary, lavender silk and white satin bonnet, with the orange flowers and the *veil*.

"Il velo in foggia nova sul capo tuo gentil," as the song says.

The morning came, it was a lovely day—the whole house was astir by seven o'clock. We were all in such spirits, Mamma preparing, arranging,

and setting forth the *dejeuné*, that is the two o'clock *dejeuné*; we have coffee at eight—I and Mary dressing—Harriet St. John is ready, and very nice she looks—Mary declares she won't say "obey"—I and Harriet applaud her resolution. Dear, how my heart beats! One carriage is at the door—four beautiful greys, decorated with white favours, and the post-boys the same, such a nice, new, dashing carriage—there are all the Snooks at their window—Mr. B., the old bachelor, lodging opposite, has drawn up his blind—there goes another blind up at Smithson's—and the Jones's are at their windows—there are a crowd of women, with blue aprons and their arms a kimbo, standing by the little shop, and a dozen ragged boys by our gate. Well, after all, 'tis not so very sad to be married. Oh! how pretty Mary looks—the best of all. I have tied her frock for the last time. Oh, dear! oh, dear! but I don't intend to look such a figure, and make my eyes red, and spoil my curls to-day. Dear Mary, I watch every movement—now she is pale, and her lip trembles—now she turns red—they are all come—Uncle T., who gives her away, and the rest of them—we are putting on our gloves—the doors are open, the servants in the hall. I forgot to say Henry was here at eight. "Now, Captain Seymour, if you please, I believe we are all ready," said uncle, putting on his gloves. My heart beat—I looked at Mary, she was pale, and the tears came into her eyes. I saw Henry press her hand, and say "Courage love!" then she recovered. A mighty fine physician this love is. I might have said "courage" loud enough, before she would have cheered up: he just spoke it low and soft (to be sure he looked very devoted), and on she walked firmly and smiling. Well, Mary, I, Harriet and Uncle, got into one carriage, Seymour and Henry into another; off we went like the wind: we came to the church in five minutes, and down went the steps—my heart gave another bound. But when we arranged ourselves, and entered the church porch, a different feeling stole over me—I became calm. The clerk placed Mary, and I on her left hand, Miss St. John next, and Seymour the other side of Henry; Mary just let fall a tear at first, but recovered herself afterwards. That hard-hearted Henry never cried *once*—he said the responses boldly, but Mary's voice faltered a little; and, after all, the naughty girl said "obey;" I gave her a push, too, when the clergyman came to the word, though I was crying all the time till we went into the vestry to sign our names, when the bride writes herself for the last time, according to her maiden appellation. I had to sign after her as a witness, and I looked at her dear writing; the letters were not tremblingly made, which consoled me—it was over! "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." How impressive! what a thrill it gave me, all our party answered audibly "Amen" to this. We returned, and our *dejeuné* went off well. We had taken off our bonnets, and were beginning to be cheerful, when the wheels of a carriage rolled up to the door. It came like a death knell. "Oh! not yet, not yet!" I said, falling on her, forgetting the rest of the company, and Henry, and all, and burst into tears. They all came to console us—I mean, alas! to part us. They should have left us in a room alone together, that I may have wept more,

and kissed her more—I did not half bid her good bye—she is gone!

ON THE EVENING SKY.

Oh! 'tis sweet to view the vaulted blue
Of the deep unfathom'd sky,
A lucid sea of immensity
Where the bright orbs anchor'd lie.

Where the planets roll to an endless goal,
O'er the light ethereal plains,
Bearing along in a lively throng
Their moons, like gemming chains.

Where booming away, the comets stray,
In elliptic orbits driven,
While with bristly blaze they seem to gaze
Afar on affrighted heaven.

How fair, when at night the stars are bright,
To behold the streamers lave,
The deep, deep hue of the heavenly blue,
With a fitful lambent wave.

Ah! then I would muse when gentle dews
Distilled in the verdant field,
When the stars to me in company
Would a lofty pleasure yield.

For 'tis sweet to view the vaulted blue
Of the deep unfathom'd sky,
A lucid sea of immensity,
Where the bright orbs anchor'd lie.

THE BRIDAL OF NATURE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

The little birds are singing from bower and from tree,
The woods echo round to their wild minstrelsy;
The robe of her bridal, gay Nature puts on,
And to meet youthful Summer (her bridegroom) is gone;

The Shepherds have led forth their innocent care,
While garlands the Nymphs for their fleeces prepare;
Joy and Pleasure are waking, each object looks gay,
To the groves and the valleys, let's hasten away!

No more in the City, with dull heart and eye,
Let us linger, when Nature invites us to fly,
To join her gay bridal in meadow and grove,
While the air breathes of bliss, and the birds sing of love;

Let us wander with *HEALTH*, where the bright waters glide,
With *EXERCISE* climb o'er the green mountain's side!
Joy and Pleasure await us, each object looks gay,
To the groves and the valleys let's hasten away!

With the wild deer let's range the green forest along,
Or seek for the Ring-dove the woodlands among;
With the Butterfly sport upon zephyr's soft wing,
And be blithe as the birds in the bushes that sing!
For young Summer comes in the flush of his power,
And for Nature's gay bridal hath deck'd ev'ry bower,
Joy and Pleasure, her handmaids, in nuptial array,
Are waiting—to join them, let's up and away!

THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD V. AND RICHARD III.



THE female costume of these reigns present us with a new-fashioned head-dress. The high caps have disappeared, and the hair is entirely confined in a cap or caul of gold net or embroidered stuffs, projecting horizontally from the back of the head, and covered by a kerchief of the finest texture, stiffened out, as in the previous reign, to resemble a pair of wings. Some of these kerchiefs are extremely large, and paved or chequered with gold; others are simply transparent, and scarcely exceed the size of the caul. The gown remains as before, with turn-over collars, and cuffs of fur or velvet. In state dresses the ermined jacket or

waistcoat is still worn with a kirtle and mantle, and the hair is permitted to fall in natural ringlets down the shoulders. Anne, the queen of Richard III., wore, the day before her coronation, a kirtle and mantle of white cloth of gold, trimmed with Venice gold, and furred with ermine—the mantle being additionally “garnished with seventy annulets of silver gilt and gyft.” Her coronation robes, like her husband’s, were composed—the first set of crimson velvet, furred with miniver; and the second of purple velvet, furred with ermine; her shoes being of crimson tissue cloth of gold.

BALLAD.

’Tis the last time our footsteps
Shall wander this road;
That thro’ storm and thro’ sunshine
Together we’ve trod!
’Tis the last time that gladness
Shall flow from each tongue,
For the dark pall of sadness
Is over us hung!

Well, let the clouds gather,
They cannot remove,
Or chace from remembrance
The thoughts of past Love!
This breast for thy pillow
Thine arm for my guide;
We’ll brave ev’ry billow
Of Life’s troubled tide!

Love’s bow ’mid the tempest
Of Sorrow appears;
The Iris of promise,
That shines thro’ our tears!
And while thus together
We cling firmly fast,
Fate may wound, but ne’er sever
Our hearts to the last!

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one’s side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not,—though desoried
Like skies beneath the stream;
A tree that’s ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come,—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark inevitable night,
A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
Where waiting is in vain;
A gulf where pathway never led
To shew the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky
That every where extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends;
A morning where uprisen sun
No setting ere shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is Eternity.

JACK JOCELYNE.

* * * * There was a morning concert of a superior description to be given at —, and we were invited by our friend Mrs. B—— to spend a few days with her at the time. We went, and enjoyed our musical treat extremely; the room was rather crowded, and notwithstanding my father's accustomed punctuality, we were obliged to sit not far from the entrance. During rather a sickly sort of ballad, which I did not much admire, my attention was excited by an extraordinary looking man who stood near us; it was not his person, but his dress that attracted my observation, from its utter impropriety in such a scene: he wore an old black shooting-jacket, the pockets of which were stuffed out to an enormous size; a most peculiarly dirty waistcoat, while a broad, full, cambric frill of resplendant whiteness protruded from the breast, like Count Robinson's in *Il Matrimonio segreto*; corduroys of the commonest description, and a pair of top boots, covered with mud in so remarkable a manner that it almost looked as if the argillaceous matter, had been purposely plastered on for stage effect. Yet in despite of this strange costume, he still looked like a gentleman. There was nothing striking in his countenance, which was plain, sensible, and energetic, but in no considerable degree; its chief defect was the disagreeable colour of his skin, which was a yellow brown, and his hair was very nearly of the same tint. Wherever he moved, ladies drew their garments closely round them, and when he finally sat down on the end of our bench, the press upon us was violent and immediate, he was evidently *taboo*.

Just as "God save the King" was being sung, he approached us, and fixed his eyes intently on my father. I now observed, that however coarse and dirty his clothes might be, they all fitted him remarkably well, so as to display to advantage a good figure, still apparently firm and active, though he must have seen more than fifty. After looking long and stedfastly at my father, he came up to him, and inquired if his name was not Worthington? On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the stranger exclaimed, "I thought so! my dear fellow, you look just as you did five-and-twenty years ago! don't you remember! me? Jocelyne, Jack Jocelyne, eh?" There now ensued one of those recognitions, always more or less touching and interesting; the top-hatted stranger had been a college crony of my father, and they had only met once since. He was now, as his card informed us, "Lieut.-Colonel Jocelyne, of Garth." Now it appears that Garth was only a few miles off, and he entreated us to visit him there, to dine and sleep, so cordially, so earnestly, that my father consented, somewhat to the consternation of my mother and myself. Further arrangements were speedily made, and the Colonel shook us all heartily by the hand.

"Come and see me, my old friend," he said, with much feeling, "I live with my wife and family in a sweet retreat, as nature and reason direct; we have long abandoned all the foolish customs that enslave society, and make half the people in this room miserable, without their knowing the real cause; there we find all the

heart can wish, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

All the Colonel's words and movements bespoke the educated gentleman, and I concluded *dressing* in that character, must be considered by him a "foolish custom;" he attended us home, and as he offered my mother his arm with a winning air of politeness, I shall never forget the extraordinary contrast presented by her elegant morning attire with that of her conductor. Just as he departed, he said to my father, "Bye the bye, you had all better come on horseback, for I don't feel quite sure a carriage could get to Garth." This intimation startled us a little, but my father, who regarded him at college, and himself attaches a slight value to mere appearances, seemed to anticipate the visit with satisfaction. Further inquiry from our amiable hostess informed us, that Colonel Jocelyne had distinguished himself during the war as a most gallant and enterprising officer—that he now lived in great retirement with his family, but was well known to be eccentric in the highest degree; he had a handsome fortune, and was munificent in his bounty to the distressed. Mrs. Jocelyne was the daughter of a nobleman, and had been renounced by her family on account of her marriage! Wonderful! Nothing, perhaps, is more surprising, than to behold the heroes and heroines of these uncontrollable attachments; beings, that to an impartial eye frequently seem devoid of any kind of attraction, and yet for whose sakes all sublunary considerations have been unhesitatingly sacrificed. This is a parenthesis. The Hon. Mrs. Jocelyne never appeared in public, but was reported to be a lady of uncommon talent and accomplishments.

As my mother had a cold, and did not particularly admire what she heard of Garth and its master, she determined to excuse herself, and accordingly my father and myself set off on horseback; I rode a pretty poney, lent me by our friend, and as the day, though cold, was very fine, enjoyed the beautiful scenery through which we passed. We were on the very borders of South Wales, and green leaves (it was early in February) were the only charm wanting. As we advanced, however, we gradually lost sight of all human habitations, even cottages, and became bewildered amongst winding lanes that seemed innumerable and interminable. The few common people that we met, all grinned in a very comical style when we inquired the way to Garth, and stared as if we were prodigies of some sort or other. At last a ruddy peasant overtook us. "Are we near Garth?" was reiterated for the twentieth time. "Yes, sure," was the welcome reply, "you be close to it—it be down there." What a comfort! We went on merrily, and soon reached a gate, or what had once been a gate of very handsome form and dimensions; it had originally been double, but one side had entirely disappeared, and its place was supplied by a large, stout hurdle, driven firmly into the ground, and attached to its dilapidated incongruous helpmate by an iron chain, twisted round and round, from which depended an enormous padlock. My father and I gazed at this curious emblem of an ill-assorted pair, fettered for life; the barrier seemed impassable, and we waited till our ruddy companion again came up. "Can you open that

gate for us, my good friend?" "Lack a daisy, he do never open?" he replied, opening his eyes very wide. "But how are we to get in? we want to go to Garth." "Why, the Colonel and the young ladies do always leap—but if so be as you don't like that, why down the watery lane, you can get in very well—there is a gap, and the ditch is not deep."

We looked silently at each other, and then followed our guide down the watery lane. Perhaps my father began to repent, he was at any rate disinclined to speak. We reached a large gap, well trodden down in the hedge, and a trifling exertion brought us into a swampy meadow. Now, for the first time, we beheld Garth, and it was really a fine, imposing mansion. My father, who is near sighted, held his hand above his brow, and looked earnestly upon the house. "Ellen," he said, after a moment, "is that a sheet of water yonder, in front?" "No," I replied, laughing; "perhaps, indeed, it may be a sheet, but not of water;—no, it is either a bleaching-ground, or a most stupendous display of household linen." As we advanced, it became evident that the shrubs and grass in the garden were nearly covered with snowy patches of various forms, that had lately emanated from the laundry. My pony, unused to this profusion of *lingerie*, took umbrage at some white muslin gowns fluttering close to us on a gigantic Portugal laurel, and before he had recovered his equanimity, Colonel Jocelyne himself rushed out of a thicket, and advanced to receive us with obstreperous cordiality.

"Bravo, my old friend," he cried, "true to your word as ever—welcome to Garth—you've left the follies of the world behind you now—welcome, a thousand times, to Garth—but where is Mrs. Worthington?"

The Colonel's sudden appearance, and the triumphant flourish of an immense straw hat, which he threw up in the air like a boy, completely upset my poney's tranquillity, and had nearly upset me with it; Colonel Jocelyne caught its bridle, reduced the poor little frightened thing to submission in a moment, and bestowing some equestrian instructions upon me, conducted us to the door. Peter Wilkins had repudiated the idea of Gaffer Gray being exposed to the carelessness of strangers so vehemently, that my father rode a hired horse, which had long ceased to be agitated by any terrestrial contingencies. We dismounted, and the Colonel, standing on the steps, put his open palm edgewise by his mouth and uttered a vociferation that rung through my nervous system, like electricity. "Jenkins! Jenkins! Jenkins, I say, come here!" was the formula of that tremendous sound. It died on the troubled air, and all was still, save the double-bass growlings and suppressed roar of a bull, which I had heard for some minutes.

"The man will be here immediately," said the Colonel, quite calmly; "he's at plough in the field below."

We had now an opportunity for a more particular survey of the exterior of Garth. The house was large, and remarkably handsome, but strange symptoms of dilapidation, or rather neglect, met the eye wherever it turned. The front door had been originally half glass, of which the greater part was now supplied with brown paper, and,

in some instances, the empty space remained; there had been creepers against the walls, but they were now still more literally creepers on the damp earth; the drive had, doubtless, once been of gravel, at present a superficies of slimy soil covered it, thickly grown with moss and weeds; the garden and shrubberies were in the most disordered and neglected state possible; neither scythe, nor shears, nor pruning knife, seemed ever employed at Garth. Opposite the door was a relic of other days, in the shape of a garden roller, fixed firmly in the ground, its iron handle detached on one side, and partially hid amongst the long, withered grass, that streamed round the mossy stone; there it had evidently reposed for years.

Whilst I was silently noting these particulars, a crashing sound, like the breaking of dry wood, was heard; a man in a carter's frock dashed, head foremost, through some shrubs opposite, and ran up to us with breathless haste.

"Jenkins, why didn't you come before, you foolish fellow?" said the Colonel, not ill-humouredly.

"Why, Sir," replied the panting swain, "Gilliflower—Gilliflower was hiling Ben, when you first hollowed to me."

"Bless my soul! you'll ruin that creature, Jenkins; he's perfectly quiet when he's properly managed."

"Yes, sure; so he be, your Honour; that's what I says to Ben. 'Ben,' says I, 'don't be feared on him, it be only his comical way.'"

"But you havn't left the boy alone there with the bull?"—"No, no, Sir, I put Ben up in a tree, before I comed away, for fear."

"My dear friend," said Colonel Jocelyne to my father, "excuse me a moment: I have got a very fine, good-tempered bull at plough yonder, but these dolts mismanage him. Jenkins, take the horses up to the stable, and I'll run and see what's the matter with him. Go in, go in, my dear Worthington." Away scampered the Colonel, like a youth of sixteen; he darted through the shrubs, the crash was heard again, and almost immediately afterwards the growling and roaring ceased.

There was no visible bell at the door of entrance, and sanctioned by the permission we had received, and starved by a cutting wind from the mountains, we went in. The hall was large, lofty, and handsome, but crowded with all sorts of strange articles, a henceop and a wheelbarrow being amongst them. Two doors opposite each other appeared to be our points of attack, and after a preliminary tap we opened one. It seemed a drawing-room; a beautiful paper, stained with damp, covered the walls; a splendid looking-glass was over the chimney, and some furniture, of a suitable description, was scattered about the room; but its general aspect was forlorn and disordered: two of the three windows were darkened, the third was entirely without a shutter, which was laid across chairs in the middle of the apartment. It looked to me ominous; and when I saw dried sprigs of bay and suthern wood, and withered flowers scattered on the floor, I begged to quit the room, for I could not help thinking it had been last inhabited by the dead. We now experimented on the opposite apartment and a suffocating smell of to-

bacco gave sign of its being used for social purposes; it looked bare and comfortable, but a dim fire burned in the chimney, and chairs were on the rug. My father rung, and presently a scared-looking female servant put her head in at the door; without vouchsafing any further view of her person, she heard him in silence, and then vanished.

Very shortly afterwards, we were joined by a lady dressed in mourning, who announced herself as Mrs. Jocelyne. I felt curious respecting her, from her having considered the Colonel worth all the sacrifices she had made for him, and contemplated her person and manners with attention. She was a fine woman, not apparently above forty, prepossessing in her demeanour, although rather cold and reserved; her language was so choice and correct, that it was almost pedantic, but without the least symptom of affectation; her dress was handsome as to material, but of a form just antiquated enough to be disagreeable, and even ridiculous. Strange slavery of the eye, from which few, if any, can wholly defend themselves, and which renders the cast-off fashion of three years since so universally unbecoming! The calmness of her voice, look, and manners, was remarkable; my father related the episode of Gilliflower and Ben, as an explanation of our unceremonious entrance, terminating his narrative by saying, "But there can be no cause for uneasiness."

"None whatever," replied the lady; "in fact I never am uneasy respecting Jocelyne."

It struck me that poor Ben, perched in a tree, with a raging monster, whose smothered roar I had heard, at its foot, and whatever luckless animals might be co-operating with Gilliflower in his agricultural pursuits, were the proper subjects for uneasiness. I said nothing, however, and presently the Colonel's stentorian voice was audible without.

"Now, I've done with you all for the day; there, go along, Andrew—mind I'm not disturbed this evening, I've a friend with me."

He entered, and I resolved to inquire after Ben and the bull.

"Oh, I set them all to rights in a moment," he replied; "Gilliflower is harmless as a lamb, when he is properly treated."

Mrs. Jocelyne soon afterwards conducted me up stairs into a very pretty sitting room, to which a bright fire gave an air of comfort. It was evidently devoted to rational and elegant pursuits, and the halls were ornamented with beautiful figures and landscapes, the performance, as I afterwards learnt, of Mrs. Jocelyne. Two young girls, were seated here, to whom she introduced me; the daughters of Garth were slight and fair, with an appearance of great softness and modesty; the younger was decidedly pretty, but Miss Jocelyne looked to me in a consumption. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, they were both dressed in soft white muslin robes, of a graceful and becoming form, merely confined round their flexible waists by a black ribbon. Their hair was not curled, but parted down to the forehead, then wound round the sides of the head, and gathered low in a knot behind, evidently in imitation of an antique statue. The effect of the whole costume was in fact classical and elegant; Mrs. Jocelyne's dress was un-

pleasant to the eye, because it had been in fashion a few years since, but theirs was like one of Sir Joshua's draperies, that never can grow out of date.

We had consumed much time in losing and finding our way ere we arrived, and finding from Miss Jocelyne that they dined early, I requested permission to take off my habit. The two girls conducted me to my apartment, and I observed they looked round, then at each other, and sighed deeply, as they entered it. They offered to assist in my toilette, but as I dislike that sort of of diletante assistance, I declined it. They departed; ere they did so, however, they walked together to the foot of the bed, stood there an instant, and then with silent sighs retired. By this time I had made sundry discoveries concerning the interior of Garth: first, that not a door in the house would shut; perhaps from disuse, for none of the family appeared aware, that to do so was ever a property of doors; next, that a vast proportion of the large and numerous windows were broken, and, thirdly, as a necessary consequence of the above state of the premises, that the house was cold beyond conception or example. My sleeping room had no fracture in the window, and by a little contrivance, I fastened the door; it was the neatest apartment I had yet seen, and had an air of tolerable comfort; a small bible and prayer book were on a little table near the bed; a work basket was on the drawers, and across some pegs in the wall, lay a very pretty riding-whip. The trifling aid I required, was given by the same uncouth looking female I had seen before, who approached my person with as much apparent awe, as if I had been a princess, and was indeed so violently agitated during the toilette ceremony, that I was quite grieved to have requested her services.

On returning to Mrs. Jocelyne's sitting room I found the whole family assembled, reinforced by three fine, rosy boys, dressed much in the usual style. The Colonel was now habited from head to foot in solemn black, and was wonderfully improved and ameliorated by the change. Dinner was announced, and as he conducted me down stairs he patted me on the shoulder, I having on a warm shawl, and a boa—

"Ah, ha, Miss Worthington, you coddle, I see, no wonder you're so delicate—now look at my girls—wear muslin, winter and summer, and are never sick nor sorry.—I never let them put on any thing but white muslin—only thing fit for girls; and they'll leap over a five barred gate in style, I can tell you—ay, mount any thing, more fresh air girls have the better,—makes them strong and rosy. Now, I dare say you sleep with curtains to your bed?—yes, yes, shocking thing that."

Though certainly not robust in appearance, and then but lately restored after a severe illness, I could not help thinking I looked quite as healthy as the two pallid girls he spoke of with such exultation.

Only our wild looking acquaintance was present to wait on the six persons assembled.

"I turned off my footman for insolence, last week," said the Colonel, carelessly, "so we must be contented with Poll."

We sat down to a table, which exhibited the same extraordinary incongruities which reigned every where else at Garth. The dinner was plen-

tiful, ill-cooked, and served on rich china, mingled here and there, with the commonest blue delf; there was abundance of beautiful plate, and the table cloth was literally coarse, common, huckaback; there were wax candles, but no napkins. Poll waited dismally, or rather, she never waited at all, but continued running round and round the table, like a squirrel in its cage, and her feverish exertions were pitiable to behold.

"You must excuse any deficiencies," said the Colonel, in the course of the meal. "I sent off my cook this morning, and I rather think the gardener dressed the dinner."

I sat beside Miss Jocelyne, who was coughing almost continually; a constant stream of cold air blew on the back of my neck, and I drew my boa closer; the keen eye of the Colonel observed the movement.

"Ah, Miss Worthington," he said with a smile, "if we had you a little time at Garth, you would not shrink as you do, from a breath of air. A pigeon flew through the window last Autumn, and I hav'nt had it mended—Fresh air is always wholesome. Georgy, my dear, how came you to get that cold? you that are out in all weathers, child, ought never to catch cold."

Miss Jocelyne laughed, and I saw how that cough shook her slender frame,—looked at her slight dress, and felt a sort of hatred of Colonel Jocelyne rising in my breast.

Almost before dinner was over, he arose, went to the fire, and to my astonishment (not to say horror) commenced elaborate preparations for smoking! Yea, not a cigar, not a meershaum—not a hookah, but a regular white clay tobacco pipe!!

"Worthington," he said, "will you follow my example?"

"No."

"Ah, I dare say you think it's a bad habit, but I believe it is the only medicine worth any thing—I could not live without my pipe, and I teach all my boys to smoke. You'd smile to see how the little dogs take to it; they'll be here directly, the young monkeys."

I was really afraid to look at my father, lest my gravity might suddenly give way; I suspect my countenance betrayed more of the disgust I felt, than was quite consonant with good breeding, for Mrs. Jocelyne proposed our quitting the room, and oh, how thankfully I acceded. Leaving the Colonel, therefore, enveloped like a volcano, in his own smoke, I followed her up stairs.

On reaching the sitting room, I paused, and attempted to close the door.

"No, my dear," said that serene lady, "the room smokes if the door is shut—many of the chimneys smoke."

Oh, thought I, would they were the only things that smoked at Garth!

We now talked of music; the young ladies opened a splendid Broadwood, and I have seldom heard a finer or more finished performer than Miss Jocelyne. Her sister seemed delighted by my admiration.

"Ah," she said, "I wish you could have heard Georgy sing; but she has quite lost her voice since she has had this nasty cough. I wish it would go."

Being alone with Mrs. Jocelyne before tea, I could not resist saying something to her about

her daughter's health; she replied with that perfect serenity which never seemed to forsake her:—

"It is nothing of consequence, merely a bad cold; besides the Colonel disapproves of medical men; he thinks nature is our best physician; and indeed I am much inclined to agree with him."

I hesitated.—"Then you find trusting to Nature, answer?"

"I think so, on the whole; it is not easy to decide on such a question. But I have had eight children, and only lost two;—my poor Emily, who died last year, and a little boy since; a dreadful accident that—he fell off the roof of the house, and was killed on the spot."

I said no more, and very soon afterwards the whole party assembled to tea. I have seldom spent two hours more agreeably than those that succeeded; we conversed on various subjects, and on all our host and hostess seemed well informed; the Colonel spoke of his campaigns, and his energy, his animation, were really delightful; never did I feel myself so completely in the midst of a battle field. Then Mrs. Jocelyne consented to exhibit her numerous portfolios of beautiful drawings, the work of her own hands; we had music, and altogether we were quite happy.

When ten o'clock arrived, the Colonel asked my father to read family prayers, and we descended to the dining room, where the servants were already assembled. As I entered its polluted, its suffocating atmosphere, I felt inclined to bless the pigeon that had given a chance of its being purified, and the Colonel for not withdrawing it. As soon as prayers were over he exclaimed—

"Jenkins, where's Ben?"

"Oh, Sir," replied Jenkins, advancing from the group, "sad thing—I didn't like to disturb your honour, but Giliflower made at him as soon as ever he was unhucked and hiled the poor boy—tossed him clean over the gate on the granary steps."

There was a general exclamation.

"Is he much hurt," cried the Colonel, "why didn't you send for me? I'll go to him this instant."

Andrew the gardener, now stepped forward—

"No, Sir, I think only a few ribs are broken, and I've bandaged him well up in the round towel."

The Colonel darted out of the room instantly, and Mrs. Jocelyne said, with some emotion—

"Ah, I have long feared that animal would be the destruction of some one."

We went almost immediately to bed. Poll made a tender of her services, and a single question elicited the information, that in that chamber, and small curtainless bed, the poor Emily had died.

"Was she ill long?" I said.

"Oh no, only about a fortnight," replied Poll, whose opinion of my unapproachable dignity seemed much diminished.

"What, was she quite well a fortnight before her death?"

"Not quite well, like—she had had a cold a good while, and coughed like as Miss Georginy does now—but nothing to speak of. Master took on sadly, for she was always along with him; he

had the window ment the week before she died, because she said the cold air made her cough so."

Probably Poll considered this the highest possible proof of the Colonel's tender love; as indeed she well might. I now went to my father's apartment, which I found occupied by him, and a regular whirlwind as his companion; the room was very large and very lofty; it was graced by two enormous windows, and three doors; one of the latter was actually *shut and locked*, but the others were performing "Batti, batti," continually, nor did there seem a chance of stopping their proceedings. The windows were full of fractures, and the night wind roared in the immense fire-place, where fire was none; the bed had curtains, and they flapped like the sails of a ship in a gale.

"Take my advice papa," said I, as I retired, "and not only keep on your clothes, but go to bed in your great coat: depend on it *airing* is unknown at Garth."

The apartment assigned to me, appeared by comparison, the very temple of comfort, and after taking such precautions as were in my power, to prevent injury from the extreme dampness of the bed, I lay down, thought of the poor Emily, and silently prophecying that Georgina would follow her ere long, sunk into a disturbed slumber.

I arose the following morning, unrefreshed, certainly, but not injured by my humid resting place. The moment I was dressed, I went to enquire after my father's health. We compared notes, laughed a little, and then descended to the contaminated dining room, where we found the whole family assembled for breakfast. The general gloom of their aspect struck us instantly, and Colonel Jocelyne advancing to meet us, said mournfully—

"Sad work this, my dear Worthington,—all over with poor Ben!"

It appeared he had never been in bed, having, with Mrs. Jocelyne, sat up with the boy who expired about six o'clock in the morning. *No medical assistance* had been called in. The Colonel was manifestly much affected.

"I loved the boy," he said, "and I loved his father before him—an honest, faithful creature, who lived with me for years; besides he died in my service. I sent him up to take a cursed magpie's nest, in a tall elm—'twas a damp Spring morning, and I did not know he was a bad climber, poor fellow; his foot slipped—he fell from the top of the tree and never spoke afterwards. I thought it a duty to take one of his children, and Ben has been here these two years, but the boy wanted judgment, and no doubt had in some way acted foolishly towards the bull. 'Tis a sad, sad business—I shall send ten pounds to his poor mother for mourning—she has but two boys left; I shall take them both, and she may depend on my acting like a father towards them—as I did by poor Ben."

Here his voice faltered, and he drew his hand across his eyes. My father and I exchanged glances; it was clear that Colonel Jocelyne never for a moment surmised, that both parent and child had in fact, fallen sacrifices to his own rashness and obstinacy. I looked at Georgina, and my very heart sickened; my impatience to quit Garth became nearly uncontrollable.

Ere we did so, my father drew its eccentric

master aside, and in few, but impressive words, entreated him to attend to his eldest daughter's health.

"It is my firm belief," he said, "that she is either in a consumption, or on the very brink of one; pardon the freedom of an old friend, my dear Jocelyne, but for Heaven's sake, mend your windows, shut your doors, clothe her warmly, and get good medical advice."

"Well," said the Colonel, in a dejected voice, "I will think of it. Poor Emily certainly coughed much in the same way for months before she died and I never could discover the reason. Yet she was quite strong—rode fifteen miles with me only a fortnight before it was all over."

Oh, how gladly did I mount my pony, ride through the flapping linen, cross the marshy field, and quit the precincts of Garth; my father looked mournfully back as he lost sight of it, and muttered to himself, "The World forgetting, by the World forgot."

THE QUAKER FAMILY.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

IN the West Riding of Yorkshire, there stands, in gothic magnificence, the ancient castle of Montalingham; and in a beautiful valley, little more than a mile from this baronial residence, rose the modest mansion of Josiah Primrose, one of the people commonly called Quakers: the exact regularity of the building, the order and neatness of the grounds, were perfect emblems of the quiet spirits which reigned within. The father of Mr. Primrose had left New York with an immense accumulation of wealth, acquired by mercantile speculations, which had succeeded, and with his only son, then in infancy, fixed his abode in this spot. He had been educated in the most rigid manner; those finer feelings of the heart, which from some traits in his character, might have done honour to humanity if suffered to expand, were contracted and chilled by precise austerity. He married him, at an early age, to one of his own persuasion, and soon after paid the debt of nature, bequeathing him his whole possessions, without one generous passion to gratify. The fair friend, whom he had made the wife of his bosom, had a superior mind, and more elevated sentiments. "Thinkest thee, Friend Primrose," she would say, with rather an arch look, "that thy broad-brimmed hat, or the little close, pinched cap of thy Miriam, will lead her or thee one step nearer heaven! Verily, verily, I tell thee, no; and that our community regard too much the outside of the platter, but consider not the foulness that lieth hidden within."

She was the mother of two amiable children, and as their father left them solely to her guidance, without any other concern, than keeping them strictly to their religious duties, they received rather a liberal education; her daughter Miriam, to a lovely figure, united the sweetest disposition and the gentlest manners. An intimacy, not very common with people of their reserved profession, was established between them and the inhabitants

of the neighbouring castle; and the young Miriam, being much beloved there, often shared the lessons of wisdom from the instructive lips of Lady Montalingham, who educated her own daughters. Her free access to such elegant society, improved those talents with which nature had blessed her, and gave her a vivacity, which, tempered by her innate softness, rendered her a truly pleasing and estimable female character. She was usually distinguished, wherever she appeared, by the appellation of the accomplished Quaker: yet, so modest was her demeanour, and so strict her piety, that even the most severe of her own people approved her conduct. Vanity is inherent, we believe, in the female heart; Miriam's intimacy with the ladies of the castle gave her a blameless pleasure in dress, which her mother easily allowed; and it was not uncommon to see her white frock decorated with a broad sash, her straw hat tied with ribbons, and her fine flaxen hair in ringlets; these little infringements procured Friend Primrose the title of the "gay sister;" perhaps she was not altogether undeserving of it, for she would look with pleasure at her daughter joining the ladies of the castle in the lively dance; but this was, indeed, unknown, and frequently, the modest, unpretending woman would say, with an inquiring eye, "Surely, surely, Friend Montalingham, this must be innocent, else thee would not permit it in thy presence." "Are we not told," Lady Montalingham would reply, "that innocent cheerfulness is pleasing to Heaven; and that they are neither true nor judicious promoters of religion, who dress her in such gloomy colours!" By such softening arguments, Lady Montalingham was sure to procure her favourite a participation of all the innocent amusements of the castle.

Josiah Primrose, the brother of Miriam, possessed all those virtues that give dignity to human nature; the most unaffected piety without bigotry, justice without severity, and mercy and tolerance without weakness; though compelled by a strict father to follow the rigid tenets of a persuasion, whose principles are good, but clouded with many errors, his philanthropy was unbounded; and he considered himself as a member of one vast body, whose charities should be distributed to all in distress, without confining them to one set of people, merely because they happened to be of the same religious opinions: his understanding was good and highly improved, and when he wished to enjoy superior satisfactions, he went to the castle where he was sure to find the purest benevolence and exalted friendship, with all the refinements of sense; but the young Josiah found an attraction above all others, drawing him to the castle; for the fair Madeline he felt more than a brother's affection; there was a congeniality of mind and similarity of sentiment, and the attachment strengthened with their years till they both reached maturity, when they were the dearest friends.

Lady Montalingham had established a school in the village; and one fine morning she walked to the valley to solicit a subscription, and on being announced, was desired to enter: she found Mrs. Primrose seated at work, and the gentle Miriam by her side copying with her pencil a bunch of roses which lay on a table before her.—"Sit thee down, Friend Montalingham," said

Mrs. Primrose; while the quiet smile which beamed on the mild countenance, displayed the serenity which dwelt within; "thee has pleased me much by this unceremonious visit; verily I feared that which thy people call politeness would not have allowed friendly intercourse, but gladly I find thee is above it."

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Primrose," replied her ladyship, "true politeness, so much talked of, is little understood; it is congenial with delicate minds, excludes formality, and consists in an easy attention to the wishes of others; it is equally remote from ceremony and low familiarity."

"Thee has well defined it, friend," said Mrs. Primrose; "and now practice thine own principles; throw aside thy shawl, I pray thee, and share our dinner; Josiah walketh out with his son, but will soon return."

When all were assembled round the Quaker's hospitable board, Lady Montalingham explained the advantages of her school; it being an asylum for the aged, and affording education and clothing to the young:—"I know you are charitable and humane," she continued, "and entreat your contribution."

"Thee is a faithful servant to thy Maker," said Mrs. Primrose; "and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite will reward thee."

"And thinkest thee," interrupted Mr. Primrose, "that we ought to aid thine undertaking; verily, thee knows that the poor of our people trouble not thee nor thine?"

"We are all the children of one great and good Parent," said Lady Montalingham, "and equally the objects of his care."

"True, neighbour," said the Quaker, "but all his stewards do not equally their duty; did thine eye ever behold one in our simple habit hang on thy door for food? were thine ears ever assailed with their whine for charity?"

"When the poor ask our assistance, we seldom inquire their faith; nor can we assert that none of your persuasion ever begged for alms; for the neatness of your modest attire could not be discerned through the rags of poverty."

The Quaker wished not to extend the argument: he highly appreciated the characters of all at the castle; and he closed the subject by saying,—"Thee has gained thy point, Friend Montalingham, and while thine asylum stands, it shall have a supporter in Josiah Primrose."

In uninterrupted peace and pleasing intercourse, several years slipped away; the young people of the castle and valley reached maturity, rich in every mental grace and personal qualification; Josiah's attachment to Madeline was firm and decided, but it was unreturned and hopeless—and yet it continued unsubdued by time and circumstances: he had refused to unite himself with a rich daughter of his people, and provoked his austere father to meditate sending him abroad; meantime an unaccountable gloom seemed to gather round the inhabitants of the castle; and the sensible gentle heart of Madeline found her chief solace in communicating her unquiet anticipations to her sympathising friend, Miriam Primrose. One morning they were indulging in a melancholy walk in the most retired part of the castle grounds, when they were rather startled by the sudden appearance of a gentleman, who, bowing with respect as they passed him, took the direc-

tion of a private road to the castle; he wore the artillery uniform, and had a crape round his arm and hat. As this gentleman is the hero of our tale it may be necessary to give a short sketch of his history.

Captain Adolphus Glanville was descended from an ancient family, whose respectability had survived its pecuniary means of supporting it; and the young man's relations, conceiving a military appointment the most likely method to be relieved from his complaints, at the age of sixteen he received his first commission; he possessed strict honour, amiable manners, and a fine figure; and he was universally esteemed as a soldier, and respected as a man of worth and integrity. In country quarters, a young lady of independent fortune, saw and loved him. Glanville was twenty-one, and with an unengaged heart, felt no reluctance in accepting a young creature with a tolerable fortune; though not a fond lover, he ever treated her with tender complacency; and with a mind more sensible and refined, domestic happiness might have been established; but no sooner had she escaped from the watchful care of her guardians, than forgetful of her duties, she indulged in every kind of dissipation. Her husband strove to lead her back to the quiet paths of propriety, but in vain—she proved incorrigible; and though she accompanied him to America, she unblushingly owned that love of change was her only inducement.

Glanville was attacked by a fever; with looks of affection, softened by illness, when slowly recovering, he begged her one day to stay with him, she coolly replied, "Not to-day, I assure you, I am engaged with a party on the water; I trust the fortune I brought can afford to hire a nurse." She would listen to no further remonstrance: she left the apartment, never more to enter it; the pleasure-boat was driven out to sea by a sudden squall, several bodies were cast ashore; but that of Mrs. Glanville, after the strictest search, was never found. Her husband mourned her early fate, while his friends thought he had some cause rather to rejoice. Miriam's frequent visits to the castle produced an intimacy with the modest maiden; and before either understood the nature of their feelings, they became devotedly attached to each other: in vain poor Miriam struggled with her guiltless passion, still the form of Glanville would obtrude—his faith, her father's, his rigid tenets; true, her mother did not confine all righteousness, all perfection to her own sect, and she might have sanctioned her daughter's attachment. Things were in this uncertain, and, we may add, unhappy situation, when Glanville, who had been several months a visiter at the castle, resolved to know his fate; and as Josiah was his confidant, he set out on a walk to the valley, intending, through his mediation, to acquaint Mr. Primrose with his proposals for Miriam. In meditative mood he had passed a Chinese bridge which led to the valley, when he found himself in a wood that bounded the gardens of the mansion; the shades of night were surrounding him, but the moon was rising in all her silent majesty, when, as he advanced through the trees, in a little rustic temple which stood on elevated ground, he perceived a glimmering light; it might be Miriam; he quickened his steps, and was ascending those leading to the building, when a shriek

was heard, followed by groans, as if from one in pain: he advanced, and beheld a figure extended on the earth, with a man's foot stamping on it. A blow was aimed at the prostrate victim, which Glanville received on his shoulder; another assassin raising his arm had laid him with the dead, but drawing a small sword from a stick which he usually carried, he parried the blow, and plunged the weapon into the villain's breast.—The accomplices raised the body, and fled, while Glanville knelt by the unfortunate stranger; but who can describe his horror—his anguish, when he discovered in the one he had rescued, the brother of his beloved Miriam, the excellent unforgiving Josiah.—"My friend—my preserver!" he cried, in faint accents, "Miriam——" he could add no more; for enfeebled by loss of blood, he became insensible; and in that state, Glanville, though writhing in the agony of his own wound, supported him home; and as the door was opened, both fell clasped in each other's arms. The family had waited supper for Josiah, and his unusual absence had occasioned painful anxiety; the opening door had brought Miriam to the hall, and when she beheld the two beings dearest to her on earth, pale and covered with blood, and, as she supposed, lifeless, she shrieked, "My Glanville—my murdered Glanville!" brother she would have added, but she lost all remembrance in insensibility. They were both tenderly, anxiously attended by Miriam and her mother. Josiah's wounds were pronounced neither mortal nor dangerous, Glanville's shoulder was dislocated, and a fever ensued; at length both were convalescent. Josiah could give little information of the accident, but as his pockets were emptied, the attack was attributed to robbers. Glanville had perfectly recovered; but excessive weakness and spitting of blood, occasioned by the violent blow on his stomach, still afflicted Josiah, for which the physicians ordered him to a milder climate; this arrangement suited not his wishes; but the despair of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, who welcomed any pretext to separate him from the fascinations of Madeline, at length prevailed. He left the valley, but not before he had cemented eternal friendship with Glanville, by a promise to sanction, and promote his wishes with Miriam, who in his presence plighted vows of constancy to each other. The departure of Josiah, and the hopefulness, the despondency of Miriam, which visibly began to undermine her delicate constitution, so affected the declining health of Mrs. Primrose, that in language soft as, if an angel spoke, the mother would fold the melancholy girl in her arms, she would tell her of her faith, the blessings which attend obedience to parents, the pleasures of friendship, and would describe the illusions of passion. Miriam listened with much attention; tears were her answer, deeper suffering the consequence. "Oh, Josiah Primrose!" cried the sorrowful mother, sinking at her husband's feet, yielding to the strong impulsive feeling of the moment, "husband of my youth—husband of my heart, bereave me not of my children: I am about to leave thee, Josiah; soon, very soon, thee will close my weary eyes; and when I lie cold in the earth, thee Josiah, will in bitterness deplore thine obduracy; yield then, my husband, give thy daughter in holy marriage to Glanville; his prin-

ciples are great and good, with him her faith will be secure, and thee will behold her persevering in that modest simplicity of life, we deem the most unerring."

He heard this with an immovable expression of countenance; at length he spoke—"I may lose thee; yea, wife of my bosom, I may lose thee; but will not lose my God; thee may fall, but never shake my firmness; let me hear no more, for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, the hour that maketh Miriam the wife of a husband beyond our pale, the bitterest—I curse not, but the God of light will punish?"

"Cease, cease! thou man of sin!" said his wife. "Oh, Source of being, universal God! let thine all-pervading spirit illumine the benighted mind of him who dares to circumscribe thy wondrous goodness, confine thy unbounded mercy to a scanty few! Oh dawn, auspicious morning, with a light shall lighten our darkened path that ne'er shall fade, when earth shall be dissolved, the mountains melt away, the chain of being broken, distinctions lost, and glad creation in one general voice without those forms which dim devotion here, shall hail and praise thy excellence to never-ending ages!"

Miriam had contrived to have one secret interview with Glanville after her brother's departure, and then meekly resigned to suffer, devoted all her time and attention to soothe her declining mother. In these hallowed duties her mind acquired a holy calm, and when discomfort could prevail, she thought, and it was comfort, that each moment took away a grain at least from the drear load that was on her, and gave a nearer prospect of the grave.

The lapse of a very few years produced circumstances unexpected, vicissitudes unanticipated—and events disastrous in the families that have employed our pen: a change came over the castle and its inhabitants, and the gloom of sadness overwhelmed the retirement of the valley. Sir Charles Montalingham had become security for a brother officer endeared to him by early associations, and long military intercourse; his friend speculated deeply; his schemes failed, and the lands, and also for a time the liberty, of the too-confiding baronet, were forfeited. His property was brought to the hammer, and purchased by Josiah Primrose, the austere, opulent Quaker. Lady Montalingham's heart was broken; she died. Sir Charles declined, he sunk gradually in health and spirits, and was ordered by his medical attendants to try a milder climate. His excellent daughter Madeline, who had married Mr. Glendinning, a young man of high family and splendid fortune, ever fondly devoted to her father, attended him to Lisbon; but grief lay too heavy at his heart, dear remembrances pressed too heavily on his mind, for climate to affect; he was beyond the reach of human consolation; and knowing his beloved child secure in the arms of honour and happiness, had but one earthly wish—to be laid in the grave of his wife, in the vaults of his ancestors.

"Farewell, my son, take my darling from these feeble arms. She is an angel, that will bless her husband, as she has blessed her father. May the God of consolation preserve and guide you through this perilous world, and may we meet in purer regions never to part again." He expired in his

daughter's arms without a groan. Surely the end of the good man is peace! how silent his passage, how quiet his journey, how blessed his death! No misery unrelieved, no talents misapplied, no error unrepented, no wealth abused, disturb the solemn moment; but the soul, reposing on Almighty mercy, wings her mystic flight to future worlds.

The shades of night were descending, when, with slow and heavy pace, the hearse containing Sir Charles's remains, attended by Madeline and her husband, entered the valley of Montalingham: a dense fog precluded every object from their view; and a low wind, stealing through the apertures of the carriage, sounded in their ears like the passing sigh of nature to the memory of Montalingham. The gates of Mr. Primrose were closed; the servant rung and knocked, reverberating echo returned the sound, but no one appeared; a stinging-nettle and the deadly nightshade grew by the threshold. "Cheerless plants," exclaimed Madeline, "ye were not wont to rear your noxious heads around this dwelling." At length a servant appeared; Josiah Primrose was asleep.

"Our business is urgent," said Mr. Glendinning; "we will wait till he awakes."

"Thee may leave it, then, in writing; for Josiah Primrose communeth not with strangers," answered the domestic, and the doors were about to be closed when a maiden of the household, who recollected Madeline, obtained them admission. They entered the veranda; remembrance crowded on Madeline; she looked around: "All are gone: nothing left," she exclaimed, as Mr. Primrose appeared. A chilling gloom hung over his heavy eyes, his face was pale and emaciated, and his bending figure was supported on a staff. After a cold salute from him, Madeline said, "I intrude on your solitude, Mr. Primrose, with the request of my dying father."

"Then thy father is departed," interrupted he.

"His hallowed clay rests at your gates."

"Oh, he is happy," rejoined the Quaker, while something like a sigh was stealing from his heart, which severity chilled ere it could be respired. To spare the feelings of Madeline, her husband addressed him, "As the proprietor of Montalingham Castle, I present Sir Charles's last request to be laid at the side of his deceased wife; will you have the kindness to give the necessary orders?"

"Kindness and I have parted for ever," he replied, in a hollow voice: "yes, for ever: ~~but~~ the dead—I war not with the dead. Deposit the body, and never interrupt my hours again."

"Yet hear me," cried Madeline, in a beseeching tone; "your wife——"

"She sleepeth in the dust."

"Dear Josiah?"

"He returneth soon; now depart."

"Yet once more—my Miriam?"

"Name her not!" and the Quaker's wasted frame shook with irrepressible passion; "name her not! her ways are wickedness, her path destruction, and her steps lead down to hell; forsaken by her father, and her God, like unto Cain she wandereth upon the earth, marked. But I curse not—yet, bitter as is my heart, so keenly bitter will be yet her portion."

Madeline appeared fainting, while her husband, shocked, exclaimed, "Poor erring mortal," and supported her from the presence of the austere sectarian.

Their melancholy business over with the rector, at whose residence they were received with a warm welcome. Madeline's inquiries were answered, respecting all that had occurred since she and her family were driven from the protecting roof of the castle; it was left uninhabited, the lands let out, and only the gardens were kept in order by a man, who gained subsistence from their produce. After the death of Mrs. Primrose, poor Miriam resolved to devote her days to her father, and, if possible, subdue her fatal love for Glanville: she had entreated, and at length commanded him to depart, and no more to tempt her to forsake her duty; but still, unknown to her, he remained in the neighbourhood, and watched her steps: meanwhile, poor Miriam felt the extremity of wretchedness; her mother dead, her brother absent; her friends dispersed, without solace and without sympathy, still she might, strengthened by her piety, have succeeded, but that her father, groaning beneath the load of many self-created sorrows, imposed such severe restraint on her, that life became a burthen. She was one morning deploring her relentless destiny in the gloomiest recesses of Montalingham forest, when Glanville overheard her, and kneeling at her feet, conjured her, with resistless tenderness, to save him from despair, and make herself happy; and he recalled her mother's sanction and blessing, her brother's wishes to remembrance: to be brief, Miriam yielded, and became the wife of Glanville. Upon their return from the borders they forced themselves on the presence of their father. It is true, he imprecated not curses, but, like St. Paul with the offending coppersmith, it amounted to the same.

"Lord, in the day of thy wrath, forget not the bitterness of a father's heart."

She fell at his feet: he spurned her, and the gates of the remorseless father were for ever closed on his imploring daughter. Her meek and filial heart long mourned his harshness and unrelenting obduracy; but the kindness of her husband, and the hope of her brother's return, restored her to tolerable tranquillity. She had become the mother of a little girl, whom she named Madeline; and, on her friend's return to England, she soon discovered her residence, when their early friendship was renewed, and the most satisfactory hours of both families were passed in mutual intercourse with each other. They had engaged a beautiful and commodious residence on the banks of the Thames for the summer months; the river flowed smoothly at the bottom of the garden behind the house, and with books, music, and their pencils, they never found the longest day too long.

One morning the ladies were at work, their children rolling on the carpet (Mrs. Glendinning had a little boy), and Mr. Glanville and his friend were fishing, one of the servants entered, saying, a lady desired to speak to Mrs. Glanville; she was introduced; she was tall, very handsome, with an air of hauteur, which imparted severe expression to every fine feature of her face; on entering, she desired to know which of the ladies called herself Mrs. Glanville? Madeline felt

surprised, but that mode of address having been familiar to Miriam among her own people, calmly replied, "Thee beholdest her in my friend."

"Where is Mr. Glanville?" demanded the stranger.

"He angleth near the garden, verily, he catcheth a fish even now," said Miriam, looking through the window.

"Indeed!" interrupted the visiter, sarcastically, "that element seems particularly bountiful to him, though I fancy it has restored a certain sort of fish to-day, that he will find more difficult to manage than any one he has ever hooked."

"Thee speakest in parable, I will call friend Glanville, perchance he may comprehend them."

"Perchance so," replied the lady.

Had the infernal gulph opened and disclosed its fiery horrors, Glanville had felt less dismay; casting one fearful look at the stranger and exclaiming, "Oh, Providence!" he sunk on the nearest chair. Fatal conviction flashed on the mind of Glendinning and his wife: Miriam sat pale and apparently calm, while the lady said scornfully—"You are certainly very grateful to Providence for restoring to you a wife, after supposing her three years dead; but, however, return me my fortune, and you may go with your Quaking trumpany where you please." Only Glendinning had the power of speech; "Retire, madam," said he, "you shall have every justice, but do not offer insult at the shrine of virtue."

"Indeed, sir, I shall not retire; my husband being here, makes it my home, nor will I leave him an opportunity to abscond with his Quaker, and deprive me of my right."—"Unkind, inhuman woman this is my house." Glendinning was interrupted; the trembling Miriam arose, Madeline would have assisted her, "Fear not," said she, "my righteous purpose will support me;" when kneeling at the feet of Glanville, she thus addressed him—"Beloved of thy Miriam's heart, let the voice which hath so often pleased thee, now soothe thy perturbed spirits to composure, and let the happy learn from our fate not to exalt in blessings which hang on the hazard of an hour. We have walked in the paths of peace together, no guilt profaned our moments, for we believed our union sanctified; then let the sweet reflection soothe thy soul; thee art not comfortless, only to me it was a work of darkness; black were the auspices; a father's reprobating voice exclaimed, 'Forbear!' friends exulted over my fatal vows; for I was a disobedient child: and now I behold the bitter wish descendeth on my devoted head; betake thee dear, dear, Glanville, to the helpmate of thy first affections, while I, forlorn and desolate, like the poor prodigal, return unto a father's dwelling, and with a contrite heart, exclaim, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy child; but accept me as the lowest of thine hired servants,' that by penitence and sad days and nights, I may expiate mine offences. Yet never, Glanville, can I forsake thy loved image, yea, I will cherish it till death; in innocent prayer will sanctify it, and in serener regions we shall meet, where the holy tie will be perfected, and we rejoice in the presence of eternal love for ever." Her sleeping infant caught her eye, "for that poor orphan I also have a home; Glendinning take her, she is a Madeline," rising

then from her knees, she impressed a soft kiss on the cold hand of Glanville, saying, "Fare thee well, fare thee well."

The wretched husband started from his seat, he ventured one look around, the sight was insupportable, and shrieking with despair, he rushed from their presence. "Save him, save him!" cried Miriam, falling lifeless into Glendinning's arms. Madeline followed him to his apartment, where he had flown; he had fallen on his knees, holding a loaded pistol to his head, while his lips moved in silent prayer. Madeline feared to advance, but dropping at the door in the same attitude she cried, "Stop!"—the pistol fell. "Eternity! Glanville! oh, Glanville! if thou canst not bear thy trials here, force not thyself upon a Power that can make them gnaw thy spirit evermore, unaltered and the same; he who, self-destroyed, dies to shun his fate, may find the will, to which he bids defiance, may doom the soul to feel its agonies through endless ages."

Glanville seemed passive, he looked around mournfully; "My heart," said he, "is cold and desolate, and Miriam comes not now to warm it, all is dark. Pity me—sure, what man can pity, Heaven can forgive." She had taken up the pistol, "Do not take it from me," his voice was beseeching and meek, and he repeated, "Do not take it from me."

"Poor Glanville!" resumed Madeline, "would you destroy Miriam, who cherishes the hope to meet you in a happier world?" He appeared to recollect, "Yes, yes, take the pistol, I am safe, quite safe, and feel well now; I will lie down, and when I awake, will think upon your arguments; yes, conviction may have reached me, and mercy pardon desperation." Madeline then taking the pistols with her, left him.

Mr. Glendinning had attended the new-come Mrs. Glanville to a neighbouring inn, promising to send her husband to her. Madeline found her friend Miriam sitting with her child upon her knee; a sweet serenity was diffused over her countenance, and taking her friend's hand, she soon yielded to a quiet slumber; and while Madeline sat watching her, and meditating on the uncertainty of human happiness, it may be necessary to account for the unwelcome appearance of Captain Glanville's first wife.

The pleasure yacht, in which she had embarked having been driven out to sea, she was taken up when clinging to the wreck, by an outward-bound East Indian, and was treated with kindness and respect by the ladies on board; on her arrival in India, she formed a liaison not very respectable with an officer of high rank, but his lady at length joining him, Mrs. Glanville thought proper to return to England. Her husband would have never been sought by her if he had not possessed her fortune, and recollecting the name of his agent, to him she went, and from him had the information of his marriage with the modest Friend, and their place of residence: love had never been the inmate of a bosom so governed by degrading passions, but she anticipated a malignant pleasure in being able to interrupt their innocent enjoyments; and though a re-union with her husband she knew to be impossible, she resolved to pay her fatal visit, and enjoy her fancied triumph.

In less than a quarter of an hour the repose of Miriam and the deep thoughtfulness of Madeline were disturbed by a dismal shriek, and Miriam's own maid rushing into the room, crying, "My master! my master! the sword is in his breast!" The child fell from Miriam's arms, and darting from her seat, stopped not till she reached the expiring Glanville, who had taken advantage of Madeline leaving him to execute his fatal purpose: her maid passing the door heard him fall, entered the room, when seeing the husband of her beloved mistress fallen and bleeding, she sent forth the shriek, and flew to her presence. As Miriam threw herself beside the bleeding body of Glanville, he raised his dying eyes to take a last look of her angelic face, feebly pressed her hand, smiled, and his agonized spirit fled to the presence of that Being whom the compassionate heart will hope would not reject him.

When Miriam beheld the last breath of separating nature leave his lips, the extremest point of sorrow struck her heart, though a few minutes before she was calm; hope upon the wings of faith bore her beyond the limits of mortality, when in a brighter state she should meet her Glanville. Now, wrapped in a shroud stained with self-shed blood, was the last look she feared ever to have: sensible to all her wretchedness, she hung over the body; "Poor, poor Glanville," she cried: "oh, Madeline, though lost to me on earth, I hoped to have met him with an angel's joy in the bright courts above; but now his fatal arm hath raised a barrier even stronger than death; no penitence can absolve him, for there is no repentance in the grave. Poor soul! didst thou not start on entering eternity? to rush unbidden on a world of saints, and of accusing angels? Oh! could prayers, could ceaseless anguish through a weary life avail—but no, all beyond the hour of dissolution is fixed by power immutable, the awful fiat passes, but whither go my thoughts?—I—I—," She soon was seized with faintings, and in a few hours was delivered of a dead child, when feeling the springs of life running low, she collected all her strength, and addressed her mourning friends, "I thought to seek a father's arms," she said, in feeble accents, "to have implored his pardon," a faint red tinged her cheeks, as she added, "his blessing; but a kinder Parent calls me to repose, peace is dawning on my soul, angels are waiting to guide me to realms of bliss, there, beloved Madeline, shall I meet thee and thy husband, and thank thee for protecting my poor child: cherish her, she hath no name but thine, she hath no friend but thee; and when thee lookest on her smiling face, think on poor Miriam, who so much hath loved thee: when my Josiah returneth, give him the dying blessing of his sister, from thy lips the offering will be sweet; say that, when trembling on the verge of life, I had no friend but thee to close my weary eyes—say, when my heart had ceased to beat, I had no friend but thee to lay me in the dust—say, for my child, I only ask him to remember her name is Madeline: now, my friend—my precious friend—my Madeline, fare thee well! dearest Glendinning, fare thee well! thee art so happy, I cannot wish thee happier until all meet above." Exhausted, she sunk on her pillow, but soon recovering, with an angelic smile, and in ac-

cents fainter and fainter, she said, "Bless! bless thee! Heaven—"

Her lovely face wore every vernal charm, her eyes serenely closed, while her meek spirit, guided by waiting angels, ascended to the mansions of everlasting repose. "Blessed friend! sweet companion!" exclaimed the weeping Madeline, kissing her cold, yet charming face; never more shall I be cheered by thy affection, nor soothed by thy sweet tongue; but I will love, will guide thy orphan baby, and make her like thee."

Most religiously and tenderly did she and Mr. Glendinning perform the promise given over the corpse of the early-fated Miriam. Josiah Primrose returned in time to close the eyes of his father, and no more; he was past speech, and his son was informed that he felt the victim of his own severity and despair. Such baneful bigotry, are thy triumphs! Ponder well, ye parents—ponder well, ye children; who dare decide whether disobedience in the one, or maledictions in the other, be most offensive in the sight of Him who judgest righteously.

In a private cabinet belonging to the old Quaker, Josiah, when examining his father's papers, found a note to the following effect: "Son Josiah, though severe, thy father would be just; I pray thee, then, restore unto Madeline the castle and lands of Montaltingham. I understand she nurtureth a daughter of the damsel who was thy sister; something, therefore, be-longeth unto her. Thee hast wealth, more than needful; pray thee make it a greater blessing unto thyself than did thy father."

"Thine, Josiah, in the spirit of truth."

The village, the mansion in which Miriam and Glanville had expired, appeared a desert; every sound seemed the echo of their dying groans, and they resolved to bid the scene adieu forever: but previous to their departure, in a remote niche of the church, in which their remains were interred, to secure the hallowed spot from disturbance, Mr. Glendinning ordered a plain marble monument to be erected, with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
Adolphus and Miriam.

Friendship consecrates their hallowed dust.

Fear not piety to drop a tear,

Fear not virtue to breathe a sigh.

Innocence and misfortune marked them for their own.

And ever as beneath this humble stone,

May one kind grave unite each hapless name."

MORAL.

Let parents consider that there are two obligations—honour from children, and with it obedience; and from themselves, a constant remembrance that the divine precept commands "every man to do unto others as he would be done unto." If these two rules were strictly observed, the world would rarely be conscious of disobedience on the one hand, and the most offensive cruelty on the other. If an individual, by following his own will, (a will wherein none is deeply interested but himself, whether man or woman,) contrary to the opinion, inclination, or wish of a parent, commit a marriage act of disobedience; (presuming there existed nought of solid ob-

jection, but simply the acting contrary to an arbitrary rule;) the same will hold when a parent's choice is required to be the will of the child—that also is negative disobedience, when his will is not complied with. In this tale, as often in the events of life, the child's act of disobedience is made to be the cause of that misery, which would have been the same to the young couple, had the most unequivocal sanction been given by the parents. The only difference would have been, that Mr. Primrose, the father, free from self-blame, might have still made a happy home for his distressed children, and departed this life with some hope of Heaven in the next. This bartering of souls in wedlock, a scheme of the evil one to sow discord in the world, and fill it full of misery, must be most offensive to a God of charity and love.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

Madam de Valee, generally esteemed and beloved for her many virtues, had been for the space of a month, the widow of a man she had tenderly beloved, and still inherited a handsome property which Monsieur de Valee had possessed in Turenne, and which she had never quitted since her marriage. She had a daughter of sixteen years of age, beautiful in person, and whose sweet disposition and qualities had been improved by a finished education. Madame de Valee, surrounded by opulent neighbours, had lived expensively, received a great deal of company, and had caused herself to be adored by the rich and esteemed by the poor.

The young Henri de Pernillac scarce ever left the Chateau de Valee. Henri was but twenty years of age; his features were noble as his mind, and he united all those qualities which make a man beloved, to those which caused him to be esteemed. The heart of the young Louise too strongly resembled that of Henri, not to sympathize with its every feeling; they had loved each other from their childhood, and owned the fact to each other with that ingenuity of youth in which spotless minds know not how to dissimulate. And why should they have concealed from each other their reciprocal sentiments? Their love, perfectly in harmony with circumstance, seemed to promise the purest felicity. The day was already fixed for the marriage of Henri and Louise; there was no further questions but those of worldly interest—part of the ceremony generally confided to the care of the parents on either side, for two true lovers never know but one interest, that of love. Monsieur de Pernillac, father to Henri, was arrived at the chateau, and in the evening, whilst the lovers entertained each other with their mutual tenderness, he held with Madame de Valee a conversation far less pleasing, but by no means less important.

"As for me," said Monsieur de Pernillac, "I give in marriage, to my son, the estate I now inhabit; it is at least worth twenty thousand livres per annum."

"I," responded Madame de Valee, "can give nothing to my daughter; I had nothing myself when I married Monsieur de Valee; but my Louise will inherit the estate which my husband

possessed in Alsace. I do not know its exact value, but Monsieur de Valee always told me that it brought in twenty-five thousand livres annually?"

"Is the habitation handsome?"

"No, the chateau is not habitable, at least so my late husband always told me."

"How! Madame, did you never see it?"

"Never. You know that Monsieur de Valee used to pass six months of every year there. The estate, he used to tell me, required his presence and care for half the year. 'I cannot take you thither,' he would say, 'you would not be conveniently lodged, for one chamber only is available, it is the one I myself inhabit.' I sometimes pressed hard to follow him, but he always most strenuously refused me, and I ended by submitting to the will of a man to whom I owed everything in the world. It is true that during his absence he gave me frequent news of him; and the education of my daughter served to shorten a time which would otherwise have appeared to me very long, had it not been filled up by so sweet an occupation."

"And besides," added Monsieur de Pernillac, smilingly, "a husband who absents himself for half the year has likewise some merit! He returns the more tender, the more complaisant."

"Aye, Monsieur," exclaimed Madame de Valee, "I assure you that he always rendered me most happy."

Suddenly a carriage was heard to stop in the court-yard, and a lady of about forty years of age, still handsome, and clad in deep mourning, some moments after entered the apartment. Henri was holding the hand of Louise upon his heart. At the aspect of the unknown lady all present gazed silently at each other. The stranger approached Madame de Valee, and asked of her a private audience for an affair of the highest importance.

"I have no secrets from those who at present surround me, Madame," answered Madame de Valee, "to speak to me before my friends is to speak to me in private."

"Very well, then, Madame," said the stranger, "I am come to inform you of that which will wound you to the heart. I am Madame Valee, I am the legitimate wife of the man whose name you bear."

At this unexpected speech, Madame de Valee could not refrain from smiling.

"This is a strange piece of news," said Monsieur de Pernillac.

"Most truly singular," said Henri.

"Be silent, Henri," whispered Louise, "don't you see that the poor lady is not in her right senses! we must never laugh at misfortune, for it may assault ourselves when we the least expect it."

"Yes, Madame," added the stranger, without seeming to pay the least attention to what was said around her, "Yes, I am Madame de Valee, and come to reclaim my name and rights, I bring with me proofs of what I affirm."

"Proofs! let us see your proofs," said Monsieur de Pernillac, "show, them, I am curious to behold them."

"Here they are," said the stranger, exhibiting a roll of papers. "Here are the letters, too, which I received from my late husband, whilst

he dwelt for half a year in this chateau, addressed to me at his estate in Alsace, where I have lived secluded for the space of twenty years."

Madame de Valee took the letters with a trembling hand, and recognized the hand-writing of her husband, a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, for a secret terror stole into her heart.

"Here," added the stranger, "is my marriage contract, it is twenty years old, and must therefore be anterior to your own. We have both of us been deceived, Madame, but I am the first wife of Monsieur de Valee, and consequently the only one recognized by the law."

At sight of such manifest proofs, the mother of Louise had not the strength to answer, and the papers fell from her hands. Monsieur de Pernillac seized the marriage contract, and read it from beginning to end, continually repeating, "This contract is prodigiously well drawn out," said he, "in its form nothing seems missing."

His unhappy friend seemed quite beside herself, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that this lady is Madame de Valee! and I, oh, heavens! Who then am I? What name must I bear? What name can I give to my dear Louise? My beloved child, thou art lost for ever!"

At these words she fell back insensible. Louise and Henri flew to her assistance, and restored her by their care; her first movement was to clasp her daughter to her bosom.

"Ah! my beloved daughter," said she, "it is but too true that the laws will reject thee! thou art deprived of thy name and fortune, and must seem as the unhappy fruit and victim of vice, or of the weakness of your parents. The heir of him to whom you owe your birth will come forth and despoil you, and I, most unhappy mother, who only live for your happiness, have not even bread to give you! But no, no, it cannot be possible. Monsieur de Valee was a man of honour, and incapable of committing so great a fault. The letters must be false, this contract too, is a forgery! It is a most horrible imposition invented to break the heart of a mother."

"Madame," answered the stranger, with calm dignity, "I can pardon to your just affliction expressions which you would blame yourself for having uttered, were you acquainted with my character and principles. I repeat to you, Madame, that we have each of us been deceived; both have believed Monsieur de Valee incapable of so great a crime; yet it is not less true that he has committed it."

"But how could you be ignorant of a marriage contracted upwards of eighteen years?"

"I might address to you the same question with still more justice. I was married two years before you; it was at Strasburg that Monsieur de Valee became acquainted with me, and was united to me. Some days after my marriage he conducted me to the estate he possessed four leagues from that town. During the first two years he was only absent from me the space of two months to visit his estate at Turenne, but his third absence was of much longer duration. On his return I complained to him of so long an absence, he told me that his estate at Turenne required his presence six months in the year; and that unfortunately it was not calculated to offer me a dwelling, and that he therefore could not

allow me to follow him thither. Each year he projected repairing the chateau, but the great expense, he said, checked him in the enterprise; such was the motive he alleged to retard the execution. I was therefore obliged to submit to a separation for half the year, which seemed at first cruel to me, but I at length became accustomed to believe it necessary. And then he wrote to me so regularly, I can produce all his letters! In fact, Madame, a whole month elapsed and I received no letter from him. I wrote, none answered me; I sent to Turenne a confidential person, who soon informed me that Monsieur de Valee was dead, leaving a widow endowed with every virtue. You may judge of my surprise by that which you yourself experienced; if an explanation does not suffice to inspire you with some confidence in the legitimacy of my rights, to-morrow I will place my marriage contract in the hands of arbiters named by yourself, and they shall pronounce upon my fate and upon your own."

The stranger left the apartment and ascended her carriage, leaving the unhappy family in a situation of mind difficult to describe. Madame de Valee seemed as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon her; her expressive glance was directed towards her daughter; she shed no tears, for her grief was concentrated in her heart. Henri and Louise were beside her, each holding her hand and gazing upon each other with the expression of a love which for the first time has to fear an adverse fate. The silence was only interrupted by the exclamations of Monsieur de Pernillac, who paced the apartment, repeating to himself, "This is a bad business! Very bad business, indeed! It will end ill—that marriage contract—it seems excellent. That lady is certainly the widow of Monsieur de Valee. She had the enjoyment of the estate in Alsace most indubitably."

It was late, Madame de Valee stood much in need of rest; she entered her chamber and gave a free vent to her tears. Ere he quitted Louise, Henri approached her, and with a tender pressure of the hand, said in a low tone, "Louise, you are unfortunate, and this is a greater motive than we have ever had for loving each other truly."

Soon after their departure from the chateau, Monsieur de Pernillac exclaimed, "By heavens we have been very fortunate!"

"Fortunate! father, can we be so when misfortune oppresses those who are dear to us?"

"True, boy, true; but confess, nevertheless, that this *éclaircissement* took place just in time—"

"To obscure my happiness!"

"To hinder you from committing an irreparable error, that of uniting yourself to a young woman without rank or fortune, an illegitimate daughter."

"Oh! what does that signify? is she not still Louise, her whom my heart has chosen, her whom you have ever permitted me to love? Has her mother been guilty of a crime in giving her birth? No, my father, no, honour, confiding honour, and every virtue accompanied Madame de Valee to the altar; her heart was pure, must she then be punished in her dearest affections for a fault which she has not committed? Hu-

man laws condemn her, but Heaven recognizes and absolves her."

"What you say, my son, sounds very fine; but we are not in heaven, but living, on the contrary, among men, and must conform ourselves to the laws they have made to preserve order and morality amongst us! We must sacrifice ourselves to their opinions, and to the station we hold in society, those opinions to which your passion now lends a varnish of justice and good feeling, the better to deceive you; it shall not be said that my son, my sole heir, who may pretend to a most advantageous connection, has renounced his pretensions to unite himself to a natural daughter."

"How, father! do you mean—"

"That you should renounce Louise!"

"It would be to renounce my very honour."

"Honour, my son, consists in sacrificing everything to public opinion, and to obey honour you wish to dishonour yourself! You are blinded by your love, it is your father who ought to guide you in such a moment, and you are not in a state to appreciate the reasons he gives you or the motives which make him act thus: confide yourself to his prudence, to-morrow morning we will leave this place. I will write to Madame de Valee, whose misfortune I truly compassionate, and recall my promise. Write you to her daughter, apprise her of my intention—write if you will, a tender epistle, complain highly of the cruel fate which separates you at the very moment in which the sweetest links were about to unite you; nothing can be more natural than that you should do so; throw fire and flame upon me, I will allow you to do so, but write, I command you."

Henri made no answer to this absolute order; he retired fully determined ever to love her whom he was ordered to abandon.

At this moment the unhappy girl was by her mother's side, vainly endeavouring to console her by the eloquence of her tenderness; she knew not yet the full extent of her misfortune. "Why weep thus," said she, "your daughter still remains to you, and will never leave you. When I am the wife of Henri, you will come and dance with your children; he is rich, everything will be in common amongst us; you will be a mother to him as you are to me! Oh! if you did but know how Henri loves you, how truly noble is his heart!"

Early upon the morrow, Monsieur de Pernillac sent to Madame de Valee the letter he had written, it was coldly polite, the expressions were well measured, but it concluded by announcing to the unhappy mother that the projected alliance could not now take place. This last stroke was too much for Madame de Valee. "Oh! Louise, my well beloved," said she to herself, "you have flattered yourself with false hope! Your lover forsakes you with fortune; you judged him by your own generous heart. Henri, in the midst of every misfortune, abandoned by his father, by the very laws, and by all mankind, still would have been thy Henri, but there is no longer a Louise for him!"

At this instant Louise approached smiling at her mother with the expression of profound tenderness. Madame de Valee burst into a flood

of tears, and bid her daughter sit down upon the bed. "Now you should hate me," said she, "why did I give thee birth? my poor, poor child, thou dost not yet dream of the extent of thy misfortune!"

"What!" cried Louise, with a look of consternation, "you then hide from me your sorrows?"

"I wish I could conceal from thee the last and most cruel of all. Poor Louise!—summons all your courage—and read this letter."

Louise took the letter from her mother's hand, opened it, and was about to read its contents, when the door unclosed and gave to view the stranger of the preceding day, accompanied by Monsieur de Pernillac and Henri. Madame de Valee shuddered at the sight, and addressing the stranger, "You are doubtlessly come, Madame, to announce to me the decisive sentence of my fate. It had been more generous, and, perhaps, more delicate, had you delayed to do so."

"I imagined, Madame," answered the stranger, "that an affair of this importance could not admit of one instant's delay. I met these gentlemen, who were disposing themselves to depart from hence, and have retained them, they are your friends, and were witnesses to the scene of yesterday, and I wished them to be so of its termination."

"Well, Madame, hasten then to apprise me, in their presence, that pity alone remains to me."

"Calm your sorrow, Madame, and deign to listen to me. I am the only legitimate wife of Monsieur de Valee, my rights cannot possibly be contested; when I learned his second marriage, I thought it incumbent upon me to reclaim a title which exclusively belonged to me. I saw you in the interior of your family, and placed myself in your situation, and your maternal sorrow had access to my heart; you have a child, I have none; I enjoy an independent fortune, you possess nothing. Did Monsieur de Valee still exist, and were he obliged to make a choice between us, it were surely to the mother of his child that he would give the preference, you are the one he would recognize as his legitimate wife. Let us not then dishonour the memory of a man who was dear to both of us; let an impenetrable veil be thrown upon his crime! I abandon to you all my rights, and place within your hands my marriage contract, and all the letters which I ever received from Monsieur de Valee. Allow me however to retain, in my country, a name which I so long have borne; your interest prompts it, for did I take any other I should cause a part of the truth to be suspected."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Madame de Valee, with the accents of convulsive joy. "Are you not an angel descended from Heaven to reclaim me from despair to happiness? Ah! what expressions could ever paint to you my unbounded gratitude and admiration! Louise, my child, throw yourself at her feet, she is your benefactress, your guardian angel; by restoring you your honour she renders you more than I have given to you!"

The stranger, profoundly moved by this scene, shed tears of tenderness, and taking the hands of Louise and Henri, and turning to Madame de Valee: "Yesterday," said she, "I guessed their love; I came forth and afflicted them: let me,

therefore, enjoy to-day the sight of that happiness I can restore to them."

"Alas!" said Madame de Valee, "such a union has long been my dearest hope, but is at present impossible. Read, Madame, read the letter which Monsieur de Pernillac has addressed to me, and judge if I can pardon so great an insult."

"Yes, Madame," exclaimed Monsieur de Pernillac, grasping the fatal letter, "my son and your Louise will implore you for my pardon, their happiness depends upon it: would you punish them for a fault of which I alone am culpable, and which I fully repent?"

"Oh! my mother!" said Louise, "if a letter has had power to dispose you against Monsieur de Pernillac, another, I conceive, should reconcile you; read, therefore, the one I this morning received." She handed it at the same moment to her mother, who read the following words:—

"The more unfortunate Louise may seem to be, the more deeply I swear to love her; and this vow is sacred as if pronounced at the altar—for Henri will have no other wife than his Louise."

"Ah! all is now forgotten: I forgive you," exclaimed Madame de Valee, putting forth her hand to Monsieur de Pernillac, "Come, Henri, come, my son, and receive a mother's kiss: my daughter shall be your's, and your's only!"

On the morrow of this happy day, Henri led his Louise to the altar; the generous stranger refused to remain longer amongst those beings whose happiness she had secured. She feared lest the expressions of their gratitude should reveal the whole greatness of her soul's secret, which she felt so much interested in keeping concealed. She returned to Alsace, bearing with her the greatest of blessings, that of having performed a good action.

MY UNCLE:—A PORTRAIT.

"This fellow, now, is like an over-ripe melon—rough outside, with much sweetness under it!"—*The Mountaineers.*

IMAGINE a short burly-faced man, in a pepper-and-salt coat, red waistcoat, light kerseymere breeches, and short gaiters; his hat beautifully inclined a slight degree from the perpendicular over his right ear, the left scantily covered with a few grey hairs suspiciously disguised with powder; an eye of varied expression; dignified when glancing at an inferior, courteous in the salutation of an equal, and salaciously amorous when ogling a pretty girl. Imagine too, "a fair round belly with good capon lined," and that air of consequential importance, which the ever present reflection of being worth a plum never fails to impart; and you have a tolerable camera-lucida portrait of my Uncle, Timothy Tomkins, Esq., citizen and bachelor.

Your plodding London tradesmen of the last century never suffered their imaginations to stray to green fields and rural felicity, till they had worn out the pith of their existence in the acquisition of a competence. They built substantial mansions in narrow alleys, and immured themselves and their progeny in their brick warrens;

till the thirst of money-getting was sufficiently quenched to prompt the wish for retirement; and then they very prudently withdrew from the turmoils of traffic, to die of *ennui* and nothing-to-do-ishness in a dull country village. My honoured kinsman, though somewhat tinged with antiquated notions and gone-by prejudices, was yet wise enough to leave off bargain-driving and stock-jobbing, before he had lost all relish for rurality; but having passed the meridian of his life unburthened with connubial cares, he found, after a few months' possession of his snug cottage on Hampstead Heath, that the prattle of children, and the music of a woman's tongue might have proved less annoying than chewing the cud of his own musings; nodding over a newspaper, or contemplating the stagnant viridity of a duck-pond. He grew tired of gazing on the Heath, and listening to the cawing of rooks and the tinkling of sheep-bells. The blue sky and the green fields, his grotto and hermitage, his thick-set hedges, and his flower-prankt arbours, became alike indifferent to his unpoetical imagination; and he sighed for the busy bustle of Cornhill, and the grateful hum of the Royal Exchange. Pent up in his green solitude, he felt convincingly how dreary a thing it was to lead the life of a bachelor; and then he fell to reflecting how silly it was of him, some twenty years back, to break off his courtship with Miss Biddy Briggs, the rich saddler's daughter, for disliking his pea-green coat; and that if he had bridled his anger, he might have secured the tender bit for himself, instead of holding the stirrup, like a fool as he was, to fat Ferguson, the fellmonger of Bermondsey, who vaulted in his place, and galloped off with the prize. All this, however, was now "past praying for;" and though he had retired, that was no reason he should be hypped to death with the blue devils on Hampstead Heath. He, therefore, made up his mind to drive to London once a day, that he might look around and see how the world wagged; scrupulously resolving to drive no bargains either for time or tallow, but merely to "peep at the busy Babel," and occasionally secure an old friend to share half his gig, and take a dinner and a bed at his rural domicile. Besides, there were other causes beyond the mere sense of loneliness, to induce him to adopt this plan. Among the rest he missed his morning's sandwich and his comfortable basin of turtle. He had a tolerable cook, to be sure; and those of his old friends, who occasionally enlightened his solitude by dropping in, pronounced her culinary fabrications excellent. Their commendations gratified his ear, but did not convince his judgment; and Birch's soups remained *ne plus ultras*, which her skill could never achieve.

As he had no one to please but himself, his scheme was soon put into practice; and a new gig was ordered; a vehicle, by-the-by, he had little fancy for, and in which nothing but the prejudice of the old school against riding in a stage-coach, could have induced him to peril his neck. I had the honour of initiating him in the noble science of driving; an acquirement, he said, which he never thought of living to see a gentleman take a pride in. He was immensely awkward at first; the clumsiest Phaeton that ever had a fancy for horse-flesh. His fat, fleshy knuckles grasp-

ed the reins with a most ungraceful air, and he brandished the whip like a carman. However, he was highly delighted with his new toy; and I shall never forget the glee with which he bundled into Batson's, and shook hands with a dozen of his cronies after a twelvemonth's absence. Even the waiter came in for a share of his regards.—"What, Joe! What, here still, eh, Joe? Not in business yet, eh? And Kitty the barmaid, too, I declare! Well, Kitty, how d'ye do? Not married yet, I see. Joe and you make a match of it, eh! Can set up Joe's coffee-house then, you know."—A new dawn seemed to have gleamed on the old gentleman's existence. He grew fat and frolicsome, and had snug turtle-dinners, and bacchanalian revels at his *rus in urbe*, 'till, like Sir John Falstaff, he grew "out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass." Self-willed, as old bachelors usually are, he would no longer suffer me to drive, and my equestrian services were dispensed with. "Young hair-brained fellows like you," he said, "are not fit companions for sedate elderly folks." The fact was, he had no mind I should witness the midnight orgies of his rural retirement, and I had no inclination to partake of them. It happened one morning, after one of his customary devotions at the shrine of good fellowship, that he attempted to drive to town, his head half muzzy with the last night's debauch. The tit that run in his gig, was a fine blood mare of my own choosing: and I had more than once told him, that if he did not wish to drive to the devil, the whip and her hide must be kept at a respectful distance. "Attempt to brush a fly off her neck," said I, "and depend upon it she'll break *yours*." Well, what does my sagacious kinsman do, but just as he came to that deep descent on the Hampstead road, between the Heath and Camden Town, and where any man in his senses would have held tight the reins, he lays half-a-dozen swinging lashes on the mare's flank. Away she scampered, helter-skelter; off flew the wheel, snap went the shafts, and out tumbled my uncle Timothy. The horse was stopped with difficulty, the gig was dashed to atoms, and uncle was conveyed home to bed. The old boy was more frightened than hurt. All his limbs were sound, and he had no bruises; but terror performed the work of reality, and introduced him, for the first time in his life to the pleasures of the gout. The grossness of his habit, and the irregularities of his living, were powerful auxiliaries to the virulence of his disorder. His temper was not one of the mildest in the world, and he indulged freely in the popular remedy of expletives. To be tied down to his arm-chair was punishment enough; but to be tortured into the bargain would have excited cataphobia in a less irritable temperament than his. I received a note from him a day or two after his accident, written in much apparent pain, if I might judge by the hieroglyphics that were jumbled together in its composition. It was couched in the following terms:—

"Bob, you scoundrel, why don't you come to me? I am dying, you undutiful cub, and you won't stir a peg—I've had a sad accident, Bob. Spilt from the kickshaw cockle-shell the gig. All my bones broken—Confound that mare!

Your buying, Bob—on purpose I believe, to break my neck—Got the gout, too, Bob. The gout, you villain, and you know it, and won't come. Yes; here I may die; nobody cares for me: nobody cares for an old bachelor—Bobby, my boy, come to your poor lame uncle—You rascal, if you don't set out directly, I'll cut you off with a shilling.

"Your loving uncle,

TIMOTHY TOMKINS.

My sensations, on perusing this epistle, were none of the most agreeable: not that I disliked the old gentleman, but I was so well aware of the testiness of his temper, that I felt my dependence on him at this moment stronger than ever. I knew that it hung upon a thread; and that, square my behaviour as I would, I could hardly hope to please him. Besides, I had a tale to unfold, on the reception of which the future happiness of my life depended; and if the variable wind that guided his weathercock disposition should happen to set in the wrong quarter, a long farewell to all the fairy pictures of felicity my ardent imagination had painted. I have already glanced at an attachment of the old gentleman in his younger days to Miss Biddy Briggs, who wedded his rival. The lady certainly acted a little precipitately in the affair; for had she waited the ebullition of my uncle's passion, he would doubtless have been the first to have made overtures of peace. However, she promptly decided on giving her hand to the fellmonger, and left her quondam beau to recover his chagrin and surprise as he might. Since that period he had cherished a bitter dislike to the fellmonger; and whenever the image of Biddy crossed his mind, he drove it away with the epithets of a jilt, a coquette, and an inconstant. Now it happened, by the most singular chance in the world, that the daughter of this couple was introduced to me at a ball—that grand mart, time out of mind, for the exchange of hearts; and, as a matter of course, I fell in love. I hope none of my readers will take offence at this old-fashioned method of inbibing the tender passion; for I can assure them, that even now, hearts are sometimes lost in ball-rooms, as well as in the days of Sir Charles Grandison. I skip over the honied hours that preceded my offer and acceptance—lovers' *teles-a-tete* are matdlin matters for paper. Two obstacles alone opposed our union, trifles, perhaps to some folks, but not so to us—I mean the consent of her parents and of my uncle on whom the reckless generosity of a liberal-minded but ill-fortuned father had left me utterly dependent. It was agreed that I should write to the former, and make a *viva voce* appeal to the latter. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were good sort of folks, who were anxious to see their daughter happy; and they wrote me in reply, that if my uncle's consent could be obtained, theirs should not be withheld. Their letter contained many expressions of regard for their old friend, and an anxious wish for a union, which would connect both families in bonds of closer friendship. This was the sum and substance of their epistle, worded in a somewhat more homely style, but containing all I could desire. And now, said I, for my uncle!

It was at this critical juncture that his letter reached me; and this was the business I had to

impart. O! thought I, the miseries of dependence! And on an old Bachelor, too, the testiest animal in the world! Old bachelors are a sort of wild beasts. They carry their untamed ferocities about them, to the annoyance of their fellow creatures; while a married man, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the gentlest being imaginable. He is swayed and curbed and softened down, till he loses all his celibacious asperities, and becomes a reasonable creature. Marriage, like the gentle arts, "*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*;" it prevents men from degenerating into brutes, and, by the constant collision with woman's milder mind, gives them a portion of her tender spirit, and humanizes the soul. All these reflections were engendered by the fear that the ancient animosity of my uncle to the very name of Ferguson should stand between me and the consummation of my hopes. I glided up the stairs that led to his apartment, and as I held the handle of the door in dubious suspense, endeavoured to screw my courage to the sticking-place, ere I turned it round and ventured into his presence. The effort was made, and the door opened. By the side of the fire, half-encircled with an old-fashioned screen, sat my uncle Timothy, in a capacious arm-chair; his legs enveloped in flannels and fleecy hosiery; his hands resting on the elbows of the chair; his countenance flushed and fiery with pain and vexation, and his eyes glaring at the glowing embers in abstracted vacancy. As I advanced towards him with the best look of condolence I could command, he raised his head, and the following dialogue ensued:

"So you are come at last. A pretty dutiful nephew—a tender-hearted kinsman. Yes, here I might lie and languish in agony 'till doomsday. Even my own brother's son cares nothing for me; no, not an atom. Well, sir, what do you stand there for, like a stock-fish? Why don't you get a chair?"—"Sir," I replied, mechanically obeying him, "I assure you I never heard of your accident 'till the receipt of your letter; and I set off on the instant."—"Dare say you did. Don't think it, though. Hoped to find your uncle at his last gasp, I've no doubt. Disappointed mayhap; shall live long enough yet to tire you out. Sound at the core, Bob. No chance for you these twenty years. Took care of myself when I was young, and didn't waste my health, and my money in drinking and raking. No Tom-and-Jerrying in those days."—"I should hope, sir, my conduct would acquit me of any undutiful wish towards an uncle who has always proved so kind to me as you have."—"Eh? Well, perhaps it would. As you say, I haven't deserved it, Bob. Don't think you are hard-hearted; never did. You are tolerable well as the world goes; only a little flighty. Young men, now-a-days, are not as they were when I was a stripling. Bobby, my boy, just shift my leg on this cushion. Zounds! you scoundrel, you've crippled me. You villain, do you suppose my toes have no more feeling than a horse's hoof? Did you think you were handling a bed-post?" I stammered out an apology, attributing my inadvertency to my anxiety to relieve his pain. This soothed him a little. "Why, lookye, Bob; you know I am naturally good-tempered, but it would provoke the patience of a saint to be cooped up here like a capon, roasted

as I am by a slow fire, drenched with drugs, and fed upon slops. But tell me, what are you doing? How do you like the law? Fancy you like the playhouses better. Prefer hopping at Almack's, to studying Coke upon Littleton, eh?"—"Sir, I never go to balls."—"Never go to balls! More shame for you. Dare say you never said a civil thing to a lady in your life."—"I trust, Sir, I have never been found deficient in the attentions due to the fair sex."—"Pshaw! I don't believe you. I know you are a shy-cock. You've no more gallantry than a goose,—no more spirit than a tomtit. You're an animated iceberg. Zounds! when I was a youngster, the glance of a bright eye acted on me like a spark in a powder-barrel, I was in flames in a moment. Dare say you never formed a single attachment. Sorry for it. Should like to see you married, Bob."—"Perhaps, Sir, you could recommend me a wife."—"Not I, Bob, I never played the part of a match maker in my life. You must beat up your own game, lad, and run it down yourself."—"Then, my dear uncle, to confess the truth, so far from being the cold composition you imagine me, I am actually engaged to a young lady."—"The devil you are! And pray who is she?"—"I hesitated, and changed colour. "What are you stammering at? You're not ashamed of telling her name, surely."—"Oh, no, sir. Her name is—her name—that is, her name is—Miss Julia Ferguson." He stared at me a second, or two in mute surprise. "Ferguson! No relation, I hope, to fat Ferguson the fellmonger." Here was a crisis! It was in vain to repent my precipitancy. Sincerity was all I had to trust to, and I confessed she was his daughter. The effect was fearful. He never uttered a word: but I could see the workings of pride, passion, and resentment, as they alternately displayed themselves in the fiery glances of his eye, the flushings of his cheek and the quivering of his lips. Opposite his window there grew a sturdy oak. He turned his eyes towards it, and thus addressed me, with an assumed coolness: "Bob, look at that oak. When your strength shall be able to bend its trunk, you may hope to bend my wishes to your will, Ferguson! I detest the name, and all who bear it; and sooner than you should wed her, I would follow you to your grave." There was something so appalling in his manner as he uttered this denouncement, that I was unable to reply; but I was spared the effort by the sudden opening of the door, and the entrance of an old friend of my uncle's, who stopped suddenly, struck by the expression on both our countenances. "Hey day!" said he, "what's the matter? Uncle and nephew at loggerheads!"—"Here's Bob," replied my kinsman, "has dared to acknowledge a passion for the daughter of fat Ferguson, the fellow that—"—"Married your adorable, because you was too sulky to ask her hand for yourself, well, what is there so wonderful in that! Julia Ferguson is a fine girl, and deserves a good husband." "Very likely; but do you suppose I would ever give my consent to her union with my nephew?"—"And why not? Let me tell you, the Fergusons are a very respectable and a worthy family."—"But their blood shall never mingle with mine."—"Look ye, Tomkins; you're an unforgiving fellow: your blood would suffer no contamina-

tion by the union: and I can tell you this, that whatever animosity you may bear to them, they always speak in the highest terms of you. Mrs. Ferguson, to this day, says you are the best-hearted man she ever knew." My uncle's features here assumed a more complacent aspect. "Answer me one question," said he. "Can you deny that she jilted me?"—"I can. You might have had a regard for her, but it does not follow that she was in love with you; and surely she had a right to consult her own happiness by marrying the man of her heart."—"Humph! well, I care little about that now. I hate animosity as much as any man; and Bob knows it has always been my wish that he should be happy; and if I thought they really wished to renew the acquaintance—" I interrupted the conclusion of the sentence by putting into his hand the letter I had just received. He was much agitated while perusing it, and I could see a tear in the corner of his eye. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, and desired me to reach him the writing apparatus. In a few minutes a letter was written, announcing his wish for a reconciliation, and giving his consent to the marriage. Our hearts were too full to speak. My uncle reached out his hand to his friend. He shook it heartily. "You've acted," said he, "like yourself. This is as it should be." I quitted the room to despatch the letter, and in three weeks' time became the husband of the fellmonger's daughter.

Q. Q. Q.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

RETURN TO THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD:

TELL of the proud aspirations of ambition. Trace the glorious achievements of conquerors. Mark the various projects of intellectual power. Follow, in their course, the changes of alternate hopes and fears, in pleasure or business. Observe how much of caprice, or passion, or dreary thought, or sober opinion, has predominated. Then go back to the scenes and days of childhood, and confess how much dearer is the recollection of early affections than the present aspirations of ambition. Confess how much more affecting to the best emotions are the remembrances of early hours, than the novelty, and changes, and conflicts of mature life. In our days of disappointment and adversity, and multiplying vexations, with what unutterable pleasure do we recur to the simple joys of childhood? With what tenacity do we cling to days of innocence and feelings of purity? Pleasure comes to us with its blandishments, and the charms of art minister to newly created wants; but with our pleasures come pain and anxiety, and with new wants come new desires. Love and friendship twine about the heart with renewed force; but the best objects of our affection wither and die, and then we look back to early days, and we ask for the unforgotten joys of childhood. Wearied with cares and disappointed in our expectations, memory goes back to other times when the heart knew not a painful emotion; and, in hope to relieve some of the moments that come to us like the

visions of a dream after years of absence, we return to the scenes of early life.

We come back to the place where our youth was passed, and we look around for some living object on which our earliest and purest affections rested. Affection calls in vain. Nature is the same, but all else has faded. In our first view of the once familiar scenes, our hearts bound with the renovated elasticity of youthful feeling. But soon, how soon, we are admonished that the vigorous fires of youth are nearly burned out: how soon we feel that the companions of our youth have departed; how soon we realize that the gay dreams of life associated with the scenes around us, have passed away; and that nothing now remains to us of their former existence but the associations that bring the same lovely picture of the future to other young bosoms of another generation. We mingle with the people of another age. We mark the gay crowd around us, but we look in vain for the kind and smiling faces that once greeted us. We walk the halls of our former home, and the solitary echo of our foot-step is the only sound to which we claim kindred. That is our own. Its solitariness has companionship in our hearts. All else is the particular property of another age and generation. We exclaim, "how changed!" Aye, how changed! We, our position, our hopes, our feelings, our opinions, our tastes, our associations? Half a century has passed, and a whole generation of men, with all their projects of ambition, and hopes of distinction, and plans for earthly immortality, have passed to their silent home! But not beautiful nature. That is unchanged and unchangeable; and though age has pressed upon the vigor of our limbs, and time has diminished the buoyant emotions of the heart, the bright scenery around us is still presenting its renovated beauties.

We have passed far down on the stream of time. We have left the sparkling sources of the waters that bore us onward. We have receded, on either hand, from the embankments and the grassy couches of its borders. We pass further down the rapid stream. The waters have acquired breadth and depth, and the verdant banks no longer disclose the inviting charms and beauties of an early voyage. The dim mist of the waters is about us, and the sober progress of our passage brings reality, that the limits of human life approximate to the confines of eternity, where the stream of time will be gathered and lost. But the progress of human life and pleasure is still for others. Our children—they commence in the elastic hopes of childhood and youth; and innocent pleasures and gay anticipations live in their bosoms, as once they lived in our own.

We stand upon the spot which was the theatre of the joys of our youth. We are there alone. No living thing claims kindred to us; and a faint and death-like consciousness comes upon the heart, that the home of our early days is the home of strangers, and that every tie of early attachment is severed. The breath of life is not mingled with the scene. But the blue arch of heaven, the towering hill, the once loved stream, with its gentle curves and jutting promontories, the shore-worn pebbles that our infant arm would cast upon the unruffled waters, calling into being the suc-

cessively receding circles that gave delight to our bosoms—these recall the almost obliterated events of childhood, when the voices are hushed in unbroken silence more dear to us.

But there is one object, which, above all others, bears to the heart the most afflicting changes of the past and present. It is the connecting link between the worthiest joys of time drawn from filial and parental affections, and the anticipated delight of renovated love that religious faith presents in a higher state of being. The grave-yard, the sad chronicler of names at the sound of which the heart once leaped, is the only remembrancer that tells of the connecting and undying bond that unites the living with the dead.

Hark! the bell tolls, in measured time, the hour of rest. Its voice speaks of the evening hour when parental benedictions and childhood's gratitude marked a happy family; when the parting words of "good night," told that they were at peace with each other and with the world. A tear! Blest, blest drop, hallowed to the memories of the departed! When I, too, shall be gathered to the narrow house of the dead, may a tear, as warm and as sincere as this, drop upon the green sod that shall cover me.

T. P.

In the present enlightened state of society, it is impossible for mankind to be thoroughly vicious; for wisdom and virtue are very often convertible terms, and they invariably assist and strengthen each other. A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist; it contains within itself the seed of its own destruction, *without* a flood, would be swept away from the earth, by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society, is virtue: it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity. The story of the three German robbers is applicable to our present purpose, from the pregnant brevity of its moral. Having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day, which they had appointed for this purpose, arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate unto himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together,—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal, as the selfishness of vice.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship: and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives, if they can.

THOSE MAGIC EYES!

A Ballad.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by

J. C. VIERECK.

Composed by

A. F. WINNEMORE.

Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.

Allegretto ma con Expressione.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The piano introduction features a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line, with dynamics *mf* and *sfz*. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics "Oh! let those ma-gie eyes of thine, La-dy, upon a-". The piano accompaniment includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The third system continues the vocal line with "no-ther shine; Though but in see-ing thee, I live," and the piano part has a *cres.* (crescendo) and a *f* (forte) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with "eyes, Those eyes my death-wound give. Eyes that such won-drous". The piano part features a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic and a *dol.* (dolente) marking.

mf *sfz*

Oh! let those ma-gie eyes of thine, La-dy, upon a-

dim. *p*

no-ther shine; Though but in see-ing thee, I live, *p* Those

cres. *f*

eyes, Those eyes my death-wound give. Eyes that such won-drous

p *pp* *dol.*



'Tis thus that love and fate ordain,
That which is guerdon for my pain,
Should but add fuel to my grief,
And to my woes bring no relief.

From those dear eyes I light receive,
'Tis only in their light I live,
Yet when they do but glance at me,
Vainly I strive to gaze on thee.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Albany Daily advertiser says, "An English writer charges the fashionable females who ruin their health and their complexions by their dissipation, with resorting to many artifices to retain their good looks. One of these is new to us. It is using a blue crayon to imitate the veins, which are no longer visible through the impaired skin.

Silver plumpers, made to puff out the cheeks, have long been in use, if we may believe what we have read in the old plays. We have ourselves seen beautiful necks that owed all their brilliancy to magnesia." Such may be the case in England, but can never be here.

There is a fashion in flowers as well as in every thing else. Some years ago Geraniums were in high repute. They are easily raised, requiring but little

water, a light soil, and capable of bearing a warm sun. Those who understand their cultivation, prune the branches and lop off the withered leaves. The fashionable flower of the present day is the Dahlia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—The August number has been received, and, by the way, it is due to Mr. Godey to say, that this monthly is received more punctually than most of the periodicals. This number has a greater variety of matter than usual. By the way, how came they with such an inimitable representation of our old acquaintance, *Charles Boston*, as we find in the scene from *Rob Roy*.—*Republican, Annapolis, Md.*

We copy the above from the Annapolis Republican. Do inform us which is the likeness to friend Charles, so that we may judge of his personal appearance. We hope the Baillie is not the fac similie.

BOOKSELLERS FESTIVAL.—Rarely—never, indeed, on any former occasion—has our good city been the theatre of an entertainment in which the ‘feast of reason and the flow of soul’ mingled so harmoniously with the ‘things that minister to the body’s sense,’ as at the late trade-sale celebration. Such a gathering of wits—such an outpouring of eloquence—such a display of intellect, are not of frequent occurrence, and we regard ourselves as particularly fortunate in having been present, and participant in the enjoyment.

It is not, perhaps, generally known to our readers, that twice a year a Book Fair is held in Philadelphia, resembling in its general features the annual fair at Leipzig, whither all the continental booksellers resort. To this fair—that we mean held in this city—come the Booksellers from all parts of the Union to purchase, sell, and exchange their commodities. During the present season an unusual number was assembled, and the trade here gave their brethren from abroad a splendid entertainment, to which they also invited many gentlemen of literary distinction. Nearly two hundred persons were present, including several of our most eminent citizens.

After the cloth was removed, Mr. H. C. Carey, who presided, made some appropriate remarks on the subject of the assemblage, and proposed a toast which called up Dr. Bird, who, in a most classical and polished address, returned thanks for the compliment. Alderman McMichael, in a speech marked by the vigour of thought, fervency of diction, and ease of manner, which are common to all his efforts, detailed a number of highly interesting facts connected with the book-trade, and bestowed a merited eulogium on the booksellers. He was succeeded by our friend Chaydler, who acquitted himself with his customary force and elegance. R. T. Conrad, spoke in his usual rich, glowing, and poetical style; and Richard Penn Smith delivered himself of some capital remarks, interspersed with sparkling witticisms. Postmaster Page punned with his wonted felicity; and Nicholas Biddle made an admirable speech on the growing prospects of the west. Judge Hall, Col. McKenny, and other gentlemen, also responded to sentiments, and various admirable songs were given with great effect by professional and amateur singers.

Altogether, the affair was of the most gratifying character. The arrangements were of the most liberal description, and nothing had been spared to give attraction to the entertainment.

The Charlemagne Bible MS.—This extraordinary specimen of the literature and arts of the 8th century, of the genuineness of which, and its being written by Alcuin, there is no doubt, was put up at auction by Mr. Evans, on the 30th of April; but, notwithstanding his persuasive powers, was bought in at £1500; the value set upon it by the owner being no less than £2500.

Discovery at Pompeii.—Professor Zahn has announced to the world, that a rich discovery has just taken place at Pompeii, in a house forming part of the Strada di Mercurio. Although of insignificant appearance, there were found in this dwelling, pictures in fresco, representing Narcissus and Endymion; fourteen vases of silver, and a great quantity of coins, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold, struck during the reign of the first Roman emperors. Also, two other vases of silver, five inches in diameter, and ornamented with carving, representing Cupids, Centaurs, and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres.

THE GIFT for 1837.—Edited by Miss Leslie—and published by Carey & Hart—is worthy the fame of the Lady Editor, and the enterprise of the Gentlemen publishers. Its contents are varied, and among its contributors will be found the names of Miss Leslie, Mrs. Sigourney, Alex. Dimitry, Willis Gaylord Clark, Charles West Thomson, Miss Embury, Mrs. Stille, R. Shelton Mackenzie, L. L. D., N. C. Brooks, A. M., and W. E. Burton. The plates are beautiful, but the gem of the book is Dorothea, by Cheney. We shall refer to the work again in a future number.

Will our brethren of the press, immediately upon reading this, turn to their Exchange Book and alter address of papers intended for Lady’s Book, to “Saturday News,” and oblige—

Bulwer’s Novels are now complete, and can be sent off at once. A remittance of Five Dollars will pay for the work and command a credit of Two Dollars on account of Lady’s Book. We promise the assistance of a galaxy of talent for the ensuing year, in aid of the present Editor of the book.

The following is the title of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale’s forthcoming work:—

The Ladies Wreath; Containing Selections from the female poetic writers of England and America, with Original Notices and Notes, designed as a Gift Book, for all seasons, and as an Assistant in Female Education—with Engravings.

Mrs. Hale is too well known to need eulogium from us. The above work is worthy the attention of every lady in the country, and should be freely used in our Seminaries. Any orders for the work forwarded through us will be promptly attended to.

As the season is approaching when such things as Cloaks are to be cared for, the following from one of our London Magazines will be read with interest.

CLOAK LOTTERY AT THE —Reader, allow me to offer my testimony in favour of the fairness and impartiality with which this lottery is drawn. As you, perhaps, take no pleasure in games of chance, it is probable you may be altogether ignorant of the existence of the one in question; I will therefore explain to you the scheme, leaving it to your own discretion whether or not to try your fortune in it. It is this:—On entering a certain place of fashionable entertainment, you “put in” a cloak or a great coat; a lady visitor to the pit may risk a hood or a shawl; some persons, indeed, will try their luck even with an umbrella. Well, in exchange for your deposit, whatever it may be, you receive a numbered ticket, whilst another ticket is affixed to the article. At the conclusion of the performance, the lottery is drawn, from which, as it professes to consist entirely of prizes, and to contain no blanks, you may be almost certain of winning something. It may so happen (as, indeed, I am informed, it sometimes does) that in the re-exchange of your ticket, you will receive the identical object which you deposited; but such are the ingenious disorder and confusion with which the various articles are not arranged, and the admirable carelessness with which the duplicate tickets are affixed to them, that such chances are rare. Were it otherwise, the game would be destitute of interest and void of excitement. One evening I tempted Fortune with a cloak, for which I had paid eight guineas only a few days before. On presenting my ticket, numbered 495, I was referred backwards and forwards, from one side of the lobby to the other, for the space of a good half hour first being offered a lady’s black silk hood; next, an old umbrella; but assured, on all hands, that I had not the slightest chance of drawing such a cloak as the one I described, or, indeed, any cloak at all, upon my unlucky No. 495. This being apparently the nature of the game, I suppose I was wrong to complain, for I was rebuked accordingly. So I waited patiently in the hall for another quarter of an hour, till it was cleared of all but two or three visitors and the gentlemen drawers of the lottery; when at last a ticket actually “came up” of my own cloak! but bearing the number 595. Much, however, as I was interested in the game, and fortunate as I considered myself, I shall not play it again, inasmuch as, amongst other inconveniences, it induces late hours. Upon this occasion it detained me nearly three quarters of an hour after the conclusion of the performance, and occasioned me the loss of a party with whom I was engaged to sup.





THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE OLD WOMAN.

ONE fine day last autumn, I was going from New York to Providence, on board the steam-boat. It so happened that among the crowd of passengers, I did not recognize an acquaintance, except a gentleman to whom I had been introduced at the hotel, a short time before we went on board. His name was Allen, and from some conversation, I found that he was a physician. In the United States, every man who can handle a lancet, prescribe a blister or a dose of salts, is in common parlance termed Doctor; so I, without asking for his diploma, shall in future designate my new acquaintance, Doctor Allen.

He was a man in the decline of life, of the middle size, rather inclining to obesity; his dress denoted neither riches nor poverty—though dress, indeed, is no longer a criterion; for some of the richest men wear the worst clothes, apparently thinking that they can afford to be slovenly, as if dirt and rags were a luxury. I do not know how to describe this man, distinct from others of his genus; nor do I well know *why* I wish to describe him, only it is the fashion—at all risks I shall attempt nothing further than to say that he had a pair of particularly shrewd dark eyes, that seemed always on the look for something, and one of those singular smiles that light up the countenance, like a sun-beam bursting from the edge of a thunder-cloud.

Doctor Allen, who seemed as isolated as myself, readily admitted my claim to his acquaintance. We were standing near the stern, looking out over the waste of waters, with its ever undulating waves, through which our "bonny boat" was rapidly cutting her way, and talking, as thousands have talked before us, of the power of steam, and the power of the intellect of man, &c., when my eyes fell upon a being, whom I hesitated at first to call by that proud cognomen—elevated as at that moment it happened to be in my imagination. He was certainly one of the most deformed and ugly of the species. He had the usual number of limbs and features, nor was any of them set precisely where others ought to be, but they all seemed out of place; he was a universal jumble; and possessed withal, that beastly expression of countenance so indescribably disgusting and fearful. I pointed him out to my companion, and with a feeling of loathing dislike, motioned to walk from his vicinity.

My friend glanced at him, and though a slight shudder ran over him, a feeling of curiosity—of

painful interest—seemed to compel him to scrutinize the distressing object, who at first endured his gaze with sullen apathy. Suddenly he raised his eyes—and such eyes! so totally out of keeping with the rest of the face and person, that he seemed looking through a mask—large, dark, and lustrous, they gleamed from under his shaggy red eye-brow with an expression of fierceness and malignity that made me think for a moment that I saw an Indian idiot suddenly inspired by the evil spirit. We turned hastily away and sought another part of the deck. On our way we met the Captain, and made some inquiries about the dwarf—for such he was.

"He has no business there," said he, "I only took him on board on condition that he would stay below out of sight of the ladies and other passengers."

"But who is he?"

"God knows, or *Satan* I should say, for he looks like one of his children!" exclaimed the Captain, hastening away, probably to send him into some recess in the interior, for we saw him no more.

"It is a pity," said I, "that there is not a law to destroy all such disgraces to humanity as soon as they see the light! I cannot think it would be a crime, and it would certainly be for their happiness and for that of their parents; for what pleasures can such an object taste or confer?"

"Though there is no law upon the subject," said my companion, thoughtfully, "there *does* exist such a custom; but man should be careful how, with his finite knowledge, he attempts to alter or thwart the designs of infinite wisdom. I have known an instance, when the death of one of these monsters was fraught with misfortune and ruin to a whole family."

"I should like to hear it," was my response.

"I fear it will not repay you for listening to a long rambling story; but still, if you wish, I will narrate the circumstances."

At that moment we were alarmed by the cry of "a man overboard!" and rushing to the side of the boat, we watched with anxiety the exertions of the sailors to save him. They were successful, and the professional services of my friend were put in immediate requisition to resuscitate the apparently lifeless body.

Just before we went on shore, the Doctor sought me out, and grasping my hand, led me a little apart: "And for whom, thank you, I have been these three hours lavishing my cares, and exert-

ing every art my skill or experience could supply?"

"For the man who fell overboard, I suppose," was my sagacious answer.

"True, of course; but who do you think it is?"

"How can I possibly guess, when I know no person on board but yourself and the Captain?"

"You know him, nevertheless; it is no other than the dwarf, who, maddened by the scorn and loathing of his fellow-creatures, jumped overboard, to hide beneath the waves his misery and his deformity."

A pang of remorse shot through me as I thought of my share in the delinquency, and eagerly asked if he was living. I felt relieved when the Doctor told me that he was, and that as he had forced on him anew a hateful existence, he determined not to lose sight of him till he could place him in some asylum, where his wants would be supplied, and he could wear out that life, it would be sinful to destroy, in seclusion and peace. I put into the hand of the Doctor as large a pecuniary present as I could spare, and requested him to apply it to the necessities of the poor creature—hinting, at the same time, my hope of renewing our acquaintance, and my disappointment at being deprived of his narrative.

"You shall lose neither, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, laughing; "give me your residence, and you shall hear from me—perhaps, Sir, before you think of it. But be quick, for the last passengers are leaving the boat!"

About a month after, I was gratified by receiving a packet, containing a letter from the Doctor, informing me that he had succeeded in placing his protégé in a situation where he was happier than he had expected, and that he had employed a few leisure hours in writing down the story I desired, as when he came to see me he should have other things to talk about.

He has been to visit me, and has given me permission, on condition of changing the names of persons and places, to lay the following story before the public.

I was very young—not more than twenty-two years of age—when I set out to make my own way in the world, by settling in the village of *Rockmore*—to the attention and confidence of whose respectable inhabitants my friends had recommended me. It was not a very brilliant prospect, for it was regarded as a very healthy village, and the inhabitants whom I had seen, seemed to bid defiance to disease; and looked as if death himself would not conquer them without a struggle. The sparse population, too, was scattered over so large an extent of country, that, could I have obtained mileage, I might have amassed a handsome fortune; but, alas! I was something like the unfortunate wight, who "worked for nothing and found himself;" I was obliged to maintain my horse and myself, with little prospect of collecting half the fees I honestly earned.

My only acquaintance in the village, previous to my becoming a resident, was William Lincoln, Esq. an old schoolmate, and my college chum. He had a few years before married a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the clergymen of the township, and settled in the very parish, that was to be honoured by my presence and wisdom. We met with sincere pleasure,

for we had not seen each other since the year of his marriage; but after the first joyful greeting, I was struck by the alteration of his appearance, and felt convinced that the locality was as inauspicious for a lawyer, as I feared it would prove for a physician. I can hardly tell how I came to this conclusion; he was well dressed—neither morose nor gloomy—nor did he complain; but his cheek was care-worn, and his eye—that infallible index to the mind—spoke anxiety and trouble, but ill concealed by his forced gayety. I was introduced to his lady—one of the most amiable and charming women I had ever seen; she was of a cheerful disposition, but often her countenance assumed an expression of sorrow, and her eyes were fixed upon her husband with a mournful sadness that excited both sympathy and curiosity. The latter feeling I suppressed, determined not to seek for confidence when it was not voluntarily bestowed, but hoping that if it was in my power to assist him, he would frankly inform me.

As I was unmarried, I secured a couple of rooms and board at a tavern, and, till patients fell in, employed myself in making acquaintance and learning to find my way about the extensive township, and rambling in the village.

It was one of those straggling, roundabout places that set all idea of regularity at defiance. Its streets, if streets they might be called, crooking in all directions, and its houses, its habitations rather, intermixed in the most discordant manner, handsome houses, decent buildings and miserable hovels so intermingled that a professed cicerone would be at a loss to point out one quarter of the village, as more respectable than its neighbour in point of architecture. Its lanes, or streets as they were called, by courtesy, diverged in various directions from a square, once, perhaps, intended as a genteel part of the village, but now occupied by the church, the stocks and the hay scales.

About a quarter of a mile from the church, on the principal street, that is, the most popular lane, stood an old fashioned *building*, with a great sign before it, on which was drawn a face said to be that of Washington, but such a face as would have disturbed his repose in the regions of rest, could his spirit have seen it; this was the village inn. It is now forty years since, that on a bright Spring morning, the second Sunday of my residence in the village, that I sallied from this inn on my way to the meeting house. I had not walked a dozen paces when I was joined by Deacon Forster, who, at the head of his numerous family was proceeding to the same place. After the usual salutations, the worthy Deacon plunged into a prolix and I believe interminable account of his sickness the preceding Winter, of what my predecessor said to him, and what he said to my predecessor, for I may say I had taken upon me the duties of Physician in the place of a very worthy gentleman, who had removed to the metropolis. Not feeling much interest in the subject, I contented myself with hems and ha's, accompanied by sundry wise shakes of the head, and gave my attention to the various groups that thickened round us as we drew nearer to the common centre. Among them was a woman, whom having once seen I could not avoid looking at again and again. You need not expect a

love tale, for this woman appeared to be more than sixty years of age; time had not spared her, and suffering had left deep traces upon her forehead. In the midst of the now crowded street, she walked alone amid kind nods, cheerful salutations, shaking hands and affectionate inquiries. She walked alone, the centre of a circle, apparently protected from collision by an atmosphere of her own, a barrier invisible, but so effectually repulsive that not a hand was extended to her, not a word addressed to her. Yet the looks with which she was regarded were not those of aversion, but rather of awe, and some of compassion. She had the dark clear grey eye, usually regarded as denoting peculiar energy of mind, and her person, still tall and upright, had evidently once possessed great muscular strength. I waited for a pause in the Deacon's discourse, to enquire who she was, but like the idiot waiting on the river's bank for the water to run by, I might have waited long enough for such an opportunity, and before I could make up my mind to interrupt him we had lost sight of her.

As we approached the meeting house (so it was the fashion forty years ago to call them) the Deacon suddenly dropped himself and his ailments to expatiate on this pride of the village, for so it was, not for its extent, magnificence or beauty, but for its antiquity.

Our village was one of a cluster of five or six, all of which composed one township, and there was a rivalry which should be regarded as the most important—in other words, the capital of our little world. Our village had in some respects the advantage, for there resided the townclerk, and in our meeting house was decided those elections "of so much vital importance to the country," as my friend the Deacon said, of selectmen and hogreven. Oh, what a bustle the village used to be in on the days of election—how its inhabitants used to strut and look down upon the dwellers in the other villages as they flocked in to Town meeting; nay, even the old meeting house itself seemed to have a look of unusual primness, and gave tongue from its steeple with redoubled energy. The other villages had each their claims; in one resided the richest man in the township, and, probably, for the convenience of his children, there was located the public grammar school. In another they had just erected a new meeting house, larger and handsomer than ours, and, as the inhabitants seditiously hinted, "much fitter to hold town-meetings in than the old shatter down place that would one day tumble about their ears."

Still, by favour of custom and dint of intrigue, we held our privileges. All this did the worthy Deacon tell me as we approached the sacred edifice—nay, even to its very portal; then making up his countenance to its Sunday expression of solemnity, he entered his own pew and left me to find my way to mine.

As I had been absent the preceding Sabbath, this was the first time I had entered the venerated structure. I gazed round me with astonishment, which I dare say my neighbours mistook for admiration, and very likely the mistake raised me fifty per cent. in their estimation; but truth to tell I was wondering how they had kept it together so long. The date of its erection, ostentatiously placed above the pulpit, told that

it had stood near a hundred years; built of plain pine, and guiltless of paint—the different colours of the wood work betrayed its various and manifold patches and repairs. The stairs leading to the galleries were inside, so that all could see who went up to the high places; one gallery was devoted to men—the other to women, as it was deemed expedient to keep them apart, and on the broad aisle, directly in front of the pulpit, were six benches, three on either side, called "old men and old women's seats;" and exclusively devoted to that class, who, too poor to aspire to the luxury of a pew, were unable from age or infirmity to make their way into the galleries. These seats were full—even the side appropriated to females—for in those days there were old women—and directly under my eye, leaning against my pew, sat the woman who had so powerfully attracted my curiosity. Even here she had the distinction of being *shunned*; for the others evidently sat as far from her as their limits allowed. She seemed restless and unhappy, glancing constantly but furtively in all directions; in one of those glances she encountered my gaze. She started convulsively; her eye—her peculiar eye—lighted up for a moment with a look of keen intelligence, as if she would pierce my bosom and analyze my motives; then turning totally away, she evidently made up her mind to give me no further opportunity of studying her countenance; but from that sort of fascination, so often dwelt upon that it is needless to repeat it, in a moment her face was again turned toward me; when she saw me still looking at her, an expression that I had seemed to miss, filled her countenance, and I saw before me such a woman as I had read of—had heard of—but had never seen; a woman from physical conformation capable of deeds the most daring and desperate.

It was my turn to shrink, which I did, and turned away with no very comfortable sensations; I felt much as a man might, who had roused a rattlesnake, and knew not how soon he might feel its fangs in his flesh. I was relieved by a slight movement, caused by the entrance of the clergyman and his family. He was an aged man, but apparently hale and hearty; he wore one of those white bushy wigs, of which the present generation may have read, but not seen. His stout, upright person; his benevolent expression of countenance; his air of habitual good humour, with a merry twinkle about the corners of his eyes—subdued for the time, but ready to be awakened to innocent mirth on a proper opportunity, gave him, though an orthodox divine, so different an aspect from some of the ascetics of the present day, that they might be regarded as of a totally distinct species. He was, indeed, a most amiable and exemplary man; and, when nearly twenty years after he paid the debt of nature, his parish sustained a loss—not yet repaired.

He was followed by his wife, a portly matron, several years younger than himself—dressed in a pompadour satin gown, and a black satin cloak trimmed with fur—really a comely lady, who knew her place in society, and meant to keep it.

After her, followed her daughter; a pretty interesting woman, leaning on the arm of her hus-

band—the lawyer—the only one in the township who resided in our parish, as in duty bound, having to wife the daughter of our minister. As they passed my pew the singular old woman rose, and remained standing till they were seated—a mark of respect paid by no other individual. As the service now commenced, I composed myself into an attitude of devout attention; but to my shame, I confess, that I thought more of the strange woman beside me, than of the sermon. I pictured to myself, who, or what, she could be; that there was some history belonging to her I felt convinced. Though now in the lower class, she might not always have been so—nay, the evident awe she inspired, might be the effect of former station. I ventured to glance at her again; her dress, neat and clean, and of even rich material, was old; another proof, thought I, and I pondered in my mind how I could best become acquainted with her, lead her to confide in me, and show my respect for fallen grandeur. Oh, visions of youthful fancy and philanthropy! how warm—how beautiful are ye, compared to the cold, cautious suggestions of callous age! Before service was over, I was far gone in a fit of Quixotism; and on leaving church, gave a proof of it, that caused abundant speculation as to the state of my intellect, by making a low and respectful bow to my unknown old lady. She received it with a fierce stare of anger and suspicion, answered with a short derisive laugh, and hurried away.

“Good heavens!” thought I, “is it thus she receives the evidence of my respect! But I see how it is; her mind has been poisoned, and her temper soured by the neglect with which she is treated, and the insults she has met with; I will not be repulsed; she shall own that good feeling yet exists in the world, and—”

“My dear Sir, what are you dreaming about,” said my friend, the lawyer, taking my arm as he spoke; “I have been talking to you these five minutes, and you are employed staring at the sky. What under heaven put it into your head to make such a reverential salute to poor Mrs. Brown?”

“Mrs. Brown; what a dreadfully plebeian name,” cried I; “but I suppose she goes by it!”

“To be sure she goes by it; what name would you have her go by? The name is good enough; but come, my wife has deputed me to ask your company to dinner, and I trust you will not mortify her by a refusal.”

“If I did, I should deserve to go without any,” said I, accompanying him with alacrity. “But about the person—the lady you mention; I had an idea—a sort of reminiscence—very confused, in fact, but still I think—I think I have seen her before, and under rather different circumstances.”

“Seen her before? likely enough! she used to be a famous sick nurse till within these two or three years; when I first came to the village, nothing could be done without Mrs. Brown.”

“Sick nurse! you don’t mean so?” cried I, in utter bewilderment.

“To be sure; did you take her for a princess in disguise?” said my companion, laughing.

“Why something very like it,” I answered, joining the laugh. I then partially, and to his great amusement, explained my feelings, and was told that she belonged to the village; was

daughter of an old schoolmaster; married many years before a young man who followed the sea; lived as well as most folks; her husband became master of a vessel, till unfortunately he was lost at sea—vessel and cargo—all his worldly wealth was on board, and more afflicting still, her son—her only child, a promising lad—was lost with his father.

“She returned, a husbandless, childless beggar, to the house of her father, with whom she had resided but ten days, when he met with an accident that terminated in lock-jaw—and she became an orphan. There are few persons who are not connected with society by some kindred tie; who do not feel that a portion of their blood runs in the veins of some other; but she was alone. Her father and mother were English. Mr. Bruce had come to this town many years before to teach school; he was perfectly competent to the task, but he was a reserved and taciturn man, and her mother a sickly woman of melancholy manners, who died soon after they came, and no one can recollect that either mentioned that they had any connections in this country. The neighbours were all kind to her; and when the violence of her grief was over, and a stern resignation had taken its place, encouraged her to do something for herself. My good old father-in-law, and some others, subscribed enough to purchase for her the small house in which her father had lived, and advised her to take a summer school. This she declined; “her mind,” she said, “had become too broken, and her temper too irritable to take care of children: but she would cheerfully undertake to nurse the sick”—and an excellent nurse she became. When I first came here, five years since, she was at the height of her renown—quite the oracle of the parish. Of the parish did I say? of all the parishes around; she was sent for in all directions, and was constantly employed; but for these two years she has become misanthropical—sort of melancholy mad—and her behaviour has been so singular, that she has gradually lost her business.”

“Good heavens!” said I, “so many misfortunes are enough to drive her mad; but how does she live?”

“On her savings of more prosperous times, and a little sewing work; a large garden belongs to her house, in which, with a little aid from her neighbours, she formerly raised a pretty crop of cabbages, potatoes, &c.; but for these three years it has run wild. She will neither cultivate it herself, nor permit others to do it for her. Three years since she nursed my wife; a sad affair it has turned out for me, though I dare say it was not the poor woman’s fault.”

“How? Pray explain.”

“Oh, an unfortunate business; an old humourist uncle of mine, lately deceased, left his property in an out of the way manner; by a will, made ten years since, he devised the bulk of his fortune to that one of his five nephews who was first the father of a living child; the property would have been mine, but that unfortunately my first infant was still born. It has been a heavy blow to us. It seems like witchcraft! Yet, believe me, I care not so much for myself as for my poor—”

At that moment we were startled by a groan

of such anguish, that we turned simultaneously to ascertain from whose lip such a sound could proceed.

Behind us, but a few steps, supporting herself against the fence, stood the subject of our conversation. We had been so earnestly engaged that we had not observed her, and it was evident that she must have heard a great part of what was said. I felt pained at the circumstance, and instantly sprang forward, as did my friend, to her assistance. Her brow was contracted, her eyes set, and her lips firmly pressed together, indicating severe mental, or bodily suffering.

"Good God," said Mr. Lincoln, "how unlucky! let us get her to my house, it is but a step! Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown lean upon me, if any thing is the matter here is the Doctor ready to assist you, come!" The poor woman clung so closely to the picket that we could not remove her.

Suddenly her countenance relaxed, her eyes moved, and with a heavy sigh or rather sob, she sunk upon the ground. Several people gathered round with offers of advice and assistance. Mr. Lincoln desired them to lift her and carry her to his house, but as they began to raise her, she recovered her energy, and springing so rapidly to her feet, as nearly to overset her assistants, she exclaimed, "Never! never! *never!* I am better, let me alone! I am better! I shall soon be well, yes—" in a hoarse whisper—"well as I can be this side the grave!" Then approaching me, and looking steadily in the face, she said, "I have misjudged you—but I may make it up before I die—trouble not yourself about me, you cannot aid me—I am past the aid of man. Go into *your* house!" turning to Mr. Lincoln, "oh yes! to blast you all!" and with a discordant laugh she burst through the circle, and with masculine strides soon disappeared.

I pass over the exclamations of the bystanders, and my farther conversation with my friend and his family as throwing no light upon the subject. One fact only did I elicit, Mrs. Lincoln said that formerly she appeared much attached to their family, perhaps in gratitude for the services and kindness of her parents in the time of her troubles, but that of late she shunned her presence, left coming to the house, and except that she regularly paid her a respect she would willingly dispense with, that of rising when she entered church, seemed altogether to have forgotten her.

I felt convinced more than ever, that there was a mystery, and I had an insane desire to unravel it, but how? was the question. To intrude myself uninvited into her domicile, was I confess a bolder task than I liked to undertake, and vainly did I look for her elsewhere. Except at church, where I could not address her, she did not appear in the village, and when I ventured to hint at her as a nurse to any of my patients, they looked as if inclined to throw my medicine out of the window and me perhaps after it, for which in the existing circumstances, truly I did not blame them.

Still I felt perfectly convinced that she was not insane. My medical experience had taught me to read the countenances, the eyes of my patients, and though I acknowledged powerful and irregular excitement, I denied the lunacy; nor did I

give up the hope of one day being able to solve the mystery that enveloped her actions.

Weeks and months meantime glided on, unmarked by any occurrence worth mentioning, except the no longer to be concealed pecuniary distress of Mr. L. Forty years ago in the township where two Lawyers are now making fortunes, there was not business enough to merely support one.

Mr. L. was an open-hearted—open-handed man, as unfitted for any part of his profession, where chicanery is required, as man could be; he much preferred making up quarrels, to urging them into a court of Justice: and, where causes are *few*, fees cannot be *many*. If he grew richer every day in the love of his fellow-citizens, and the approbation of his conscience, he became poorer in exact ratio, in the means of supporting his family, and providing for his child. His good old father-in-law could not in decency—did not in heart upbraid him; but his proud mother-in-law viewed every contraction in her daughter's household and expenses as a direct injury, and seldom failed to make known her displeasure by ironical remarks and covert sarcasm. When at length Mr. L's. distresses forced him to give up housekeeping, and they went as nominal boarders into his father-in-law's family, I saw that the health of L. would soon fall a sacrifice to his unhappy situation. His beautiful and amiable wife, though returning his affection with all the devotedness of woman's love, had been educated in too rigid an observance of the precept 'honour thy father and thy mother,' to dare interfere.

The manly pride of Mr. L. forbade his living a pensioner on the small income of his father-in-law, and he determined to seek in some other place the means of supporting his family. The situation of Mrs. L. with her delicate health, rendered a separation, at this time peculiarly painful. But the sacrifice must be made, and Mr. L. prepared for his journey.

It was now the middle of Autumn, in what is called Indian summer. I had been to visit a patient several miles from my home and it was near night before I could return. Dark clouds began to rise in the eastern horizon, the swallows flew low, sweeping the breast of the pool with their feathers, the wind moaned among the trees, tearing off their withered foliage, and whirling the red and yellow leaves in swales along the pathway. To shorten my journey, I had been induced to try a bridle track through the wood, which like most short cuts, ended in disappointment. I missed some turning, or else received wrong instructions, for the farther and farther I rode, the more completely I became bewildered. The sky was now so obscured by clouds, that I could no longer distinguish the point of the compass; night was rapidly approaching, and I had the very agreeable prospect of being out all night in a storm. I had some thought of leaving it to the sagacity of my horse, but alas! he was a late purchase, and if he knew the road at all, would most likely start for his old Master's stable, about twenty miles distant. It was now quite dark, and the rain, which had been for some time falling in large heavy drops, like a scattered fire of musquetry, now commenced a close and heavy discharge, when to my great joy, I suddenly

found myself clear of the wood, and in sight, nay close to a house, the interior of which seemed in a blaze of light.

I rode toward it, but found myself on the brink of what appeared a river, only I could not for the life of me remember any river that by any probability I could have stumbled on. However I uplifted my voice, and shouted loud and long for assistance; my cries were for so long time disregarded, though the house did not stand more than twenty yards on the other side; at last the door opened and with a blazing pine knot in each hand, Mrs. Brown stepped over the threshold. She approached me, "who is that stands screaming here like a screechowl, instead of pushing his horse through the brook like a man?"

My feelings I honestly confess were not of the most agreeable kind; much as I had formerly wished to see her, I would much rather at this moment have seen any body else. I mustered courage, however, to follow her order, and putting my horse through the brook, for in truth, it was nothing more, I rode to the door of the dwelling. "Go in," said she, "warm and dry yourself, I will take care of the animal." She took the bridle and led him to a shed, while I willingly obeyed her injunction, and, pushing open the door, entered.

To my surprise no one was visible; but a cheerful fire blazed in the capacious chimney, and half a dozen bituminous splinters of the bog pine, rendered the room as light as day.

My hostess soon entered, deliberately extinguished most of the resinous torches, pushed an old-fashioned arm chair to the fire, made me a sign to be seated, and took a seat herself on a block in one corner of the chimney.

As she did not seem inclined to speak, I knew not exactly how to address her. I looked round the dwelling; the furniture, though plain, was plenty, and arranged with care and neatness, but the woman herself was fearfully altered; her eyes were sunken, and wandered with an expression of unnatural activity, her face seemed to have fallen in, and her bloodless lips scarcely resembled those of a human being.

The storm raged fiercely, and the wind shook the house to its foundation. The woman suddenly turned to me and said, "You must stay all night—you are wet—" then rising she went to a chest, and taking out various articles of men's apparel, exclaimed, "Here, put them on, I go to get some food," and left the room. Thoroughly drenched as I was, and shivering with cold, I hesitated not a moment to array myself in the substantial habiliments, and accordingly adorned my person with a pair of velvetene inexpressibles, an old silk vest, the capacious pockets of which reached almost to my knees, and a collarless coat, the skirt hanging nearly to my heels, the breasts running from my throat to the bottom of the skirt, and loaded with huge copper buttons. Grotesque as I must have looked, I felt quite comfortable, and took my easy chair with much complacency.

While I was reflecting on the unexpected accident that had made me an inmate with the very person I had so long wished to converse with, she re-entered, bearing the materials of my supper; she started as she entered, and while arranging the table and boiling the eggs, I could see as she glanced at me, that her countenance

was working in strong emotion. She placed the table before me with eggs, salt and bread. "Eat, it is all I have to give you," said she. Willing to say something, but hardly knowing what, I answered:

"Will you not partake?"

"No!—trouble not yourself about me," she replied, taking her former seat. A deep sob burst upon my ear, another and another! I looked hastily round, the poor woman had thrown herself back with her hands clasped wildly together, in a paroxysm of tears. My heart was melted—I went to her, and taking her hands in mine, exclaimed, "Mrs. Brown, poor woman! what is the matter; confide in me, and if it be in the power of man, if it be in my power, I swear to assist you!"

For some time she could not answer me, but her tears at length flowed more easily and she cried, "ah! Sir, you are very kind, but—but you cannot help me—my father—they were *his* clothes—just so he used to sit—I am old and foolish—I know tears cannot bring back the dead—and why should I wish it?" she continued wildly; "why should I wish *him* alive, to witness the guilt, the anguish of his daughter! No! no! no!" I listened in consternation; guilt had never been imputed to her, though I had suspected it, but now, why should I take advantage of a momentary weakness to worm myself into her confidence, and repay the kindness with which she had treated me, with black ingratitude? My better nature obtained the mastery and I exclaimed, "Mrs. Brown recollect yourself,—no one accuses you of guilt or crime; do not speak so; still if I can assist you I will."

"You are right!" looking at me steadily, "you are not the person to whom I must speak; but return to your bed, I want to be alone." She rose, and pointing to a narrow staircase, gave into my hand a light splinter of pitch pine, and motioned me to go. I obeyed the order in silence; and after ascending a few steps, found myself in the attic, where stood a comfortable bed. I felt an insurmountable reluctance to undress myself; so turning down the bed-clothes, I extinguished my torch, and covering myself, endeavoured to sleep. Fatigue is, after all, the best opiate; for maugre a thousand wild thoughts that thronged my brain, I dropped into a sound slumber. How long I had slept I cannot tell, but I was awakened by piercing, heart thrilling cries from the room beneath. I sprang from bed, and finding the door, hurried to the scene of uproar. The first object I beheld was the woman, standing in one corner of the room, waving a firebrand just snatched from the hearth; her eyes glaring and protruded, the veins of her forehead and neck black and swollen, and every limb quivering with terror. I looked round the room—no one else was to be seen. "Woman!" cried I, "for God's sake what is the matter?"

"So you have taken *his* form, have ye?" shrieked she; "but I know you; take that!"—and she hurled her brand at my head.

It was well for me that I was young and agile, for the missile flew with such force, that had it struck me, I should have slept with my fathers. I attempted to seize her, but with the strength of madness she dashed me from her, and running to the other end of the room, caught up an axe.

It was in vain to attempt to defend myself. I was near the door, and opening it, how, I scarcely know, I rushed out of the house. I saw before me the shed into which she had led my horse, and made toward it with all the strength I had. I heard her burst out; I heard her wild cries behind me—fortunately the door of the shed was partly open—I pulled it too, and fastened it with a bolt. Safety was not to be found there; I heard her wild blows with the axe, and it could not be hoped the old and crazy door would long resist her. I looked round in desperation; there stood my horse just as I had left him the preceding evening; she had not thought it necessary to remove the saddle, and, joyful sight, beyond him another door; to catch his bridle—lead him to the door—mount and gallop off, was but the work of a moment. Well it was no longer—for as I darted from one door, the crash of the other announced its demolition.

It was now broad daylight, and the path plain before me, but when at a safe distance I drew bridle and paused for consideration. As I gazed back upon the scene of action, I could not help admiring, as I have often done since, the uncommon beauty of the situation. The house was built upon the top of a verdant knoll, seemingly scooped out from the forest by a large and rapid brook, (or branch, as it would be called at the south,) that now, swollen by the rain, poured its impetuous torrent round two-thirds of its base. A few spreading beeches alone remained upon the knoll, but the edges were fringed with sweet birch and weeping willows. Outside the brook it was surrounded with forest-trees of great height and magnitude; the oak, the pine, the ash, and the elm, united their branches—giving shade to the earth and beauty to the landscape. The old house or cottage, was almost covered with ivy; the shed from which I had escaped, stood under a magnificent beech, and was nearly concealed by its bending branches. All looked like solitude; and I might have fancied the whole a dream, but for the old fashioned suit in which I was dressed. I was sensible that I made a most ridiculous figure, but there was no remedy. To return in face of axes and firebrands to demand my clothes of a maniac, for so she was at the moment, was out of the question; it was yet early, and I hoped by hard riding to reach my lodging without much observation. Says Peter, says he, "I'm thinking we'll trot." "I'm thinking we won't," says the ass, in the language of action. So it was with Dobbin and myself. "Now for a gallop," said I; Dobbin gave a jerk and a grunt; I kicked till I got him to execute a shuffling shamble, that I suppose he intended for a gallop, for about a minute, then a sober trot was all he could attempt. Poor beast! he was tired and hungry; so I made up my mind, still hoping for the best, and ambled on. The storm had totally subsided, but the wind whistling keenly through the trees, reminded me of the want of a hat. To supply the deficiency, I tied a large red bandanna round my head, and altogether must have made as handsome a figure as any I have seen of late in the "Fantastical parades." To the anxious and uneasy, time and distance are always doubled, and as I eyed the brightening horizon, I thought

I must have missed my way or be riding round a circle, else I should have been at the hotel long before. But as certain well-known objects told me I was progressing, though slowly, my thoughts reverted to the scene of the preceding night. If we were allowed to order for ourselves the incidents and events of the day, what miserable—what wild work should we make of our own lives, and the lives of others! Well for us is it, that a mightier hand than our's controuls and guides the movement of the universe! But a few days before, an uninterrupted intercourse with Mrs. Brown, was an event I earnestly desired; but to be driven into her house; to be obliged to pass the night under her roof, if I *could* have ordered it, would have been the very thing I should have chosen; yet here I was, a fugitive, in strange attire—nothing, or next to nothing gained, except making myself an object of ridicule, or I might say, of terror.

At the moment this reflection was crossing my mind, I was passing a cottage. Before the door an old woman was picking some chips, but at sight of me she lost hold of her apron, letting her chips fall while she hobbled to the door, raising her cracked, discordant voice, to a yell that did me some service, for it startled my horse and absolutely made him gallop for a hundred yards. I was now within half a mile of the inn, and not wishing to try farther experiments of the effect my appearance would produce, I turned into a shady lane, and dismounted, determined to find my way home over some fields and pastures, by a path I had often heard of, rather than set the dogs barking, and old women squalling in the main street. I made my way without adventure of any kind to the back door of the tavern, and congratulated myself on reaching home without attracting notice; but, alas! my self-felicitation was premature. I had entered the hall and was approaching the stairs that led to my room, when my landlady emerged from the breakfast room. No sooner had she caught sight of me, than she raised her voice higher, I believe, than woman ever screamed before; I ran to her to convince her who I was, and calm her clamour—unlucky mistake for me—for, rendered almost frantic by my approach, in the very desperation of her terror, she caught hold of my coat, and falling to the floor, dragged me after her! Fully alive to the ridicule of my situation, I strove to free myself from her gripe, but in vain; and I heard the bar-room and the kitchen pouring forth their inmates to know the cause of the uproar! The landlord made his appearance, armed with an old musket that he kept in the bar—often boasting that it had seen hot work in the revolution. The servants came in a cluster, holding by each other.

"In the name of God, what is it?" cried my landlord; "shall I fire, Becky? shall I fire?" and then, suiting the action to the word, he raised the huge piece to his shoulder.

"Stop!" shouted I; "don't you know me? come and free me from your wife, and I will thank you."

"Zounds, that I should say so, if it arn't the Doctor! Wife—Becky—you fool—let um alone!" down went the gun; and he, not so fearful of hurting her, or, perhaps, knowing from expe-

rience, how much coercion she could bear, soon wrenched my coat from her hands and gave her into the care of her handmaidens.

I briefly explained that, being caught in the storm, I had found refuge at Mrs. Brown's, where my own clothes being perfectly drenched, I had

been compelled to borrow those I had on, and mustering all my dignity, I stalked up stairs, amid the ill-suppressed tittering of the spectators.

(To be Continued.)

THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.



THE female costume of this period has been in many points familiarized to the sight of our readers, by the modern French and English fashions within the last few years. The large full sleeves confined at intervals from the elbow to the wrist, or worn "en blouse," as the Parisians called it, and denominated bishop's sleeves in London: the small waists, the gowns cut square at the neck, with stomachers, belts, and buckles, or rich girdles with long pendants in front, and hats and feathers similar to many still to be seen nightly at the opera, have all been borrowed from the ladies' dress of the reigns of Henry VII. Its obsolete characteristics were slashes in the sleeves; the caps and caul of gold net or embroidery, from beneath which the hair escaping hung down the shoulders half way to the ground; the divided sleeves connected by points, and a head-dress like a capuchon turned back, of which several varieties are to be seen in paintings and illuminations of this period, particularly in the portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., by Holbein, and of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, his mother, who died in 1509. Elizabeth, the day preceding her coronation, appeared in a state dress, having a mantle of white cloth of gold damask furred, with ermines fastened on her breast, with a large lace curiously wrought with gold and silk, with rich knoppes of gold at the end tasselled. Cotton. MS. Julius, B. xii.

Skelton, the poet laureat of Henry VII., has left us a humorous description of Eleanor Ruming, a noted hostess of his time, and her dress may be considered a pretty good-model of the attire of females in humble life.

"In her furr'd floeket,
And grey russet rocket,
Her duke of Lincoln green;
It had been her's I weene
More than forty yeare,
And so it doth appeare.
And the grene bare threads
Look like sea-weeds,
Withered like hay,
The wool worn away:
And yet I dare say,
She thinks herself gay,
Upon a holyday,
When she doth array,
And girdeth in her gates,
Stitched and pranked with plates,
Her kirtle bristow red,
With cloths upon her head,
They weigh a ton of lead.
She hobbles as she goes,
With her blanket hose,
Her shoone (shoes) smeared with tallow."

Figs. a, c, and d, from Harleian MS. 4425; b, from Royal MS. 19, C 8, dated 1496.

THE ONCE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.'

ABOUT twenty miles from the metropolis stood Hartley Lodge, the property and residence of Mr. Engleton, a gentleman truly worthy of the general esteem in which he had long been held. Some of his more dashing neighbours may have thought that, considering his circumstances, he lived somewhat too retired; but those who witnessed the happiness of his domestic circle could feel no surprise that he sought not for pleasure elsewhere.

Few persons have trod the path of life beneath such cloudless skies as had Mr. and Mrs. Engleton. Their marriage was one of pure, and, perhaps, we may say, of intense affection. Somewhat had they experienced beforehand of the difficulties and uncertainties which ever lie in the course of true love; but they had long since arrived at the period anticipated by Virgil's heroes in their hardships—

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Occurrences and anxieties which, at the time, had brought tears, and sighs, and sleepless nights, were now subjects of pleasing reminiscence, exciting only placid smiles or gentle raillery. Blest with almost uninterrupted health, and a more than ample competency, they had arrived at the afternoon of life; and, to crown their happiness, a son and daughter, the only fruits of their union, had grown up all that the fondest parents could desire.

Maria Engleton was now eighteen years of age. Parents and lovers only dream of faultless human nature. All acknowledged that she was surpassingly beautiful; and those who knew her best, spake in raptures of the sweetness of her disposition and the benevolence of her heart. But others, who loved her much, termed her extreme acuteness of feeling, a weakness. The death of a favourite spaniel, when she was very young, had wrought so powerfully upon her as to threaten serious consequences to her health. Often had she been found sitting and weeping over poor Carlo's grave; and though, when borne away from the spot, she listened quietly to expostulation, and even acknowledged that her grief was "very foolish," the poor little creature's pillow bore evidence that she had not been comforted. So the name of Carlo was never mentioned in her presence, and the place of his interment was paled-off and planted. In these precautions, some said that her parents acted unwisely, and that she should have been brought up to *face and endure*, instead of being, as it were, *shielded and led aside* from such minor trials, and that, thereby, she would have acquired strength of nerve to undergo the severe inflictions of more advanced life. There may have been some truth in their observations, but to find fault and instruct parents how they ought to manage their children, appears an easy task, and is therefore often gratuitously and thoughtlessly assumed by the incompetent.

Some transient uneasiness, some slight clouds of apprehension, occasionally passed across the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Engleton, when they

thought of their daughter's too sensitive feelings; though, to say the truth, they were not accustomed to think or argue deeply on any subject. They brought up their children with kindness, and, perhaps, too great indulgence, in habits of religion and morality; they visited and were visited by their neighbours, and had no cares of a pecuniary nature; and thus, unmarked by any important event, years glided calmly away, till imperceptibly their daughter had arrived at womanhood, with her character still unchanged.

Under the parental roof, and in occasional visits to London, she had acquired those accomplishments deemed necessary in her station of life; but still, guileless and warm-hearted, as in the days of her childhood, she visited the cottages of the poor, and often literally wept with those that wept. To receive assistance from Hartley Lodge was nothing new among the afflicted of the hamlet, but never before had it engendered such sincere thankfulness. A beautiful young female, of superior rank, bringing relief, and entering, not for mere form or pity's sake, into their tales of sorrow, but with evidently intense interest; and whose cheering visits became more frequent as the gloom of sickness or poverty darkened around them—such a being appeared in their eyes the verisimilitude of one of those celestial messengers whom we call angels. The blessings of the widow, and the orphan, and the helpless, were upon her head; and towards her their inmost hearts glowed with a fulness and warmth of admiration and gratitude not to be purchased by mere almsgiving. When the dim eye beheld her, it gleamed, and, at her coming, the parched and pale lips, smiled; and, when her name was uttered, withered hands, lying listless on the bed of sickness, would arise and clasp themselves together as if in prayer.

Such was the state of things at Hartley when Edmund Engleton came home from Oxford. He was two years older than Maria, and they loved each other dearly, with the pure and confiding love of an *only* brother and an *only* sister. But their characters were very different, for the prevailing feature of his was a lightness—almost a rude boisterousness of spirits—which often led him into acts of thoughtless folly. Warm, open-hearted, and generous, nothing could have induced him to *contemplate* doing what might possibly inflict pain upon another; but a hearty laugh, and the prospect of a "glorious frolic," were to him irresistible excitements; and, like many in ripet years, he was accustomed to act first and think afterwards. Even his dear Maria was sometimes the victim of his practical jokes; and then, when she would hang round his neck, and with tearful eye kindly reproach him, and say, "Dear Edmund! how *could* you serve me so?"—he would be sorry, very sorry, would comfort and caress her, and would declare (what was, indeed, the truth) that he "meant no harm;" and she would kiss him, and not merely forgive, but excuse him, and declare that she only was to blame for "being so very foolish as to mind such trifles." And this generous self-accusal on her part, probably rendered the task of his own justification to himself more easy, though, indeed, it may be questioned if he ever really *thought* on the subject.

On his return from Oxford he was a fine young

man, enjoying high health and exuberant spirits; and his parents saw in him their joy, their hope, and their pride. His talents were not considered by others to be above mediocrity; but the eyes of parents discern what the world sees not, and to them his college tales and jokes were proofs of shining abilities and brilliant wit. The father, good man! when leaving Oxford at the same age, had put away his books with the emphatic observation that they were "done with." They were ranged upon the highest shelves in the library, as though he feared lest proximity might tempt him to a renewal of his studies; and there they had remained till they had become to him even as a dead letter or a barren soil, while the joys and converse of his family were as ever-gushing fountains of pure water, refreshing to his heart.

Little dreamt he of philosophy; but, if the end of that science be happiness and peace of mind, Mr. Engleton was, at this period, as near their attainment as may fall to the lot of human nature in this lower sphere.

Not quite so much can be said of his good lady. She thought on the days of her youth as she beheld her daughter, now moving before her in unconscious beauty, and, in her eyes, appearing

More than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

"How," she asked herself, "would it be, should the heart within that lovely but delicate frame become the shrine of misplaced or ill-requited affection?" Appalling was the sole mental reply that she could wring from her own experience and conviction. "The fair temple will be shattered into ruin, and must perish amid the fearful strife."

But this was a suppositious case, and might never occur; for though Maria was now at an age when the affections are easily entangled, she was, comparatively, out of the reach of temptation, being ever under the eye of her parents; and then her own rectitude of principle and purity of heart formed a protecting barrier not easily to be overcome.

Thus argued the mother, and usually succeeded in dispelling melancholy forebodings; yet, ever and anon, when her daughter's feelings were greatly excited by what others deemed trifles, she would shudder to think of what she must experience if brought into conflict with the worst influences of the master passion. But these were her secret fears. She spake not thereof, even to her husband, at the time, nor communicated them to any other person till long after the events about to be related. Her whole demeanour and aspect were, at this time, placid and composed, even as they appeared afterwards, when all her fears were dispelled, in brighter and happier days.

Merry was the little family circle at Hartley Lodge, and, with "the merry month of May," all nature seemed rejoicing around them. The house was pleasantly situated upon a gently rising slope, sufficiently elevated to command in front a somewhat extensive prospect, the general character of which was what is commonly termed "woody." And this character appertained to the neighbourhood, not because there

were either woods or forests there, but because it was highly cultivated, after the fashion usually adopted by rich bankers, and merchants, and retired tradesmen, each contriving to make his own grounds or park as picturesque and as private as possible—a little spot, shut out from the world, and sacred to his household gods, where he might say, in the words of Martial,

Rrandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cæno, quiesco.

Here I enjoy all that wealth can afford me, and am at rest.

Thus the continuity of plantations and "belts" in every direction by the road's side, rendered the drives in the neighbourhood exceedingly pleasant during the summer and autumn, but, in winter, the long, and leafless, and *houseless* lines had a lonely and uncheering appearance, and it frequently happened that there were rumours of highway robberies having been committed. These would occupy the attention of the gossip for a few days, and grow into very improbable tales, and were, moreover, sometimes discovered to have no other fountain than the alarm of a timid boy or an ignorant drunkard.

It was now, however, the month of May, and our little family were sitting at the social breakfast meal. Edmund appeared in even higher spirits than usual, and there was a sly, laughing meaning in his eye, as, ever and anon, he threw a glance toward the winding road (which swept through the park to the house), as though expecting to see some one issue from among the lofty trees which bounded their little territory, and composed the foreground of their more extended view. Maria observed, and smiled affectionately upon him, but made no inquiry. It was enough for her that he was happy, for the happiness of those around her was her chief delight, and she had feared latterly that their mode of life was too tranquil for one accustomed to the gay scenes of which he frequently spake.

"Are you expecting any one this morning, Edmund, that you look so frequently toward the lodge?" asked Mr. Engleton.

"There! there he is!" cried the volatile youth, starting up. "There he is. Exact to time, as usual—always punctual. We are earlier to-day. I didn't like to ask you to wait, because you would have asked me why, and I wished to give all an agreeable surprise."

As he spoke, a postchaise was seen to emerge from under the trees, and advanced rapidly towards the house,

"But who is it, my dear boy?" exclaimed his mother. "You never hinted to me that any one was coming, and really——"

"Oh! don't put yourselves out of the way for him," cried Edmund. "He's nobody. It's only Arthur Baynton! There!—that's an agreeable surprise for you, isn't it! Eh!—what say you Maria. You are old friends, you know."

The father and mother were, at the moment, looking out at the window, and as Edmund addressed and advanced towards his sister, an instantaneous paleness, and then a warm flush overspread her countenance, and she looked as if she would have begged him not to notice her.

"Ha! ha! ha!"—laughed the giddy youth, "do you think he will cut you because he is grown a man?"

Maria replied only by some indistinct words about her dress, and hurried out of the room.

Arthur Baynton was an orphan, and had, when a boy, more than once spent part of his "holidays" at Hartley Lodge. So Maria and he were really "old acquaintances," and, when they thought of each other during absence, many delightful juvenile recollections were awakened within them. And latterly she had thought somewhat more of him than usual, perhaps in consequence of his gaining "honours" at Oxford, the "news" of which reached her, by a letter from her brother, when she was sitting in a favourite bower which had been the joint handywork of all three. Happy, thought she, were the days when they were so employed, so free from thought and care! Yet she thought of Arthur still but as a boy, and hesitated not to express to her parents, her anxiety lest he might injure his health by over-study.

On the present occasion, however, her brother's strange observation roused all the feminine pride which appertained to her character, and she feared, and almost trembled to think that she might have spoken of his friend in terms too warm to be becoming in her sex. The consequence was, that on her return to the breakfast parlour, her welcome and whole demeanour to her "old acquaintance" were so cold, and distant, and constrained, so wholly, unlike her former meek frankness of manner, as to excite the attention of all present.

Arthur felt that he shook a listless hand : and when he looked on that sweet face, the remembrance of which had often cheered him onward in his course, he beheld not there the heart-thrilling smile that he was formerly wont to see, and without which his imagination had never painted it. Therefore did his heart appear to sink and feel cold within him. So, although there was the addition of a welcome and esteemed guest to their number, the breakfast-table at Hartley Lodge was no longer surrounded by a merry party.

"Poor Arthur, as we used to call him!"—said Maria, when she was again alone; "he is sadly altered. He seems quite to have lost his spirits. I do hope his health is not materially affected by those odious books. And yet I saw his colour come and go, and he looked quite pale. Surely that is a bad sign! He used to be so very cheerful, and so good, too. Yes, and so very kind to all, and to me so particularly, that I should be very—very sorry if any thing should happen—Oh! I could not bear it! It must not be! And yet I have heard my father and others say that these 'honours' are often too dearly bought, and are as the funeral cypress wreath around young heads. And whence else can such change have come over him? We used to be such friends! And now, to-day, he is so distant, so ceremonious, so nervous—yes, nervous. That is it! He is evidently very ill. Poor fellow, how I pity him! What shall I do! Oh! I will pray for him. Indeed I will, and with all my heart!"

Murmuring those words, she threw herself upon her knees, and uttered a fervent ejaculation, but she could not continue her prayer, for the gush of feeling was too powerful, and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

It was long before Arthur Baynton could escape from his too hospitable friend, who, with boisterous familiarity, hurried him from place to place to see his horses, and his dogs, and his guns and other articles of such important property, as young men commonly love to exhibit to their friends, and to praise and ask opinions about.

It would appear, from general observation, that men may be warm, lasting, and intimate friends, without possessing any close similarity of character. And this remark, if true among mankind generally, may be more particularly applied to the friendships of boys and young persons, as also to dwellers in the country, soldiers and sailors, and others who have had but a small number of persons among which their selection must be made. Incidents of trivial import frequently establish the foundation for an intimacy that shall endure through and influence the whole course of a life. The mere circumstance of boys being together under the same roof forms a tie which strengthens rapidly by a participation in the same amusements, and the same tasks, and other juvenile troubles. Now, Arthur and Edmund had been school-fellows, and were afterwards fellow-collegians, and, as stated before, had sometimes passed their 'vacations' together,—events that might be more than sufficient to account for the continuation of a friendship formed in early days, notwithstanding that the gradual development of character in each exhibited points of striking dissimilarity. But, beyond these causes, was one which will be well understood by all who have experienced an incipient passion, and which operated powerfully upon Arthur, and made him excuse, and forgive, and endure much that might otherwise have wrought a breach between him and his thoughtless friend. And the cause was simply this : *that friend was Maria's brother.*

On the present occasion, the task of 'lionizing' was far more dull than it is usually wont to be between young men of their age. Edmund exhibited and spoke of his friend's recent acquisitions with childish rapture; but ungracious and misapplied appeared the few faint assenting praises and remarks which he could extort from Arthur Baynton.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Engleton were left by themselves.

"Our young guest certainly is not in his usual spirits," observed the good lady.

"He is fatigued, no doubt," said her husband.

"Men don't take a double first class by sleeping. Now, however, he may rest and be thankful. I am delighted with his success. He is sure of a fellowship; and, as he intends entering into orders, a comfortable living will fall to his share in due course, and so we may consider him as provided for. His own fortune, though scarcely sufficient alone to have supported him in the rank of a gentleman, will now make a handsome addition to his means. The only thing to be feared is his falling in love; for he is a fine, handsome young fellow, of agreeable manners, and every way likely to be sought after in society."

"He must take care of himself," observed Mrs. Engleton, quietly proceeding with her needle work.

"Yes!" said Mr. Engleton, "he is just the sort of man to find favour in the eyes of mothers,"

"And, after what you have said, my dear, why not add, of fathers likewise?" asked Mrs. Engleton, looking up with a sly, half-reproachful expression in her countenance.

"Well, so be it," continued the good man, laughing—"of fathers also. Only as daughters are more constantly under the eye of their mothers, I thought that, without offence, I might suppose the latter more constantly upon the alert. Indeed, such is the fact. If there be a question concerning a child's welfare, the eye of a mother never sleeps."

"Whatever the father's may," added Mrs. Engleton, significantly.

"What do you mean, my dear Maria?" inquired her husband; "your tone and look convince me that you have something on your mind; but, really, I am quite at a loss to guess what it can be."

"Sit down, my dearest husband," replied the good lady, pointing to a chair by her side. "Yes—it is even as you say—a mother's eyes are ever awake, and she sees what others observe not. I may be weak and fanciful. Instruct me by your better judgment, if I am so: but where the happiness of a dear and only daughter is at stake, it is surely better to be needlessly cautious than to run unnecessary risks."

She then proceeded to state what she had noticed of Maria's altered manner and conduct immediately upon the arrival of their young friend; and gradually excited in the breast of her husband a degree of uneasiness equal to her own.

The conversation that thence ensued was long and confidential. Both allowed the young man's merits, and averred that they would rather see their child united to him than to any other; but, that she should bestow her young heart upon one who must allow years to elapse ere he could fulfil his engagements, presented a fearful prospect for the future. They had themselves tasted "the bitterness of hope deferred," and resolved that the spiritquenching cup should not be proffered to their child.

It is immaterial what their contrivances to ward it off may have been, for even while they were consulting, Maria and Arthur were together, and ere they parted, she shed many tears. Yet were they not now tears of sorrow, for her head lay upon his shoulder, and—they were lovers.

When the die was cast, the worthy parents said many wise things, dictated by experience; and the young people said and thought many pleasant, dream-like fancies, dictated by love and blissful ignorance of the future. All parties, however, seemed to be agreed in opinion upon one point, and that was the impossibility of returning to the neutral state in which matters stood before the declaration. So Arthur remained a visiter at the lodge, and Mr. Engleton observed that, as what was done could not be undone, they must use all their interest for his advancement.

From this period, the happiness and prosperity of the whole party appear to have been continually on the increase, till it reached the point at which we shall too soon arrive.

The desired fellowship was, in due course, awarded to the young lover, almost as a matter of right; and scarcely had he taken possession of his rooms, ere he was unexpectedly applied to

by a nobleman of the highest rank, to undertake the tuition of his eldest son. The terms proposed were not only very far beyond Arthur's expectations, but a distinct promise of a living was added. Then, on commencing his task, he was agreeably surprised to find his titled pupil already an excellent scholar, and endowed with talent, industry, and a thirst for knowledge.

These were pleasant tidings to transmit to his Maria; yet they were but trivial in comparison with what followed. The distinction between tutor and pupil was soon lost in mutual esteem and friendship. They became as brothers; and after a while, when his lordship wished to read during the vacations, they made several visits together at Hartley Lodge. Thus it happened that the pupil, whom we shall call Lord Marchmont, contracted an intimacy with Edmund Engleton.

A natural high flow of spirits was, perhaps, the only point in which they closely resembled each other; but that quality goes very far towards the formation of youthful friendships. They rode out, and pursued the sports of the field together; and his lordship has since said, that though at first he was somewhat startled at the coarseness of certain practical jokes perpetrated by his companion, there was such a fund of good humour and merriment about him, that it was impossible to be angry. Moreover, Mr. Baynton's time, when they were not reading, was occupied as that of lovers commonly is. So there was no choice of companions, and the young nobleman, from first merely enduring, soon began to feel amused with the eccentricities of his jovial associate; and, at length, allowed himself to be a party in certain ridiculous pranks not worth recording. For this error he blamed himself, in after life, with undue severity, since it is scarcely probable that different conduct on his part would have had any influence on the character of Edmund Engleton.

Perhaps the happiest periods of domestic life are those which glide smoothly along, without being marked by any important event. So, at least, seemed it with the family at Hartley Lodge. A smile was on every countenance, and joyful hope pointed exultingly to the future. And thus, for the space of two years, no change took place, save the growth of friendship and esteem, and the yet closer union and entanglement of hearts between the lovers.

The halcyon and semi-delirious period styled "courtship," with all its ineffable delights, has none, perhaps, so radiantly joyous, as when it is drawing to a close. Then Hope and Fancy seem preparing gracefully to retire, as though their herald-like duties were at an end, and it became them to make room for the fulfilment of all their flattering promises.

Such were the feelings of Maria and Arthur, when Lord Marchmont, a few weeks after he had honourably completed his studies, arrived unexpectedly at Hartley Lodge, with his father's presentation to Mr. Baynton of a rectory in Devonshire. Nothing remained but for the new incumbent to go thither and take formal possession. The marriage was to be solemnized immediately on his return, and all needful preparations for the ceremony were to be made during his absence.

It was the latter end of January. Long continued rains had been succeeded by a sharp frost,

and the happy family sat round a cheerful fire, having dined earlier than usual, as Arthur was to leave them that evening.

He had sent his luggage forward, and purposed walking about a mile to take the coach; but Maria wished him to ride, or, at all events, not to walk alone, having some indistinct presentiment of danger. Her brother Edmund, who appeared in unusually high spirits, ridiculed such an idea as perfectly nonsensical; and to her surprise and mortification, neither he nor Lord Marchmont offered to accompany their friend. So, as was her wont, she strove to conquer or conceal her uneasiness, though at the moment of taking leave of her lover, her heart was much oppressed, and with difficulty could she refrain from tears till he had left the room. Then they flowed plentifully; and when her brother and Lord Marchmont returned from saying adieu to the new rector, they found her still weeping. His lordship appeared surprised and shocked; but Edmund ran to his sister, and throwing his arms around her neck, said laughingly,

"Really, Maria! I did not think you would have been so foolish, or I would have gone with him at once. But, never mind, we can cut across through the plantations, and catch him yet, as he went round by the road—what say you?"

"I should be very grateful," said Maria, looking up, and smiling through her tears.

"Let us go," exclaimed Lord Marchmont; "I am really quite ashamed of myself. How could I be so thoughtless as to listen——"

"Come along!" cried Edmund, "we should overtake him if he'd been gone twice as long!"—and then leaping over a chair, which happened to stand between him and the door, he bounded off, with all the wild gaiety of a school-boy, about to join his companions in a favourite game.

From this gay parting scene, the spirit and tone of our tale must be utterly changed, for the happiness of that family was at an end!

On the following day an inquest was held on the body of Edmund Engleton, at which Lord Marchmont deposed that, immediately after quitting the house, the deceased ran from him across the grounds, and that, not being so well acquainted with the bye-paths, he soon lost sight of him, and was, for a while, bewildered in the plantations; but when there, he clearly heard a rough voice cry, "Your money or your life!"—and, immediately after, a noise, as of some one falling, accompanied by an exclamation indicative of pain. He rushed instantly to the spot, which was on the road side, and there found the deceased, groaning, but apparently unconscious of what was said to him. His lordship proceeded to state, that his agitation of mind was so great, that he knew not how long he might have been calling for assistance ere it arrived; but it appeared to him as if much time had elapsed. The deceased was then placed on a hurdle, and borne to a neighbouring cottage, where he expired at four o'clock in the morning, without being able to utter any words to throw light upon the cause of his death. The evidence of the surgeon went to prove that the deceased had received a violent blow on the temple, but that the mortal wound was at the back of the head, and appeared to have been caused by a fall against some hard

substance. This opinion was corroborated by the place and position in which the unfortunate young man was found by his friend, as his head then rested upon a stone step at the foot of a stile, much lower than the public footpath, on which it was supposed too he must have been attacked.

A farmer and his son, who were at the time crossing a field on the opposite side of the road from Mr. Engleton's plantations, deposed that they both heard the threat, "Your money or your life!" and hastened immediately to the high road, but, unfortunately, entered it at a gate in an opposite direction from that which the ruffian had taken to escape; nevertheless, hearing his running footsteps on the hard road, they pursued as long as there appeared any chance of overtaking him, and then hearing Lord Marchmont's cries for assistance, they felt it their duty to return.

As no further light could be thrown upon the case, the verdict found, was "wilful murder, against some person or persons unknown."

The country was, of course, scoured in every direction, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of the assassins; but no trace of them could be discovered.

The effect produced upon Lord Marchmont by this catastrophe was fearfully denoted in his altered appearance, his pale cheeks, his downcast and averted eye, and his ever-quivering lip. He resolved to attend the remains of his young friend to their last long home; but, in the interim, he seldom stirred from his own room, and when with any of the distressed family, his feelings always seemed too deep for expression, and not one word of comfort ever passed his lips. When all was over, he took leave of them with wringing hands, and shortly after embarked for the continent, from whence he returned not for many years.

Any attempt at describing the melancholy and deep anguish of the once happy family, were a work of supererogation. For months their spirits appeared crushed with the weight of their affliction; but time, which passeth not without "healing on its wings," over the head of the mourner, gradually unfolded to them visions of future happiness, chastened indeed, but yet glistening through their tears. On the bosom and into the ear of her beloved, would Maria pour forth her sorrows, and together they sought consolation, which was not denied them; for the unbounded confidence of mutual affection, is, in itself, consoling—but, more than all, their religion was that of the heart, and not merely a name. Well was it for them that so it was, for heavy was the burden that they were doomed to bear.

The seasons had again gone their round. Winter had once more abandoned "the long-continued strife," and the revivifying breath of spring cheered the whole face of nature, as our lovers went forth to take their last walk in that character. All was arranged for their marriage on the following day. For some hours, lost in converse sweet, they wandered, scarcely knowing whither. Their world was in themselves, and all else was lost sight of, till, returning home, they found themselves in the road where Edmund had met his untimely end. By a tacit, yet perfectly understood feeling, they had always previously avoided walking in that direction. Now they were approaching the fatal spot. Maria was first

conscious of the circumstance, and summoned all her resolution and self-possession, that she might not appear weak in the eyes of her beloved. She spake of her brother, and, even as a sigh at his fate escaped her, said, "I ought to be thankful that it was not even worse. Suppose you likewise had fallen on that fatal night!"

"I ought indeed to be thankful, dearest Maria!" exclaimed her betrothed, pressing her hand fervently. "I never told you why before;—it is the *only* thing I have concealed from you, and my reason was that I feared the recollection of the circumstance might cause you uneasiness during my journeys to and from Devonshire. But now—now, that we are never more to part in this world—always, always to be together!"

And their eyes met, and, meeting, said, in dumb swimming eloquence, more than words may express. Maria first broke the silence, by reminding her lover that he was about to tell her something.

"Yes," replied he, "it is one more subject for thankfulness. On that fatal night I likewise was attacked. You know I was much in advance of Lord Marchmont and his companion, and I was walking very fast, because the night was cold, and I had also some apprehension that I might be too late for the coach. So I cannot tell the spot exactly; but it must have been somewhere hereabouts, that a villain leaped over a stile, rushed up the bank, seized me by the collar, and, holding a pistol to my head, threatened my life, and demanded my money. In a cooler moment I should probably have given him my purse; but his ferocious conduct excited me, and all was the work of a few seconds. I struck at him violently, and fortunately with sufficient strength to release myself from his grasp. It seemed to me that he fell backwards; but I hastened from the spot, and shortly afterwards was pursued by two of his accomplices, from whom I escaped narrowly, by quitting the high road. Do not tremble so, Maria!—I shall not expose myself to such danger again, my love! My duties are in the paths of peace, and for a trifling purse surely I would not risk my life. Nay, my dear Maria!—it is but a tale of the past. We have only to be thankful. Stop! Yes—this is the very spot! That is the stile he came over—I am sure of it."

Maria had trembled exceedingly throughout this brief narration, which seemed to have lasted for hours, so earnestly had she listened to each word, catching now at hope, and then feeling an intense coldness at her heart; but when he ceased to speak, a convulsive shriek burst forth, and she sank senseless on the pathway. They had stopped opposite to the spot where her brother had been found by Lord Marchmont.

Can the reader, bearing Edmund Engleton's character in recollection, be at a loss to guess why he offered not to accompany Arthur Maynton in the first instance—why he afterwards ran away from his noble friend in the plantations—or by whose hand he fell?

It was even so. A practical joke, once imagined, tempted him irresistibly. He was resolved to "frighten the parson," as he termed it, and thus brought death upon himself, and entail-

ed long years of misery upon his family and friends.

Maria, in her loneliness, drooped, as a fair stricken flower, which can never again lift up its head to share the blessed sunbeams that invigorate all around. In deeds of mercy and benevolence she trod meekly and tremblingly her way through life. For the happiness of him whom she loved, she prayed fervently, but never saw him more. Of the aged and afflicted parents, bowed down by their sorrows, why should we speak? They and their daughter are now where "the weary at rest."

The last survivor of the once happy family circle, was the rector of a small parish in Devonshire. The poor blessed him, but at the tables of the rich he was not found. No clergyman could be more attentive to his clerical duties; but in one solemn and important rite he never could be induced to officiate. The Holy Sacrament, he said, was not for such as him to administer; and when he partook thereof as a communicant, it was observed that he always used his left hand. He was a gray-headed man, when the passing bell announced to the villagers that their beloved rector's spirit was just freed from its "mortal coil;" but his monument in the chancel tells of one who died in the prime of life.

Reader! this is not all a "Tale of Fiction." We have changed the names of persons and of places for reasons of our own; but the foundation of what thou hast read is in TRUTH."

REVENGE.

Some philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it has been thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart. But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women so neither are the effects. History can produce many Syllas, for one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact, perhaps, is that the human heart, in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandize himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England, from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her own husband who died from grief, at the death of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example, that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her that there were some injuries which even a woman could forgive.

THE ANGRY LOVER'S PARTING.

A SONNET, BY DRAYTON—1620.

Since there's no help—come let us kiss and part!
 Nay, I have done! you get no more of me!
 And I am glad! yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so clearly I myself can free!
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,
 That we one jot of former love retain,
 Now at the last gasp of Love's fleeting breath,
 When his pulse failing passion stirless lies,
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And innocence is closing up his eyes—
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over—
 From death to light thou mightest him recover!

STANZAS.

Happy, happy childhood!
 Would I were a child,
 Again to taste thy calm delights,
 Thy pleasures undefil'd.
 Oh! for those happy days,
 When life was one long game,
 And pining care a thing unknown,
 And sorrow but a name.

Happy, happy childhood!
 Where are now thy joys?
 The laughing eye, the heart so light,
 And thy much valued toys?
 The laughing eye is dim,
 The heart is torn with grief;
 From other toys, more dearly bought,
 We seek a vain relief.

Happy, happy childhood!
 Innocence is thine;
 And round life's early morn the flow'rs
 Of soft affection twine.
 How sweet a mother's love;
 How dear a father's care;
 Oh! what with childhood's hallow'd joys,
 Can youth or age compare?

Happy, happy childhood!
 Art thou flown for aye?
 Alas! the memory but remains
 Of days, long past away:
 Still is that memory dear,
 A green amidst life's wild;
 And in my brightest, happiest dreams,
 I am again a child!

THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

Oh where, Oh where do the fairies meet?
 They meet in the forest-hall,
 With a pavement of verdure beneath their feet,
 And pillars of oak-stems tall

Where bough clasp bough, and the foliage weaves
 A shadowy dome from its emerald leaves,
 And the copse-screen forms each wall;
 Where the glistening planets are peeping through
 For lamps, like drops of Morn's diamond dew.

And when, Oh when do the fairies meet?
 They meet when the moon is strong,
 On the wood's green sward, and the lake's broad sheet,
 When the trees cast their shadows long;
 They meet at the noon of the summer's night,
 When the glow-worms, the stars of the ground are
 bright,

And the bird chirps its vesper-song;
 When o'er the morass, with their torches lit,
 The merry wild meteors in revel flit.

And why do the fairies meet?—They meet
 To dance round their mazy ring,
 And list to the nightingale's wood-notes sweet,
 When those minstrels of midnight sing
 To the moon; and to drink from their blossom-bowls,
 The nectary dew-drops that feed the souls
 Of the fairest-flowers that spring;
 And they meet to torment with malicious mirth,
 And to laugh at the doings of foolish Earth.

SONG.

She wrote no word—she sent no scroll,
 Though moons had past since last they met;
 He could not think it in his soul,
 That one like her could e'er forget.
 Ah, foolish one! for long he shed
 The bitter tear, and mourned her dead!

He little dreamed that absence parts
 Those fragile links, by which love binds
 The vain desire of fickle hearts,
 The wandering aims of empty minds—
 And he was in a foreign land,
 And other suitors sought her hand.

Released at length from duty's throne,
 Again he trode his native clime,
 And found the maid once called his own,
 Another's bride—and from that time,
 Woman hath only been a term
 For fickleness, and faith infirm.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which, the
 greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far
 as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference
 between a debt of revenge and every other debt.
 By paying our other debts, we are equal with all
 mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge,
 we are superior. Yet, it must be confessed, that
 it is much less difficult to forgive our enemies,
 than our friends, and if we ask how it came to
 pass that Coriolanus found it so hard a task to
 pardon Rome, the answer is, that he was himself
 a Roman.

FAC SIMILE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WRITING.

Sir

I have very much pleasure to inform you
that your present of the Landrege illustrations of
Waverley I perceive to me knowledge of and to my
opinion ought to go far with you that I think they
are very beautiful and sincerely hope they will answer
the purpose of the artist and publisher

I remain Sir

Your obliged humble servant

Walter Scott

Mr Charles Hall

Manchester

THE WOOING AT GRAFTON.

It was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendour and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting, to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure, and features of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. She seemed to have scarcely attained her twentieth year; but the tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the stripping by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was appalled, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

"Adelaide," she said, addressing her attendant, "see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun? but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him, that look like a sanguinary sea, he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness."

"But, to-morrow, Madam—," said the attendant.

"Talk not of the morrow to me," interrupted the lady—"to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set,—has set in a sea of blood."

"Sweet lady!" said Adelaide, "but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous; and although Sir John Gray fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not visit on the widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father."

"Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford or Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The

Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter; and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans."

"Would that the gallant King," said Adelaide, "could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them! methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you."

"And in truth, gentle Adelaide," said the Lady Gray, "a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighbourhood, I might come in contact with him, and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset."

"The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encounter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the manor, and hope that all will yet be well."

The lady turned round to retrace her steps, in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived, and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, humpbacked, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from his mouth, and gave an hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. "Silence, Madam, silence," he said, "or," and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. "Pardon, pardon," he added, "that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art!"

"Unhand me, monster!" said the Lady Gray.

"Sweet lady," he said, "you must unhearth me first."

"Desist!" said a voice behind them, "or, by Heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand."

With these words, a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this misshapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld, was not apparent. The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The lady had sunk on the ground exhausted and stupefied with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up; while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand, and covered it with his kisses; and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip, and the proud glance of his eye, indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau ideal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

"Thanks, gentle Sir!" said the lady Gray—"thanks for thy timely aid!"

"No thanks are due to me, sweet lady; but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a farther favour—permission to escort you home."

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon; and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanour which he evinced, were such that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, they certainly laid the foundation of a passion which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

"And now, gentle Sir," said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, "welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?"

"Not now, sweet Madam!" answered the cavalier: "I am in the King's train, and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of —" He paused; but the lady soon concluded his sentence.

"Of the Lady Gray of Groby," she said extending her hand to him.

"Ha!" he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, "the

widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Alban's."

"Even that ill-starred woman," said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features.—"Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is now unpleasant to all ears."

"Nay, nay, sweet Madam," said the youth, gently detaining her; "it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honour as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and—" his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, "with the perfection of female grace and loveliness. You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates?"

"I have been," she replied, "and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one."

"The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster. I have the honour to serve his Highness. If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service."

"Thanks!—once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir!" said the lady. "The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to insure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do ought to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head."

"And the blessing of the widow," thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, "will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!"

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively. Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with, if not to absorb, all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever, stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jaqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and amongst the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Court, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace,

opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unavailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took, like Othello, "a pliant hour," poured into the lady's listening, and not offended ear, a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

"Alas! good Master March," said she, "thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together?"

"I have a sword, Madam, which has already done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field in which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood."

"Or the grave of an esquire!" said the lady mournfully.

"But, Madam, trust to my persuasions, and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?"

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her colour came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like the aspen tree, as she paused a few moments before she answered this question; and then sinking into his arms, exclaimed, "I will, I will! dearest Edward, I am wholly thine!"

"Now Heaven's richest blessing fall upon that fair head!" he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. "The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me, sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess: and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride."

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighbourhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to

his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the Duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

"Alas! alas!" said the Lady Gray, "will Fate never cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf of this young man—has failed me. But it was a wild and an idle hope; and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed."

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative—the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows round them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately manor-house in the foreground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village-church of Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast-declining orb, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and soothe her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future: now, however, it only served to bring back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March; the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

"Yes," she added: "it is a wild and an idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue."

At that moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie; and starting up, she beheld—not, as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

"Gallant uncle!" she said, "right welcome to Grafton Manor!—what news from my noble mother?"

"Cold news, heavy news; sweet Elizabeth," said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Alas! alas!" she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—"Tell it me then—tell it me, however cold and heavy. Methinks my

heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks.”

“Sweet lady,” said Sir William, “I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband’s property are over: the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when the King and his retinue were last in this neighbourhood following the pleasures of the chase.”

“Ha!” said the lady, wringing her hands and shrieking piteously; “and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul misshapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and helplessness, that Edward March dared to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him.”

“Sweet cousin,” said the Knight, gently detaining her,—for she had started from her seat as if to perform the journey to London on the instant,—“it is too late—Edward March is no more.”

“Ha!” said the lady, while the blackness of despair gathered on her features; “thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it.”

“Nay, nay, sweet cousin!” said the Knight; “’tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman’s fate, I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added, that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March.”

“The cold-blooded, ruthless tyrant!” said Elizabeth. “Why! every hair on Edward March’s head, was worth a thousand Gloucesters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous life on the human form! Uncle, thou wear’st a sword.”

“Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival.”

“Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than ever. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form. Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester.”

“Why, gentle cousin,” said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece’s emotion—“what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?”

“But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!” said the lady, weeping.

“Peace be with his ashes!” said the Knight,

crossing himself: “but, fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King may yet be prevailed upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself at his feet; show him thy orphan children—show him thy sable weeds—above all, show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thine own.”

“Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide?—wouldst have me kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward March? Perish the thought!” said the lady.

“Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!” said the Knight; “perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honourable house!”

“Nay, nay,” said Elizabeth, interrupting him; “thou hast touched me to the quick. I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of this crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten—”

“To Groby castle?” said the Knight.

“To the grave! to the grave!” said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he endeavoured to hasten the execution of it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow; and not very well understanding all its violence,—for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. “The Court, the Court,” he said mentally, “is the atmosphere to dry a widow’s tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque—these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady’s heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk.” Such were the Knight’s reflections as he rode towards London. The lady’s, as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope; mingled horror and awe for the personage whom she was about to supplicate, and careless grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis was concluded without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies accompanied by Sir William Woodville, and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

“Tut! tut!” said the King; “this paling widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the

old Duchess of Somerset; and now the young lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me, in the hopes of a more prosperous result."

"And in truth, my Liege," said the Marquis of Montague, "the young lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms."

"Sayest thou so, cousin Montague?" said the King; "then, in God's name, let her enter." And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the vanity of an Adonis, conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back in his throne.

The door of the presence-chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner, whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rather improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she entertained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

"A boon! a boon! most dread Sovereign," she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

"Rise, gentle Lady," said the King, "and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee."

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. "Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad." She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognised beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed, as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her; and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—"Pardon! gracious Sir!—Pardon! pardon!"

"Pardon! sweet Elizabeth," said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; "and wherefore—? But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou would'st crave our answer?"

"Even so, dread Sir," said the lady, "it is to pray of your royal grace and favour to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death; and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sir, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favour towards the children."

"The petition, fair Elizabeth," said the King, "is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the suppliant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional

promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"Thus lowly," said the lady, "do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who hast proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your Highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person, and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid, and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty."

"But under your favour, Lady Gray," said the Monarch, laughing, "I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My Lords and Gentlemen," he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, "behold your Queen!"

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" exclaimed all present. "Long live the noble Queen of England!"

"And now, my Lord of Canterbury," said the King, "your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed."

Thus saying, he led the Lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the Prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

Above all the islands in the lakes of Killarney give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called Monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than father Cuddy; he sung a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but father Cuddy

had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it—and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other: his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a doubt to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water; and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

"He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept.—What then?

He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept again!"

Such was the tenor of his simple life: but when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled "black-Jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no good reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member, to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Mucruss; and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father. At the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprang up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah!" exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!"

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the foxglove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme: and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season, and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction. "Welcome, father Cuddy," said the prior: "grace be on you."

"Grace before meat, then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile

this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without partaking of the grace-cup; moreover, father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well:—he tried another,—it was no less excellent: and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is Christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue: and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "*in vino veritas*," his song will well become this veritable history.

THE FRIAR'S SONG.

I.

My vows I can never fulfil,
Until
I have breakfasted, one way or other;
And I freely protest,
That I never can rest,
'Till I borrow or beg
An egg.
Unless I can come at the ould men, its mother.
But Maggy, my dear,
While you're here,
I don't fear
To want eggs that have just been laid newly;
For ooh! you're a pearl
Of a girl,
And you're called so *in Latin* most truly.

II.

There is most to my mind something that is still
upper
Than supper,
Tho' it must be admitted I feel no way thinner
After dinner;
But soon as I hear the cook crow
In the morning,
That eggs you are bringing full surely I know,
By that warning,
While your buttermilk helps me to float
Down my throat
Those sweet cakes made of oat,
I don't envy an earl,
Sweet girl,
Och, 'tis you are a beautiful pearl.

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar re-

lish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess: but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink, like an unrelenting host, therefore I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine bedecked with the venerable *Bead*, father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare, but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor which he had so commended caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good Christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said father Cuddy, "everything is changing now-a-days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be: I think *Cameéachta* (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards every where."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.

"Ah, Margery, merry Margery!" cried Cuddy, "you tempting little rogue! I see you, I see you and the bottle, let me but catch you, *candida Margarita*!" and on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase: yet such was his piety that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced, when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their load of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country, "Bless my soul and body!" said the good father, "I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses, he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields: and to complete the work of enchantment, the very

season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves; icicles depended from leafless branches; he heard the sweet low note of the robin, who familiarly approached him; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise, when lo! he discovered that both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. But the great difficulty was to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvelous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

"Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place.

"Business!—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy,—"why, do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?"

"Hence, fellow!" said the porter's representative, in a surly tone; "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales."

"Fellow!" exclaimed the father: "mercy upon us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house!—Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb?"

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys—"the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collam, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty—whom God preserve!"

"Queen of England!" said Cuddy; "there never was a sovereign queen of England—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the father Cuddy, who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you not know me now?"

"Know you!—how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey. "Yet, true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother

remembered the man, often speak of the fat father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fresh eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word good; and who, being drunk, it is said, tumbled into the lake one night, and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years since."

"'Twas I who composed that song in praise of Margery's fresh eggs, which is no profane ballad—no other father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow—Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother—"

"What! merry Margery of Dunlow your great-grandmother!" shouted Cuddy. "St. Brandon help me!—the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle!—why, 't was only last night—a hundred years!—your great-grandmother, said you?—Bless us! there has been a strange torpor over me; I must have slept all this time!"

That father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Pretty Margery's fresh eggs were no longer to be had in Innisfallen; and with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact. Spillane, the bugle-man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did so to me; and here is my sketch by which they may identify it.

SUMMER SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"And I too in Arcadia!"

A celebrated picture, by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription, "Et in Arcadia ego."

THEY have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee;
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,
They have wound through forest dells,
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led
Flowers in deepest Oread nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant Bell and starry Cup;

Chaplets are on every brow,
What hath staid the wanderers now?
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb
Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom,
Whence those words their stricken bosoms melt—
"I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt!"

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,
Insect wings in sun-streaks dancing,
Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own,
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day,
Something from those old words felt—
"I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this altered Earth?
Is it thus! that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand;
Flowers, and Lyres, and gathered store
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more?
No, from that bright band of morn
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the Shadow of the Tomb,
Falling thus o'er Summer's bloom,
O'er the flush of Love and Life,
Passing with a sudden strife:
'Tis the low, prophetic breath
Rising from the house of death,
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts to melt—
"I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt."

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

How beautiful! how more than beautiful!
How *kind*, is woman in the hour of pain;
Even from despair their loving hearts can cull
A breath of hope—though hope perchance be vain.
Gently they pillow up the throbbing head,
And fall their footsteps lightly on the ground;
Midnight beholds them at the sick one's bed,
And noon still sees them to the sufferer bound!

They weary not—though weary be the task,
They faint not by the way—though frail they be,
They pause not in well-doing—all they ask,
Is freedom for us from infirmity:
They heed not that their eyes wax dim with care
That watching pales the roses on their cheek,
Strong in their deep affection they can bear,
And love the vigils that have made them weak.

DANIEL DEFOE.



DANIEL DEFOE, whose family name was Foe, was the son of a butcher, and was born in London, in 1661. He was brought up for the dissenting ministry, but did not complete his clerical education. In 1685 he joined in Monmouth's rebellion, yet was fortunate enough to escape the fatal consequences. Previously to that event he had prelude as an author by publishing a satirical pamphlet, called *Speculum Crape-gownorum*, and a Treatise against the Turks. Having secured his head, he entered into business, as a hosier, and also as a tile manufacturer, but he was not successful. His pen still continued to be active. To enumerate here even a hundredth part of his literary labours, would be impracticable, as a mere catalogue of them occupies sixteen pages. Among the most prominent of his verse efforts may be placed his *Trueborn Englishman*, a satire, published in 1701. In rugged metre, but often with forcible thoughts and language, it reprehends the ingratitude which was manifested towards his political idol, William III. In 1702, when the high church tory party was displaying its persecuting spirit, Defoe brought out his admirable ironical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The House of Commons voted it a seditious libel, and a court of justice, or rather of injustice, sentenced him to be fined, imprisoned, and pilloried. To the last of these inflictions Pope has alluded in a line which disgraces only its author. Defoe, feeling that it is crime and not the scaffold that makes shame, poured forth his feelings in a high-spirited Hymn to the Pillory. While he was in confinement, he commenced *The Review*, a periodical which probably gave rise to the *Tatler*. At the end of two years he was released by Harley, and was employed on several confidential missions, particularly in contributing to effect the union with Scotland. Of the Union he afterwards published an excellent history. Towards the end of the reign of Anne, he was again imprisoned for a work similar to *The Shortest Way*, and was again extricated by Harley. On the accession of George I. Defoe was in a manner proscribed by that very whig party of which he had been one of the most strenuous and able supporters. Disgusted with politics, he turned his genius to other subjects. The first

result of his labour was the *Family Instructor*. In 1719 he produced the inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*, which speedily became popular, and must ever remain so. It was succeeded by a crowd of other performances, among which stand prominent *The Adventures of a Cavalier*, *A Journal of the Plague in 1665*, *The Political History of the Devil*, and a *System of Magic*. It is a melancholy circumstance that, in spite of his talents and industry, the latter days of Defoe were darkened, not only by the misconduct of a son, but by the evils attendant on penury. He died, insolvent, in the parish of Cripple-gate, in April, 1731. He has been correctly described as "a man of the strongest natural powers, a lively imagination, and solid judgment, joined with an unshaken probity in his moral conduct, and an invincible integrity in his political sphere."

DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET.



DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET, a writer of varied talents, was born in 1721, at Dalquhurn, in Dumbartonshire; was educated at Dumbarton Grammar School; and studied medicine at Glasgow, where he was apprenticed to a surgeon. He served as surgeon's mate in the expedition against Carthage, and, after a short residence in Jamaica, he returned to England, settled in the metropolis, and adopted the profession of an author. The tragedy of *The Regicide*, the spirited poem called *The Tears of Scotland*, and *Advice and Reproof*, two satires, were his first productions. In 1748 he gave to the press the novel of *Roderick Random*, which raised him into popularity. It was followed, at various intervals, by *Peregrine Pickle*, *Count Fathom*, a translation of *Don Quixote*, a *History of England*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, *The Adventures of an Atom*, *Travels*, and *Humphry Clinker*. The growling tone of his travels drew upon him, under the appellation of *Smelfungus*, the playful satire of *Sterne*. In 1756, he established *The Critical Review*; for a libel in which, upon Admiral Knowles, he suffered fine and imprisonment. He was one of the champions of Lord Bute, in support of whom he published *The Briton*, a weekly paper, which was speedily silenced by the North Briton of Wilkes. He died, near Leghorn, in 1771.

THE OFFICERS.

A STORY OF THE LAST WAR.

BY MISS LESLIE.

SOPHIA CLEMENTS had just arrived in Philadelphia, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Darnel, the widow of a merchant who had left his family in very affluent circumstances. The children were a son now settled in business at Canton, two very pretty daughters, who had recently quitted school, and a boy just entering his twelfth year.

Miss Clements, who (being the child of a second marriage) was twenty years younger than Mrs. Darnel, had resided since the death of her parents with an unmarried brother in New York, where her beauty and her mental accomplishments had gained her many admirers, none of whom, however, had been able to make any impression on her heart.

Sophia Clements was but a few years older than her gay and giddy nieces, who kindly offered to pass her off as their cousin, declaring that she was quite too young to be called aunt. But secure in the consciousness of real youth, she preferred being addressed by the title that properly belonged to her.

The visit of Sophia Clements was in the last year of the second contest between England and America; and she found the heads of her two nieces filled chiefly with the war, and particularly with the officers. They had an infinity to tell her of "the stirring times" that had prevailed in Philadelphia, and were still prevailing. And she found it difficult to convince them that there was quite as much drumming and fifeing in New York, and rather more danger; as that city, from its vicinity to the ocean, was much easier of access to the enemy.

The boy Robert was, of course, not behind his sisters in enthusiasm for the "pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," and they were indebted to him for much soldier-news that they would not otherwise have had the felicity of knowing—his time, between school hours, being always spent in collecting it.

On the morning after Miss Clements' arrival, she and her nieces were sitting at their muslin work,—an occupation at that time very customary with the ladies, as no foreign articles of cotton embroidery were then to be purchased. There was much military talk, and frequent running to the window by the two girls, to look out at a passing recruiting party, with their drum and fife, and colours, and to admire the gallant bearing of the sergeant that walked in front with his drawn sword: for recruiting sergeants always have

"A swashing and a martial outside."

"Certainly," said Harriet Darnel, "it is right and proper to wish for peace; but still, to say the truth, war-time is a very amusing time. Everything will seem so flat when it is over."

"I fear, indeed," replied Miss Clements, smiling, "that you will find some difficulty in returning to the 'dull pursuits of civil life.'"

"Aunt Sophy," said Caroline, "I wish you had been here in the summer, when we were all

digging at the fortifications that were thrown up in the neighbourhood of the city, to defend it in case of an attack by land. Each citizen gave a day's work, and worked with his own hands. They went in bodies, according to their trades and professions, marching out at early dawn, with their digging implements. They were always preceded by a band of music, playing Hail Columbia or Washington's March, and they returned at dusk in the same manner. We regularly took care to see them whenever they passed by."

"The first morning," said Harriet, "they came along so very early that none of us were up till the sound of the music awakened us; and being in our night-clothes we could only peep at them through the half-closed shutters; but afterwards we took care to be always up and dressed in time, so that we could throw open the windows, and lean out, and gaze after them till they were out of sight. You cannot think how affecting it was. Our eyes were often filled with tears as we looked at them—even though they were not soldiers, but merely our own people, and had no uniform."

"All instances of patriotism, or of self-devotion for the general good, are undoubtedly affecting," observed Sophia.

"Every trade went in its turn," pursued Harriet, "and every man of every trade, masters and journeymen,—none stayed behind. One day we saw the butchers go, another day the bakers; also the carpenters and bricklayers, then the shoemakers and the tailors, the curriers, and saddlers, and blacksmiths. Frequently two or three trades went out together. There were the type-founders, and the printers, and the bookbinders. The merchants also assisted, and the lawyers, and the clergymen of every denomination. Most of the Irishmen went twice—first, according to their respective trades, and again as Irishmen only. That day they marched out playing "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." The negroes had their day also; and we heard them laughing and talking long before we saw them. Only imagine the giggling and chattering of several hundred negroes."

"Mr. and Mrs. Linley took us out in their carriage to see the fortifications," resumed Caroline. "It was the lawyers' day; and there we saw some of the principal gentlemen of the city, in straw hats and round jackets, and some in their waistcoats only, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, digging with pickaxes and spades, and wheeling barrows full of sods. It was delightful to look at them."

"There's a drum and fife again!" exclaimed Harriet. "See, see, Aunt Sophy, do look out; here's another recruiting party,—and they have picked up four men, who have actually joined them in the street. How glad I am."

"Do come and look, aunt," said Caroline; "it is not the same party that passed a little while ago. I know it by the sergeant, who has darker hair and eyes than the other. This is Lieutenant Bunting's recruiting party. He has handbills on all the corners, headed 'List, list,—oh, list!'"

"Aunt Sophy," said Harriet, as they resumed their seats, "you cannot imagine what a lively summer we have had."

"I can easily imagine," replied Sophia, "that you almost lived out of the window."

"How could we do otherwise," answered Harriet, "when there was so much to look at, particularly during the alarm. Alarms are certainly very exciting."

"Undoubtedly," observed Sophia; "but what was the alarm?"

"Oh! there has been one long alarm all summer; and it is still going on, or our volunteers would not stay so long at Camp Dupont. But there, it seems, they may have to remain till winter drives the British away from the Capes."

"I conclude," said Miss Clements, "the alarm *par excellence* was when the enemy sailed up the Chesapeake to attack Baltimore, and there was an apprehension of their crossing over to Philadelphia."

"The very time," answered Harriet. "We had a troop of horse reconnoitring on the Chesapeake. Their camp was at Mount Bull, near Elkton. They were all gentlemen, and they acted in turn as videttes. One of them arrived here every evening with despatches for General Bloomfield concerning the movements of the enemy—and they still come. You know last evening, soon after your arrival, one of the times I ran to the window was to see the vidette galloping along the street, looking so superbly in his light-horseman's uniform; with his pistols in his holsters, and his horse's feet striking fire from the stones."

"Once," said Caroline, "we heard a galloping in the middle of the night, and therefore we all got up and looked out. In a few minutes the streets were full of men who had risen and dressed themselves, and gone out to get the news. I was so sorry that, being women, we could not do the same. But we sent Bob—you don't know how useful we find Bob. He is versed in all sorts of soldiers and officers, and every kind of uniform, and the right way of wearing it. He taught us to distinguish a captain from a lieutenant, and an infantry from an artillery officer,—silver for infantry, and gold for artillery,—and then there is the staff uniform besides, and the dragoons, and the rifle officers, and the engineers. Of course, I mean the regular army. As to volunteers and militia, we knew them long ago."

"But you are forgetting the vidette that galloped through the streets at midnight," said Sophia.

"True, aunt; but when one has so much to tell, it is difficult to avoid digressions. Well, then—this vidette brought news of the attack on Baltimore; and by daylight there was as much confusion and bustle in the town, as if we had expected the enemy before breakfast."

"We saw all the volunteer companies march off," said Harriet, taking up the narrative. "They started immediately to intercept the British on their way to Philadelphia,—for we were sure they would make an attempt to come. We had seen from our windows, these volunteers drilling for weeks before, in the State House Yard. It is delightful to have a house in such a situation. My favourite company was the Washington Guards, but Caroline preferred the State Fencibles. I liked the smart close round jackets of the Guards, and their black belts, and their tall black feathers tipped with red. There was something novel and out of the common way in their uniform."

"No matter," said Caroline, "the dress of the State Fencibles was far more manly and becoming. They wore coatees, and white belts, and little white pompons tipped with red; pompons stand the wind and weather much better than tall feathers. And then the State Fencibles were all such genteel, respectable men."

"So were the Washington Guards," retorted Harriet, "and younger besides."

"No, no," replied Caroline, "it was their short, boyish-looking jackets that gave them that appearance."

"Well, well," resumed Harriet, "I must say that all the volunteer companies looked their very best the day they marched off in full expectation of a battle. I liked them every one. Even the blankets which were folded under their knapsacks, were becoming to them. We saw some of the most fashionable gentlemen of the city shoulder their muskets, and go off as guards to the baggage-wagons, laughing as if they considered it an excellent joke."

"To think," said Caroline, "of the hardships they have to suffer in camp. After the worst of the alarm had subsided, many of the volunteers obtained leave of absence for a day or two, and came up to the city to visit their families, and attend a little to business. We always knew them in a moment by their sun-burnt faces. They told all about it, and certainly their sufferings have been dreadful for gentlemen. Standing guard at night, and in all weather,—sleeping in tents, without any bedsteads, and with no seats but their trunks,—cooking their own dinners, and washing their own dishes,—and, above all, having to eat their own awful cooking!"

"But you forget the country volunteers," said Harriet, "that came pouring in from all parts of Pennsylvania. We saw them every one as they passed through the city on their way down to Camp Dupont. And really we liked them also. Most of the country companies wore rifle-dresses of coloured cotton, trimmed with fringe; for instance, some had blue with red fringe, others green with yellow fringe; some brown with blue fringe. One company was dressed entirely in yellow, spotted with black. They looked like great two-legged leopards. We were very desirous of discovering who an old gray-haired man was that rode at the head. He was a fine-looking old fellow, and his dress and his horse were of the same entire gray. I shall never forget that man."

"I shall never forget anything connected with the alarm," resumed Caroline. "There was a notice published in all the papers, and stuck up at every corner, telling what was to be done, in case the enemy were actually approaching the city. Three guns were to be fired from the Navy Yard as a signal for the inhabitants to prepare for immediate danger. You can't think how anxiously we listened for those three guns."

"I can readily believe it," said Miss Clements.

"We knew some families," continued Caroline, "that, in anticipation of the worst, went and engaged lodgings in out of the way places, thirty or forty miles from town, that they might have retreats secured; and they packed up their plate, and other valuable articles, for removal at a short notice. We begged of mamma to let us stay through every thing, as we might never have

another opportunity of being in a town that was taken by the enemy; and as no gentleman belonging to us was in any way engaged in the war, we thought the British would not molest us. To say the truth, mamma took the whole alarm very coolly, and always said she had no apprehensions for Philadelphia."

"Maria Milden was at Washington," observed Harriet, "when the British burnt the President's house and the Capitol, and she told us all about it, for she was so fortunate as to see the whole. Nobody seems to think they will burn the State House, if they should come to Philadelphia. But I do—don't you, aunt Sophia. What a grand sight it would be, and how fast the State House bell would ring for its own fire."

"We can only hope they will always be prevented from reaching the city at all," replied Miss Clements.

"But don't I hear a trumpet," exclaimed Caroline; and the girls were again at the window.

"Oh! that is the troop of the United States' dragoons that Bob admires so much," cried Harriet. "They have recruited a hundred men here in the city. I suppose they are on their way to the lines. Look, look, aunt Sophy,—now you must acknowledge this to be a fine sight."

"It is," said Sophia.

"Only see," continued Harriet, "how the long tresses of white horse-hair on their helmets are waving in the wind; and see how gallantly they hold their sabres; and look at the captain as he rides at their head,—only see his moustaches. I hope that captain will not be killed."

"But I shall be sorry if he is not wounded," said Caroline. "Wounded officers are always so much admired. You know, Harriet, we saw one last winter with his arm in a sling, and a black patch on his forehead. How sweetly he looked."

"Nay," said Harriet, "I cannot assent to that; for he was one of the ugliest men I ever saw, both face and figure, and all the wounding in the world would not have made him handsome."

"Well, interesting then," persisted Caroline; "you must own that he looked interesting, and that's every thing."

"May I ask," said Miss Clements, "if you are acquainted with any officers?"

"Oh, yes," replied Harriet, "we meet with them sometimes at houses where we visit. How very unlucky it is that brother Francis happens to be living in Canton, just at this time of all others. If he were with us, we could go more into company, and his friends would visit at our house—and of course he would know a great many officers. But mamma is so very particular, and so very apprehensive about us, she cannot herself be persuaded to go to any public places. I wish Bob were grown up."

"We were very desirous," said Caroline, "of being among the young ladies that joined in presenting a standard, last October, to a regiment of infantry that was raised chiefly in the city, but mamma would not permit us. However, we saw the ceremony from a window. The young ladies who gave the standard were all dressed alike in white muslin frocks and long white kid gloves, with their hair plain and without ornament—they looked sweetly. The regiment had marched into town for the purpose,—for they were encamped

near Derby. The young ladies with the flag stood on the steps of a house in Chestnut street, and the officers were ranged in front. She that held the standard delivered a short address on the occasion, and the ensign who received it knelt on one knee, and replied very handsomely to her speech. Then the drums rolled, and the band struck up, and the colours waved, and the officers all saluted the ladies."

"In what way?" asked Sophia.

"Oh, with their swords. A military salute is superb—Bob showed us all the motions. Look now, aunt Sophia, I'll do it with this fly-brush. That's exactly the way."

"I have always considered a military salute extremely graceful," said Miss Clements.

"But we have still more to tell about this regiment," continued Caroline. "You must know we spent a most delightful day in their camp—actually in their camp."

"And how did you happen to arrive at that pitch of felicity?" asked Sophia.

"Oh!" replied Caroline, "we are, most fortunately for us, acquainted with the family of an officer belonging to this district, and they invited us to join them on a visit to the camp. Our friends had made arrangements for having a sort of pic-nic dinner there, and baskets of cold provisions were accordingly conveyed in the carriages. The weather was charming, for it was the Indian summer, and every thing conspired to be delightful. First we saw a review: how elegantly the officers looked galloping along the line,—and then the manoeuvres of the soldiers were superb,—they seemed to move by magic. When the review was over, the officers were all invited to share our dinner. As they always went to Derby (which was close by) for their meals, they had no conveniences for dining in camp; and the contrivances that were resorted to for the accommodation of our party caused us much amusement. The flies of two or three tents were put together so as to make a sort of pavilion for us. Some boards were brought, and laid upon barrels, so as to form a table, and for table-cloths we had sheets supplied by the colonel. We sat on benches of rough boards, similar to those that formed the table. Plates, and knives and forks, were borrowed for us of the soldiers. We happened to have no salt with us,—some, therefore, was procured from the men's pork-barrels, and we made paper salt-cellars to put it in. But the effect of our table was superb, all the gentlemen being in full uniform—such a range of epaulettes and sashes! Their swords and chapeaux, which they had thrown under a tree, formed such a picturesque heap! The music was playing for us all the time, and we were waited upon by orderlies—think of having your plate taken by a soldier in uniform. Wine-glasses being scarce among us, when a gentleman invited a lady to take wine with him, she drank first, and gave him her glass, and he drank out of it—and so many pretty things were said on the occasion. After dinner the colonel took us to his tent, which was distinguished from the others by being larger, and having a flag flying in front, and what they call a picket fence round it. Then we were conducted all through the camp, each lady leaning on the arm of an officer: we almost thought ourselves in Paradise. For

weeks afterwards we could scarcely bear to speak to a citizen—Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thomson seemed quite sickening.”

“What nonsense you are talking,” said Mrs. Darnel, who, unperceived by her daughters, had entered the room but a few moments before, and seated herself on the sofa with her sewing. “When you are old enough to think of marrying, (the two girls smiled and exchanged glances) you may consider yourselves very fortunate if any such respectable young men as the two you have mentioned so disdainfully, should deem you worthy of their choice.”

“I have no fancy for respectable young men,” said Harriet, in a low voice.

“I hope you will live to change your opinion,” pursued Mrs. Darnel. “I cannot be all the time checking and reproving; but my consolation is that when the war is over, you will both come to your senses,—and while it lasts, the officers have, fortunately, something else to think of than courtship and marriage; and are seldom long enough in one place to undertake any thing more than a mere flirtation.”

“For my part,” said Miss Clements, “nothing could induce me to marry an officer. Even in time of peace to have no settled home; and to be transferred continually from place to place, not knowing at what moment the order for removal may arrive;—and certainly in time of war my anxiety for my husband’s safety would be so great as entirely to destroy my happiness.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Darnel, “I wish for a thousand reasons that this war was over. Setting aside all more important considerations, the inconvenience it causes in our domestic concerns is too incessant to be trifling. We are not yet prepared to live comfortably without the aid of foreign importations. The price of every thing has risen enormously.”

“That is very true, mamma,” observed Harriet; “only think of having to give two dollars a yard for slight Florence silk; such silk as before the war we would not have worn at all—but now we are glad to get any thing,—and two dollars a pair for cotton stockings; cambric muslin a dollar and a half a yard—a dollar for a paper of pins—twenty-five cents for a cotton ball!”

“And groceries!” resumed Mrs. Darnel; “sugar a dollar a pound—lemons half a dollar a piece!”

“I must say,” said Caroline, “I am very tired of cream of tartar lemonade. I find it wherever I go.”

“Well, all this is bad enough,” said Harriet; “but somehow it does not make us the least unhappy, and certainly we are any thing but dull.”

“And then it is so pleasant,” remarked Caroline, “every now and then to hear the bells ringing, and to find that it is for a victory; and it is so glorious to be taking ship after ship from the British. Bob says he envied the New Yorkers the day the frigate United States brought in the Macedonian.”

“I own,” said Miss Clements, “that the excitement of that day can never be forgotten by those that felt it. It had been ascertained the evening before that the ships were off Sandy Hook, but in the morning there was a heavy fog which, it was feared, would prevent their coming up to the city. Nevertheless, thousands of

people were assembled at daylight on the Battery. At last a sunbeam shone out, the fog cleared off with almost unprecedented rapidity, and there lay the two frigates at anchor, side by side—the Macedonian with the American colours flying above the British ensign. So loud were the acclamations of the spectators, that they were heard half over the city, and they ceased not till both vessels commenced firing a salute.”

The conversation was finally interrupted by the arrival of some female visitors, who joined Mrs. Darnel in lamenting the inconveniences of the times. One fearing that if the present state of things continued, she would soon be obliged to dress her children in domestic gingham, and the other producing from her reticle a pattern for a white linen glove, which she had just borrowed with a view of making some for herself; kid gloves being now so scarce that they were rarely to be had at any price.

A few evenings afterwards, our young ladies were invited to join a party to a ball, where Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thomson were treated with considerable indifference by the two Miss Darnels, but being very persevering young men, they consoled themselves with the hope that *le bon tems viendra*. About the middle of the evening, the girls espied at a distance, among the crowd of gentlemen near the door, the glitter of a pair of silver epaulettes.

“There’s a field-officer, aunt Sophia,” said Harriet: “he wears two epaulettes, and is therefore either a major or a colonel. So I am determined to dance with him.”

“If you can,” added Caroline.

“How will you accomplish this enterprise?” asked Sophia.

“Oh!” replied Harriet, “I saw him talking to Mr. Wilson, who, I suppose, has got acquainted with him somehow. So I’ll first dance with poor Wilson, just to put him into a good humour, and I’ll make him introduce this field-officer to me.”

All this was accomplished. She *did* dance with Mr. Wilson—he *was* put into a good humour; and when, half-laughing, half-blushing, she requested that he would contrive for her an introduction to the field-officer, he smiled, and, somewhat to her surprise, said at once, “Your wish shall be gratified,” adding, “he fought bravely at Tippecanoe, and was rewarded with a commission in the regular service.”

Mr. Wilson then left her, and in a few minutes returned with the gentleman in question, whom he introduced as Major Steifenbiegen. The major was of German extraction, (as his name denoted) and came originally from one of the back counties of Pennsylvania.

When Harriet Darnel had a near view of him, she found that the field-officer, though a tall, stout man, was not distinguished by any elegance of figure, and that his features, though by no means ugly, were heavy and inexpressive, and his movements very much like those of a wooden image set in motion by springs. However, he was in full uniform, and had two epaulettes, and wore the U. S. button.

On being introduced by young Wilson to Harriet and her companions, the major bowed almost to the floor, as he gravely requested the honour of Miss Darnel’s hand for the next set,—which

he told her he was happy to say was a country-dance. On her assenting, he expressed his gratitude in slow and measured terms, and in a manner that showed he had been studying his speech during his progress across the ball-room.

"Madam," said he, "will you have the goodness to accept my most obliged thanks for the two honours you are doing me; first, in desiring the acquaintance of so unworthy an object, and secondly, madam, in agreeing to dance with me. I have never been so much favoured by so fine a young lady."

Harriet looked reproachfully at Mr. Wilson for having betrayed to Major Steifenbiegen her wish for the introduction; but Wilson afterwards took an opportunity of making her understand that she had nothing to fear; the field-officer being entirely guiltless of the sin of vanity—as far, at least, as regarded the ladies.

In a few minutes, a fair-haired, slovenly, but rather handsome young man, in a citizen's old brown surtout, with an epaulette on his left shoulder, came up to Major Steifenbiegen, and slapping him on the back, said, "Well, here I am, just from Washington. I've got a commission,—you see I've mounted my epaulette,—and the tailor is making my uniform. Who's that pretty girl you're going to dance with?" he added, in a loud whisper.

"Miss Darnel," replied the major, drawing him aside, and speaking in a tone quite different from that in which he thought proper to address the ladies.

"Is that her sister beside her—the one that's drest exactly the same?"

"I presume so."

"You know it is—she's the prettiest of the two. So introduce me, and I declare I'll take her out."

"I don't see how you can dance in that long surtout," observed the major.

"Just as well as you can in those long jack-boots."

"But I'm in full uniform," said the major, "and your dress is neither one thing nor t'other."

"No matter for that," replied the youth, "I'm old Virginia, and am above caring about my dress. Haven't I my epaulette on my shoulder to let every body know I'm an officer—and that's enough. Show me the girl that would'n't be willing at any minute to 'pack up her tatters and follow the drum.'"

Major Steifenbiegen then introduced to the ladies Lieutenant Tinsley, who requested Miss Caroline Darnel's hand for the next dance. Caroline consoling herself with the idea that her officer, though in an old brown surtout and dingy Jefferson shoes, was younger and handsomer than Harriet's major, allowed him, as he expressed it, to carry her to the dance,—which he did by tucking her hand under his arm, and walking very fast; informing her, at the same time, that he was old Virginia.

Major Steifenbiegen respectfully took the tips of Harriet's fingers, saying, "Madam, I am highly obligated to you for allowing me the privilege of leading you by the hand to the dance: I consider it a third honour."

"Then you are three by honours," said Tinsley.

Miss Clements, who was too much fatigued

by six sets of cotillions to undertake the "never-ending, still-beginning, country-dance," remained in her seat, talking to her last partner, and regarding at a distance the proceedings of her two nieces and their military beaux.

It is well known that during the late war commissions were frequently obtained by men whose only qualification for the profession of arms was the usual degree of personal courage, and who, in education, in manners, and appearance, were infinitely inferior to the present high cast of American officers.

The Miss Darnels and their partners took their places near the top of the country-dance. While it was forming, each of the gentlemen endeavoured to entertain his lady according to his own way—the major by slowly hammering out a series of dull and awkward compliments, and the lieutenant by a profusion of idle talk that Caroline laughed at without knowing why; seasoned as it was with local words and phrases, and with boastings about that section of the Union which had the honour of being his birth-place.

"Madam," said the major, "I think it is the duty of an officer—the bounden duty—to make himself agreeable, that is, to be perpetually polite, and so forth. I mean we are to be always agreeable to the ladies, because the ladies are always agreeable to us. Perhaps, madam, I don't speak loud enough. Madam, don't you think it the duty of an officer to be polite and agreeable to the ladies?"

"Certainly," answered Harriet, "of an officer, and of all gentlemen."

"Very true, madam," persisted the major, "your sentiments are quite correct. All gentlemen should be polite to the fair sex, but officers particularly. Not that I would presume to hint they ought to be so out of gratitude, or that ladies are apt to like officers—I have not that vanity, madam—we are not a vain people—that is, we officers. But perhaps, madam, my conversation does not amuse you."

"Oh! yes it does," replied Harriet, archly.

"Well, madam, if it doesn't, just mention it to me, and I'll willingly stop—the honour of dancing with so fine a young lady is sufficient happiness."

"Well, Miss," said young Tinsley to Caroline, "you have but a strange sort of dancing here to the north. I can't make out much with your cotillions. Before one has time to learn the figure by heart they're over; and as to your sashy and balanjay, I don't know which is which: I'm not good at any of your French capers—I'm old Virginia. Give me one of our own up-country reels—'Fire in the mountains,' or 'Possum up the gum tree,'—I could show you the figure in a minute, with ourselves and two chaps."

The dance had now commenced; and Major Steifenbiegen showed some signs of trepidation, saying to Miss Darnel, "Madam, will you allow me, if I may be so bold, to tax your goodness farther, by depending entirely on your kind instructions as to the manœuvres of the dance. I cannot say, madam, that I ever was a dancing character—some people are not. It's a study that I have but lately taken up. But with so fine a young lady for a teacher, I hope to acquit myself properly. I have been informed that Rome was not built in a day. Please, madam, to tell me what I am to do first."

"Observe the gentleman above you," replied Harriet, "and you will see in a moment."

The major did observe, but could not "catch the idea." The music was Fisher's Hornpipe, at that time very popular as a country dance, and Major Steifenbiegen was at length made to understand that he was first to go down by himself, outside of the line of gentlemen, and without his partner, who was to go down on the inside. He set off on his lonely expedition with rather a *triste* countenance. To give himself a wide field, he struck out so far into the vacant part of the room, that a stranger, entering at the moment, would have supposed that, for some misdemeanor, he had been expelled from the dance, and was performing a solitary *pas seul* by way of penance. His face brightened, however, when a gentleman, observing that he "took no note of time," kindly recalled him to his place in the vicinity of Miss Darnel. But his perplexities were now increased. In crossing hands he went every way but the right one, and the confusion he caused, and his formal apologies, were as annoying to his partner,—who tried in vain to rectify his mistakes—as they were diverting to the other ladies. He ducked his head, and raised his shoulders, every time he made a dive at their hands, lifting his feet high, like the Irishman that "rose upon sugan, and sunk upon gad."

Harriet could almost have cried with vexation; but the worst was still to come, and she prepared for the crowning misery of going down the middle with Major Steifenbiegen. He no longer touched merely the ends of her fingers, but he grasped both her hands hard, as if to secure her protection, and holding them high above her head, he blundered down the dance, running against one person, stumbling over another, and looking like a frightened fool, while his uniform made him doubly conspicuous. The smiles of the company were irrepressible, and those at a distance laughed outright.

When they came to the bottom, Harriet, who was completely out of patience, declared herself fatigued, and insisted on sitting down; and the major saying that it was his duty to comply with every request of so fine a young lady, led her to Miss Clements, who, though pained at her niece's evident mortification, had been an amused spectator of the dance. The major then took his station beside Harriet, fanning her awkwardly, and desiring permission to entertain her till the next set. She hinted that it would probably be more agreeable to him to join some of his friends on the other side of the room; but he told her that he could not be so ungrateful for the numerous honours she had done him, as to prefer any society to her's.

In the mean time, Caroline Darnel had fared but little better with Lieutenant Tinsley; and she was glad to recollect, for the honour of the army, that he was only an officer of yesterday, and also to hope (as was the truth,) that he was by no means a fair sample of the sons of Virginia. He danced badly and ridiculously, though certainly not from embarrassment, romped and scampered, and was entirely regardless of *les bienséances*.

When they had got to the bottom of the set, and had paused to take breath, the lieutenant began to describe to Caroline an opossum hunt

then told her how inferior was the rabbit of Pennsylvania to the "old yar"* of Virginia; and descanted on the excellence of their corn-bread, bacon, and barbecued chickens. He acknowledged, however, that "where he was raised, the whole neighbourhood counted on having the ague every spring and fall."

"Then why do they stay there?" inquired Caroline. "I wonder that any people, who are able to leave it, should persist in living in such a place."

"Oh! you don't know us at all," replied Tinsley. "We are so used to the ague that when it quits us we feel as if we were parting with an old friend. As for me, I fit against it for awhile, and then gave up; finding that all the remedies, except mint-juleps, were worse than the disease. I used to sit on the stars and shake, wrapped in my big overcoat, with my hat on, and the capes drawn over my head—I'm old Virginia."

Like her sister, Caroline now expressed a desire to quit the dance and to sit down, to which her partner assented; and, after conveying her to her party, and telling her that "There, now, you can say you have danced with an officer," he wheeled off, adding that "he would go and get a cigar, and take a stroll round the squarr with it."

The major looked astonished at Tinsley's immediate abandonment of a lady so young and so pretty, and by way of contrast, was more obsequious than ever to Harriet, reiterating the request which he had made her as they quitted the dance, to honour him with her hand for the next set; telling her that now, having had some practice, he hoped, with her instructions, to acquit himself better than in the last. Harriet parried his importunities as adroitly as she could; determined to avoid any farther exhibition with him, and yet unwilling to sit still, according to the usual ball-room penalty for refusing the invitation of a proffered partner.

Both the girls had been thoroughly ashamed of their epauletted beaux, and had often, during the dance, looked with wistful eyes towards Messrs. Wilson and Thomson, who were very genteel young men, and very good dancers, and whose partners—two beautiful girls—seemed very happy with them.

The major, seeing that other gentlemen were doing so, now departed in quest of lemonade for the ladies, and taking advantage of his absence, Harriet exclaimed, "Oh, aunt Sophy, aunt Sophy! tell me what to do—I cannot dance again with that intolerable man, neither do I wish to be compelled to sit still in consequence of refusing him. I have paid dearly for his two epaulettes."

"My fool had but one," said Caroline, "and a citizen's coat beside, therefore my bargain was far worse than yours. I have some hope, however, that he has no notion of asking me again, and if he has, that he will not get back from his tour round the squarr before the next set begins. I wish his cigar was the size of one of those candles, that he might be the longer getting through with it. Oh! that some one would ask me immediately."

"I am sure I wish the same," said Harriet.

— • Harc.

At that moment they were gladdened by the approach of Mr. Harford, a very ugly little man, whose dancing and deportment were just sufficiently *comme il faut*, and no more. And when he requested Caroline's hand for the next set, both the girls, in their eagerness, started forward, and replied, "With pleasure."

Mr. Harford, not appearing to perceive that her sister had also accepted the invitation, bowed his thanks to Caroline, who introduced him to Miss Clements. Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed and drew back; while Sophia, to cover her niece's confusion, entered into conversation with the gentleman.

Presently, Major Steifenbiegen came up with three or four glasses of lemonade on a waiter, and a plate piled high with cakes; all of which he pressed on the ladies with the most urgent perseverance, evidently desirous that they should drain the last drop of lemonade, and finish the last morsel of the cakes.

As soon as they had partaken of these refreshments, Mr. Harford led Caroline to a cotillion that was arranging. While talking to him she felt some one twitch her sleeve, and turning round she beheld Lieutenant Tinsley.

"So, Miss," said he, "you have given me the slip. Well, I have not been gone long. My cigar was not good, so I threw it away, and I came back, and have been looking all about; but seeing nobody prettier, I concluded I might as well take you out for this dance also. However, there's not much harm done, as I suppose you'll have no objection to dance with me next time; and I'll try to get up a Virginia reel." Caroline, much vexed, replied, "I believe I shall dance no more after this set."

"What! tired already?" exclaimed Tinsley; "it's easy to see you are not old Virginia."

"I hope so," said Caroline, petulantly.

"Why, that's rather a queer answer," resumed Tinsley, after pondering a moment till he had comprehended the innuendo; "but I suppose ladies must be allowed to say what they please. Good evening, Miss."

And he doggedly walked off, murmuring, "After all, these Philadelphia girls are not worth a copper."

When Caroline turned round again, she was delighted to perceive the glitter of his epaulette amidst a group of young men that were leaving the room; and the music now striking up, she cheerfully led off with good, ugly Mr. Harford, who had risen highly in her estimation, as contrasted with Lieutenant Tinsley.

Meanwhile, Harriet remained in her seat beside her aunt; the major standing before them, prosing and complimenting, and setting forth his humble opinion of himself; in which opinion the two ladies, in their hearts, most cordially joined him. Miss Clements, who had much tact, drew him off from her niece, by engaging him in a dialogue exactly suited to his character and capacity; while, unperceived by the major, Mr. Thomson stepped up, and, after the interchange of a few words, led off Harriet to a cotillion, saying, "Depend upon it, he is not sufficiently *au fait* to the etiquette of a ball-room to take offence at your dancing with me, after having been asked by him."

"But, if he *should* resent it——"

"Then I shall know how to answer him. But rely upon it, there is nothing to fear."

It was not till the Chace was danced, and the major happening to turn his head in following the eyes of Miss Clements, saw Harriet gaily flying round the cotillion with Mr. Thomson, that he missed her for the first time,—having taken it for granted that she would dance with him. He started and exclaimed—"Well, I certainly am the most faulty of men—the most condemnable—the most unpardonable officer in the army—to be guilty of such neglect—such rudeness—and to so fine a young lady. I ought never to presume to show myself in the best classes of society. Madam, may I hope that you will stand my friend—that you will help me to gain my pardon?"

"For what?" asked Miss Clements.

"For inviting that handsome young lady to favour me again with her hand, and then to neglect observing when the dance was about to begin, so that she was obliged to accept the offer of another gentleman. He, no doubt, stepped up just in time to save her from sitting still, which, I am told, is remarkably disagreeable to young ladies. Madam, I mean no reflection on you—I am incapable of any reflection—but, (if I may be so bold as to say so,) it was *your* fine, sensible conversation that drew me from my duty."

The set being now over, Major Steifenbiegen advanced to meet Mr. Thomson and Miss Darnel, and he accosted the former with—"Sir, give me your hand. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I am much obligated to you for sparing this young lady the mortification of not dancing with me."

"(You may leave out the 'not,'" murmured Harriet to herself.)

"Of not enjoying the dance to which I had invited her, and of saving her from sitting still for want of a partner,—all owing to my unofficer-like conduct in neglecting to claim her hand. I begin to perceive that I want some more practice in ball behaviour. I thank you again for your humane kindness of the young lady, which, I hope, will turn aside her anger from me."

"Oh, yes!" said Harriet, almost afraid to speak, lest she should laugh.

"Will you favour me with your name, Sir?" pursued the major.

Mr. Thomson gave it, much amused at the turn that things had taken. The major, after admiring the name, said he should always remember it with esteem, and regretted that his having to set out for Plattsburg early on the following morning would, for the present, prevent their farther acquaintance. He then made sundry other acknowledgments to Harriet for all the honours she had done him that evening, including her forgiveness of his "letting her dance without him,"—bowed to Caroline, who had just approached with Mr. Harford; and, going up to Miss Clements, he thanked her for her conversation, and finally took his departure. The girls did not laugh till he was entirely out of the room, though Harriet remarked that he walked edgeways, which she had not observed when he was first brought up to her; her fancy being then excited, and her perception blinded by the glitter of his two epaulettes.

"Well, Miss Darnel," said Mr. Wilson, who

had just joined them, "how do you like your field officer?"

"Need you ask me?" replied Harriet. "In future I shall hate the sight of two silver epaulettes."

"And I of one gold one," added Caroline.

"I will not trust you," said Mr. Thomson, with a smile.

"We shall see," said Mr. Wilson.

"Well, young ladies," observed Miss Clements, "you may at least deduce one moral from the events of the evening. You find that it is possible for officers to be extremely annoying, and to deport themselves in a manner that you would consider intolerable in citizens."

"It is intolerable in *them*, aunt," replied Harriet, "particularly when they are stiff and ungainly in all their movements, and dance shockingly."

"And if they are conceited, and prating, and ungenteel," added Caroline.

"Awkward in their expressions, and dull in their ideas," pursued Harriet..

"Talking ridiculously and behaving worse," continued Caroline.

"Come, come," said Sophia Clements, "candour must compel us to acknowledge that these two gentlemen are anything but fair specimens of their profession, which I am very sure can boast of a large majority of intelligent, polished, and accomplished men."

"Be that as it may," replied Harriet, "I confess that my delight in the show and parade of war, and my admiration of officers has received a severe shock to-night. 'My thoughts, I must confess, are turned off peace.'"

"I fear these pacific feelings are too sudden to be lasting," remarked Miss Clements, "and in a day or two we shall find that 'your voice is still for war.'"

* * * * *

The following morning the young ladies did more sewing than on any day for the last two years, sitting all the time in the back parlour. In the afternoon, Harriet read Cœlebs aloud to her mother and aunt, and Caroline went out to do some shopping. When she came home, she told of her having stopped in at Mrs. Raymond's, and of her finding the family just going to tea with an officer as their guest. "They pressed me urgently," said she, "to sit down and take tea with them, and to remain and spend the evening; but I steadily excused myself, notwithstanding the officer."

"Good girl!" said Sophia.

"To be sure," added Caroline, "he was only in a citizen's dress."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Darnel, "that materially alters the case. Had he been in uniform, I am sure your steadiness would have given way."

In less than two days all their anti-military resolutions were overset, and the young ladies were again on the *qui vive*, in consequence of the promulgation of an order for the return of the volunteers from Camp Dupont, as the winter having set in, the enemy had retired from the vicinity of the Delaware and Chesapeake. The breaking up of this encampment was an event of much interest to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, as there were few of them that had not a

near relative or an intimate friend among these citizen-soldiers.

On the morning that they marched home, all business was suspended; the pavements and door-steps were crowded with spectators, and the windows filled with ladies, eager to recognise among the returning volunteers, their brothers, sons, husbands, or lovers—who, on their side, cast many upward glances towards the fair groups that were gazing on them.

The British general—Riall, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Niagara, chanced to be at a house on the roadside when the gallant band went by, on their way to Philadelphia. It is said that he remarked to an American gentleman near him, "You should never go to war with us—the terms are too unequal. Men like these are too valuable to be thrown away in battle with such as compose *our* armies, which are formed from the overflowings of a superabundant population; while here I see not a man that you can spare."

And he was essentially right.

The volunteers entered the city by the central bridge, and came down Market street. All were in high spirits, and glad to return once more to their homes and families. But unfortunate were those who on that day formed the rear-guard, it being their inglorious lot to come in late in the afternoon, after the spectators had withdrawn, conveying, with "toilsome march, the long array" of baggage-wagons, which they had been all day forcing through the heavy roads of an early winter, cold, weary, and dispirited, with no music to cheer them, no acclamations to greet them. No doubt, however, their chagrin was soon dispelled, and their enjoyment proportionately great, when at last they reached their own domestic hearths, and met the joyous faces and happy hearts assembled round them.

A few days after the return of the volunteers, Mrs. Darnel received a letter from an old friend of hers, Mrs. Forrester, a lady of large fortune, residing in Boston, containing the information that her son, Colonel Forrester, would shortly proceed to Philadelphia from the Canada frontier, and that she would accompany him, taking the opportunity of making her a long-promised visit. Mrs. Darnel replied immediately, expressive of the pleasure it would afford her to meet again one of the most intimate companions of her youth, and to have both Mrs. Forrester and the colonel staying at her house.

The same post brought a letter to Sophia from Mr. Clements, her brother, in New York, who, after telling her of his having heard that Colonel Forrester would be shortly in Philadelphia, jestingly proposed her attempting the conquest of his heart, as he was not only a gallant officer, but a man of high character and noble appearance. Sophia showed this letter to no one, but she read it twice over,—the first time with a smile, the second time with a blush. She had heard much of Colonel Forrester, of whom "report spoke goldenly;" and several times in New York she had seen him in public, but had never chanced to meet him, except once at a very large party, when accident had prevented his introduction to her.

Harriet and Caroline were almost wild with

delight at the prospect of an intimate acquaintance with this accomplished warrior; but their joy was somewhat damped by the arrival of a second letter from Mrs. Forrester, in which she designated the exact time when she might be expected at the house of her friend, but said that her son having some business that would detain him several weeks in Philadelphia, would not trespass on the hospitality of Mrs. Darnel, but had made arrangements for staying at a hotel.

"He is perfectly right," said Sophia. "I concluded, of course, that he would do so. Few gentlemen, when in a city, like to stay at private houses if they can be accommodated elsewhere."

"At all events," said Harriet, "his mother will be with us, and he *must* come every day to pay his duty to her."

"That's some comfort," pursued Caroline; "and, no doubt, we shall see a great deal of him one way or another."

Sophia Clements, though scarcely conscious of it herself, felt a secret desire of appearing to advantage in the eyes of Colonel Forrester. Her two nieces felt the same desire, except that they made it no secret. They had worked up their imaginations to the persuasion that Colonel Forrester was the finest man in the army, and therefore the finest in the world, and they anticipated the delight of his being their frequent guest during the stay of his mother: of his morning visits, and his evening visits; of having him at dinner and at tea; of planning excursions with him, to show Mrs. Forrester the lions of the city and its vicinity, when, of course, he would be their escort. They imagined him walking in Chestnut street with them, and sitting in the same box at the theatre. Be it remembered that during the war, officers in the regular service were seldom seen out of uniform, and even when habited as citizens they were always distinguished by "that gallant badge the dear cockade." Perhaps, also, Colonel Forrester and his mother might accompany them to a ball, and they would then have the glory of dancing with an officer so elegant as entirely to efface their mortification at their former military partners. We need not say that Messrs. Wilson and Thomson were again at a discount.

The girls were taken with an immediate want of various new articles of dress, and had their attention been less engaged by the activity of their preparations for "looking their very best," the time that intervened between the receipt of Mrs. Forrester's last letter and that appointed for their arrival, would have seemed of length immeasurable.

At last came the eve of the day on which these all-important strangers were expected. As they quitted the tea-table, one of the young ladies remarked,

"By this time to-morrow we shall have seen Colonel Forrester and his mother."

"As to the mother," observed Mrs. Darnel, "I am very sure that were it not for the son, the expectation of *her* visit would excite but little interest in either of you—though, as you have often heard me say, she is a very agreeable and highly intelligent woman."

"We can easily perceive it from her letters," said Sophia.

Mrs. Darnel, complaining of the headache, retired for the night very early in the evening, desiring that she might not be disturbed. Sophia took some needle-work, and each of the girls tried a book, but were too restless and unsettled to read, and they alternately walked about the room or extended themselves on the sofas. It was a dark, stormy night—the windows rattled, and the pattering of the rain against the glass was plainly heard through the inside shutters.

"I wish to-morrow evening were come," said Harriet, "and that the introduction was over, and we were all seated round the tea-table."

"For my part," said Caroline, "I have a presentiment that every thing will go on well. We will all do *notre possible* to look our very best; mamma will take care that the rooms and the table shall be arranged in admirable style—and if you and I can only manage to talk and behave just as we ought, there is nothing to fear."

"I hope, indeed, that Colonel Forrester will like us," rejoined Harriet, "and be induced to continue his visits when he again comes to Philadelphia."

"Much depends on the first impression," remarked Miss Clements.

"Now let us just imagine over the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Forrester," said Harriet. "The lamps lighted, and the fires burning brightly in both rooms. In the back parlour the tea-table set out with the French china and the chased plate;—mamma sitting in an arm-chair, with her feet on one of the embroidered footstools, dressed in her queen's-gray luteastring, and one of her Brussels lace caps—I suppose the one trimmed with white riband. Aunt Sophia in her myrtle-green levantine, seated at the marble table in the front parlour, holding in her hand an elegant book—for instance, her beautiful copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Caroline and I will wear our new scarlet Canton crapes with the satin trimming, and our coral ornaments."

"No, no," rejoined Caroline; "we resemble each other so much, that if we are dressed alike, Colonel Forrester will find too great a sameness in us. Do you wear your scarlet crape, and I will put on my white muslin with the six narrow flounces headed with insertion.* I have reserved it clean on purpose; and I think aunt Sophia had best wear her last new coat dress, with the lace trimming. It is so becoming to her with a pink silk handkerchief tied under the collar."

"Well," said Harriet, "I will be seated at the table also, not reading, but working a pair of cambric cuffs, my mother-of-pearl work-box before me."

"And I," resumed Caroline, "will be found at the piano, turning over the leaves of a new music-book. Every one looks their best on a music-stool; it shows the figure to advantage, and the dress falls in such graceful folds."

"My hair shall be à la Grecque," said Harriet.

"And mine is the Vandyke style," said Caroline.

* In those days white muslin dresses were worn both in winter and summer.

"But," asked Sophia, "are the strangers on entering the room to find us all sitting up in form, and arranged for effect, like actresses waiting for the bell to ring and the curtain to rise. How can you pretend that you were not the least aware of their approach till they were actually in the room, when you know very well that you will be impatiently listening to the sound of every carriage till you hear theirs stop at the door. Never, certainly, will a visitor come *less* unexpectedly than Colonel Forrester."

"But you know, aunt," replied Caroline, "how much depends on a first impression."

"Well," resumed Harriet, "I have thought of another way. As soon as they enter the front parlour let us all advance through the folding doors to meet them,—mamma leading the van with aunt Sophy, Caroline and I arm in arm behind."

"No," said Caroline, "let us not be close together, so that the same glance can take in both."

"Then," rejoined Harriet, "I will be a few steps in advance of you. You, as the youngest, should be timid, and should hold back a little; while I, as the eldest, should have more self-possession. Variety is advisable."

"But I cannot be timid all the time," said Caroline; "that will require too great an effort."

"We must not laugh and talk too much at first," observed Harriet; "but all we say must be both sprightly and sensible. However, we shall have all day to-morrow to make our final arrangements; and I think I am still in favour of the sitting reception."

"Whether he has a sitting or a standing reception," said Caroline, "let the colonel have as striking a coup d'œil as possible."

Their brother Robert had gone to the theatre by invitation of a family with whose sons he was intimate; and Sophia Clements, who was desirous of finishing a highly interesting book, and who was not in the least addicted to sleepiness, volunteered to sit up for him.

"I think," said she, "as the hour is too late, and the night too stormy to expect any visitors, I will go and exchange my dress for a wrapper; I can then be perfectly at my ease while sitting up for Robert. I will first ring for Peter to move one of the sofas to the side of the fire, and to place the reading lamp upon the table before it."

She did so; and in a short time she came down in a loose double wrapper, and with her curls pinned up.

"Really, aunt Sophy," said Harriet, "that is an excellent idea. Caroline, let us pin up our hair here in the parlour before the mantel-glass; that will be better still—our own toilet table is so far from the fire."

"True," replied Caroline; "and you are always so long at the dressing-glass that it is an age before I can get to it—but here, if there were even four of us, we could all stand in a row and arrange our hair together before this long mirror."

They sent up for their combs and brushes, their boxes of hair-pins, and their flannel dressing-gowns, and placed candles on the mantel-piece, preparing for what they called "clear comfort;" while Sophia reclined on the sofa by the fire, deeply engaged with Miss Owenson's new novel. The girls having poured some cologne-water into a glass, wetted out all their ringlets with

it, preparatory to the grand curling that was to be undertaken for the morrow, and which was not to be opened out during the day.

Harriet had just taken out her comb, and untied her long hair behind, to rehearse its arrangement for the ensuing evening, when a ring was heard at the street-door.

"That's Bob," said Caroline. "He is very early from the theatre; I wonder he should come home without staying for the farce."

Presently their black man, with a grin of high delight, threw open the parlour-door, and ushered in an elegant-looking officer, who, having left his cloak in the hall, appeared before them in full uniform—and they saw at a glance that it could be no one but Colonel Forrester.

Words cannot describe the consternation and surprise of the young ladies. Sophia dropped her book, and started on her feet; Harriet throwing down her comb so that it broke in pieces on the hearth, retreated to a chair that stood behind the sofa, with such precipitation as nearly to over-set the table and the reading lamp; and Caroline, scattering her hair-pins over the carpet, knew not where she was till she found herself on a footstool in one of the recesses. Alas! for the coup d'œil and the first impression! Instead of heads à la Grecque, or in the Vandyke fashion, their whole chevelure was disordered, and their side-locks straightened into long strings, and clinging, wet and ungraceful, to their cheeks. Instead of scarlet crape frocks trimmed with satin, or white muslin with six flounces, their figures were enveloped in flannel dressing-gowns. All question of the sitting reception or the standing reception was now at an end; for Harriet was hiding unsuccessfully behind the sofa, and Caroline crouching on a footstool in the corner, trying to conceal a large rent which in her hurry she had given to her flannel gown. Resolutions never again to make their toilet in the parlour, regret that they had not thought of flying into the adjoining room and shutting the folding-doors after them, and wonder at the colonel's premature appearance, all passed through their minds with the rapidity of lightning.

Sophia, after a moment of hesitation, rallied from her confusion; and her natural good sense and ease of manner came to her aid, as she courtésied to the stranger and pointed to a seat. Colonel Forrester, who saw at once that he had come at an unlucky season, after introducing himself, and saying he presumed he was addressing Miss Clements, proceeded immediately to explain the reason of his being a day in advance of the appointed time. He stated that his mother, on account of the dangerous illness of an intimate and valued friend, had been obliged to postpone her visit to Philadelphia; and that in consequence of an order from the war-office, which required his immediate presence at Washington, he had been obliged to leave Boston a day sooner than he had intended, and to travel with all the rapidity that the public conveyances would admit. He had arrived about eight o'clock at the Mansion House Hotel, where a dinner was given that evening to a distinguished naval commander. Colonel Forrester had immediately been waited upon by a deputation from the dinner-table, with a pressing invitation to join the company; and this (though he did not then allude to it) was the reason of his

being in full uniform. Compelled to pursue his journey very early in the morning, he had taken the opportunity, as soon as he could get away from the table, of paying his compliments to the ladies, and bringing with him a letter to Miss Clements from her brother, whom he had seen in passing through New York, and one from his mother for Mrs. Darnel.

Grievously chagrined and mortified as the girls were, they listened admiringly to the clear and handsome manner in which the colonel made his explanation, and they more than ever regretted that all their castles in the air were demolished, and that after this unlucky visit he would probably have no desire to see them again, when he came to Philadelphia on his return from Washington.

Sophia, who saw at once that she had to deal with a man of tact and consideration, felt that an apology for the disorder in which he had found them was to him totally unnecessary, being persuaded that he already comprehended all she could have said in the way of excuse; and, with true civility, she forebore to make any allusion which might remind him that his unexpected visit had caused them any discomfiture or annoyance. Kindred spirits soon understand each other.

The girls were amazed to see their aunt so cool and so much at her ease, when her beautiful hair was pinned up, and her beautiful form disfigured by a large wrapper. But the colonel had penetration enough to perceive that under all these disadvantages she was an elegant woman.

Harriet and Caroline, though longing to join in the conversation, made signs to Sophia not to introduce them to the colonel, as they could not endure the idea of his attention being distinctly attracted towards them; and they perceived that in the fear of adding to their embarrassment, he seemed to avoid noticing their presence.

Colonel Forrester now began to admire a picture that hung over the piano, and Sophia took a candle and conducted him to it, that, while his back was towards them, the girls might have an opportunity of rising and slipping out of the room. Of this lucky chance they instantly and with much adroitness availed themselves, ran up stairs, and in a shorter time than they had ever before changed their dresses, they came back with frocks on—not, however, the scarlet crape, and the six-flounced muslin—and with their hair nicely but simply arranged, by parting it on their foreheads in front, and turning it in a band round their combs behind. Sophia introduced them to the colonel, and they were now able to speak; but were still too much discomposed by their recent fright to be very fluent or much at their ease.

In the mean time their brother Robert had come home from the theatre; and the boy's eye sparkled, when, on presenting her nephew, the colonel shook hands with him.

Colonel Forrester began to find it difficult to depart, and he was easily induced to stay and partake of the little collation which was on the table waiting the return of Robert; and the ease and grace with which Sophia did the honours of their *petit souper* completely charmed him.

In conversation, Colonel Forrester was certainly "both sprightly and sensible." He had read much, seen much, and was peculiarly happy

in his mode of expressing himself. Time flew as if

"Birds of Paradise had lent
Their plumage to his wings,"

and when the colonel took out his watch and discovered the lateness of the hour, the ladies *looked* their surprise, and his was denoted by a very handsome compliment to them. He then concluded his visit by requesting permission to resume his acquaintance with them on his return from Washington.

As soon as he had finally departed, and Robert had locked the door after him, the girls broke out into a rhapsody of admiration, mingled with regret, at the state in which he had surprised them, and the entire failure of their first impression, which they feared had not been retrieved by their second appearance in an improved style.

"Well," said Bob, "yours may have been a failure, but I am sure that was not the case with aunt Sophia. It is plain enough that the colonel's impression of *her* turned out very well indeed, notwithstanding that she kept on her wrapper, and had her hair pinned up all the time. Aunt Sophy is a person that a man may fall in love with in any dress; that is, a man who has as much sense as herself."

"As I am going to be a midshipman," continued Robert, "there is one thing I particularly like in Colonel Forrester, which is, that he is not in the least jealous of the navy. How handsomely he spoke of the sea-officers!"

"A man of sense and feeling," observed Sophia, "is rarely susceptible of so mean a vice as jealousy."

"How animated he looked," pursued the boy, "when he spoke of Midshipman Hamilton arriving at Washington with the news of the capture of the *Macedonia*, and going in his travelling dress to Mrs. Madison's ball, in search of his father, the secretary of the navy, to show his despatches to him, and the flag of the British frigate to the President, carrying it with him for the purpose. No wonder the dancing ceased, and the ladies cried."

"Did you observe him," said Harriet, "when he talked of Captain Crowninshield going to Halifax to bring home the body of poor Lawrence, in a vessel of his own, manned entirely by twelve sea-captains, who volunteered for the purpose!"

"And did not you like him," said Caroline, "when he was speaking of Perry removing in his boat from the Lawrence to the Niagara, in the thickest of the battle, and carrying his flag on his arm? And when he praised the gallant seamanship of Captain Morris, when he took advantage of a tremendous tempest to sail out of the Chesapeake, where he had been so long blockaded by the enemy, passing fearlessly through the midst of the British squadron, not one of them daring, on account of the storm, to follow him to sea and fight him."

"The eloquence of the colonel seems to have inspired you all," said Sophia.

"Aunt Sophy," remarked Caroline, "at supper to-night, did you feel as firm in your resolution of never marrying an officer, as you were at the tea-table?"

"Colonel Forrester is not the only agreeable

man I have met with," replied Miss Clements, evading the question. "It has been my good fortune to know many gentlemen that were handsome and intelligent."

"Well," said Robert, "one thing is plain enough to me, that Colonel Forrester is exactly suited to aunt Sophy, and he knows it himself."

"And now, Bob," said Sophia, blushing, "light your candle, and go to bed."

"Bob is right," observed Harriet, after he had gone; "I saw in a moment that such a man as Colonel Forrester would never fancy me."

"Nor me," said Caroline.

Sophia kissed her nieces with more kindness than usual as they bade her good-night. And they retired to bed impatient for the arrival of morning, that they might give their mother all the particulars of Colonel Forrester's visit.

In a fortnight he returned from Washington, and this time he made his first visit in the morning, and saw all the ladies to the best advantage. His admiration of Sophia admitted not of a doubt. Being employed for the remainder of the winter on some military duty in Philadelphia, he went for a few days to Boston and brought his mother, (whose friend had recovered from her illness,) to fulfil her expected visit. The girls found Mrs. Forrester a charming woman, and very indulgent to the follies of young people; and the colonel introduced to them various officers that were passing through the city, so that they really *did* walk in Chestnut street with gentlemen in uniform, and sat in boxes with them at the theatre.

Before the winter was over, Sophia Clements had promised to become Mrs. Forrester, as soon as the war was at an end. This fortunate event took place sooner than was expected, the treaty having been made, though it did not arrive, previous to the victory of New Orleans. The colonel immediately claimed the hand of the lady, and the wedding and its preparations, by engaging the attention of Harriet and Caroline, enabled them to conform to the return of peace with more philosophy than was expected. The streets no longer resounded with drums and fifes. Most of the volunteer corps disbanded themselves—the army was reduced, and the officers left off wearing their uniform, except when at their posts. The military ardour of the young ladies rapidly subsided—citizens were again at par—and Harriet and Caroline began to look with complacency on their old admirers. Messrs. Wilson and Thomson were once more in favour—and, seeing the coast clear, they, in process of time, ventured to propose, and were thankfully accepted.

SCRAPS FROM A NOTE BOOK KEPT IN PARIS.

MUSICAL "EFFECTS."—Musard's great rival as Quadrille King is M. Jullien, who holds his court in the *Jardin Turc*. The French—the French of the present day particularly—are mad after *effects*, and M. Jullien purveys for them most bountifully. Some of his hits are very happy; and some, truth to say, *outré* enough. We had an instance of the one and the other this evening at his concert on the *Boulevard Italien*. The rotunda was occupied by a band of not less than a hundred performers; and, among other things, they played a set of quadrilles called *Les Echos*

Militaires; in one of which the strain, after having been given by the band in the rotunda, was repeated by another small band stationed in a lofty corner of the *Café* at the end of the garden. Then another strain from the orchestra; then another response from the echoists: and so on throughout the piece. The effect of this is exceedingly beautiful, and might be imitated successfully at our Vauxhall. Another of the novelties in M. Jullien's bill of fare was the Huguenots quadrilles. As usual, the *finis-coronatopus* system was adopted, and in the last quadrille the maestro exhausted all his talent for *effect*. The first novelty in the way of accompaniment was the tolling of a huge church bell, which gave a gigantic dong at the end of every fourth bar or so. Then came the "additional accompaniment" of a sledge-hammer, falling with a ten-Vulcan power upon some dull sounding substance that gave out a noise like that of a falling house. This raised the vivacity of the bell, which tolled away more loudly and more frequently than before. Other sledge-hammers followed, till about half-a-dozen seemed to be at work together, the music in the orchestra all the while going at *extra fortissimo*, under the direction of the moustached maestro. This was not all. Suddenly there was a flash and a whiz—and half-a-dozen blue-lights sprung up around the musicians. Another whiz and another flash—and the blue-lights were succeeded by red. Wheels, and serpents, and fountains of fire joined: and *I believe* sky-rockets; but I cannot speak positively about these last; as, to say the truth, I was so completely mystified by the roar and dazzle of drums and stars, and fiddles and Roman-candles, and bells and fifes and sledge-hammers, and blue fire, and red fire and yellow fire, that it was just as much as I could do to retain the consciousness of my own existence. So much for the musical effects of M. Jullien.

LE DIABLE BOITEUX.—The greatest *hit* of the season this year at Paris is decidedly the new ballet at the Opera, called *Le Diable Boiteux*. Though some of the characters are taken from *Le Sage*, the plot is entirely different from anything to be found in the novel. It retains enough of the stamp of the original, however, to be welcomed as an old acquaintance. *Asmodeus* and *Don Cleofas* are there, and that is enough for us. The Ellsers and Leroux are the principal dancers, and the Spanish dance in the second act by the *fin* Fanny has turned the heads of all Paris. One of the scenes of this ballet is the most superb and striking possible—beats the masquerade in *Gustavus* hollow. At the rising of the curtain you find yourself behind the *coulisses* of a large theatre. The carpenters are seen running across the stage and fixing the lights behind the wings. The ballet-master is giving the characters their last lesson, the *figurantes* are rehearsing their first tableau. Suddenly the bell rings for clearing the stage, away they all skip, and up rises the curtain, exhibiting to the "astonished spectator" the interior of a large and brilliantly-lighted theatre, with its complement of *loges, balcons, parterre, amphitheatre, &c.* all filled with *real persons*! Presently on skips a *danseuse*, who goes through a *pas seul*, with her face of course towards the scenic spectators, and receives from them, at every successful curvet, a round of applause. The effect of all this, so flat in description, is delightful in reality.

SUNDAY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—It was Sunday evening, and we made our way into the Tuilleries garden. The 45th band—the crack band of the French army—was playing under the Palace windows. But such playing! I confess I never had an idea what military music was till now. It was not, as I have too often heard it, a conflict between drum and trumpet, and flute and hautboy, as to which should be heard most—it was not a mere mixture of instruments, but in reality “a succession of sentiments.” And yet the fellows that played were common, vulgar looking fellows enough—neither more nor less than ordinary *bandmen*, to all appearance. How they managed to produce such an effect I cannot at all make out. It is a *Sterne* truth, but certainly “they do manage these things better in France.” I could have listened to them forever; but it is not so easy playing as listening; and the 45th band at length ceased. The night had begun to close in, “Heaven’s lamps” were lit—and earth’s too; and from top to bottom of the *Champs Elysees* sparkled a thousand lights. The fountains in the Palace gardens plashed and glittered in the air; the soft evening breeze came loaded with the perfume of a thousand flowers; every alley of that vast “pleasaunce” was crowded with gay guests—infancy in all its joy, youth in all its brightness, and age almost as gay and bright as youth and infancy themselves.

We are in the *Champs Elysees*: and what a whirl of gaiety it is! On one side of us is the *Cirque Franconi*, with its live merry-go-round of horses and riders. Close by its side is a merry-go-round of quite another description; wooden horses and dragons here invite the adventurous youth to enter its enticing circle. A flight of aerial ships there whisks through the air, every ship freighted with lovers, and fanned by Cupids. Music from the interior of a brilliantly-lighted pavillion next attracts our notice, and we learn that at the *Salon de Mars* there is a *Bal tous les Dimanches*. At fresco gaming-tables succeed to the saloon, where one may tempt Dame Fortune (or Miss Fortune if you will) with any sum, from a *Napoleon* down to a *demi-franc*. Another step or two brings us to the stage of a leg-less *voltigeur*, who, to the infinite delight of the gaping Parisians, performs a series of evolutions on his wooden stumps that might strike envy into the bosoms of a couple of pegtops. A *café* offers its enticements at a little distance, where a lady having despatched her bowl of *riz-au-lait* is earnestly discussing a game of dominoes with her *cher ami*. On a carpet in front of the *café* a family of posturists are twisting themselves into all possible—and impossible shapes, to the tune of “*Adieu, enfans de la patrie*,” played on the cornet à piston by the father of the flock. You have no sooner got out of the sound of the posture-master’s trumpet than you find yourself surrounded by entirely new objects. A weighing-machine here invites you to ascertain your *avoirdupoise* for the small charge of one sous. That amusing instrument the *Polygone* there attracts your attention, and offers recreation at an equally low rate. At one moment groups of “Shepherds from the South of France” run over you with their wooden legs; at another you are within an ace of being whirled away in a vortex of skipping-ropes. Rockets from the neighbouring tea-gar-

dens every now and then startle you with their upward whiz, and fill the air with sparkles; while the blue and red lights of the various omnibuses go whisking by every moment, like a masquerade of *ignes fatui*.

The company is not among the least amusing part of the spectacle. Here the young *commis marchand*, with his little pet of a *grisette* by his side, looks as great—and twice as happy—in his *bouze* and *chapeau de paille* as a monarch in his robes of state. There the veteran of the *grande armée* paces with proud steps towards the *Arc de Triomphe* at the end of the avenue, or lifts his eyes in ardent admiration towards the column of the *Place Vendôme*. Next to him comes the young *élève* of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, big with the recollections of the *memorable semaine*; and close to the scholar, a young private of the National Guard, in kid gloves and green spectacles. A party of English succeed, quizzing and laughing at everybody they meet, and quizzed and laughed at by everybody in return. Groups of happy children, dressed in all manner of fantastic costumes, come bowling their hoops or chasing one another among the trees; attended by nurses, drest really like nurses, and not, as in England, like their mammas. Elegantly attired groups of women, accompanied by their husbands, brothers, or cousins, add their charms and graces to the scene. And here and there, amidst the merry throng, may be espied the reverend figure of a parish *cure* or of a Sister of Charity, slowly returning home after the duties of the day, or devoutly hastening to the sick chamber of some dying penitent. Such is life! and such—such is Sunday evening in the *Champs Elysees*!

Written for the Lady’s Book.

BEAUTY AT THE WINDOW.

I see thee there, my dark-eyed girl!
As down thy neck thy ringlets curl;
Where wreathing dimples sweetly play,
About a face that’s always gay;
Where Feeling acts a silent part,
With blushes—tell-tales of the heart—
And glances greet some stranger’s form,
That would a soulless stoic warm.

I see thee there, like morning’s ray,
Sent through the clouds at early day,
To shine awhile, then fade again,
Too lovely longer to remain.
Thy cheeks o’erspread with roseate hues,
Thine eyes suffus’d with melting dews,
There come and go, as if thy heart
Could not from that charm’d spot depart.

I see thee there, alone in smiles,
With rosy lips, and artless wiles,
Whence oft a look in vain is thrown,
Like sunbeams o’er the frigid zone.
As if to win some answering token,
To thoughts that may not yet be spoken,
Within thy bosom treasur’d up,
Like dew-drops in the lily’s cup.

I see thee there! yet know not why,
Thou turn’st on me thy full dark eye,
Thy snow-white neck, and flower-wreathed hair,
Add charms to what was always fair;
Yet all thy charms in me can wake,
Nought but a wish for thy sweet sake,
That whoso’er thy heart enchain,
Thy love may be returned again. S.

STORY OF MICHAEL KELLY.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.

"Poor Kelly!" ejaculated Captain Melville, as he returned one morning from parade, and threw himself despondingly on the couch in the drawing-room.

"What of Kelly?" I inquired; for I had entered immediately after my husband, and had overheard his exclamation.

"He is disgraced," he replied, in a voice that betrayed extreme emotion: "he is disgraced, and the noblest fellow in the regiment must be tied up and flogged like a slave."

"You are aware," continued my husband, in answer to my further inquiries, "that the man who was yesterday convicted of an assault on his superior officer, was to have suffered to-day. At an early hour this morning it was discovered that he had escaped; and equally evident, from the circumstance of part of a crow-bar, with which the grating of the condemned cell had been wrenched away, having been left behind by the prisoner in his flight, that the sentinel must either have connived at his escape, or, contrary to strict orders, have admitted to him some person who had furnished him with the means of liberation."

"Immediately on the discovery, the whole of the men who had mounted guard during the night over the condemned cell were sent to confinement. Kelly was among the number; and, as he passed me, on his way to the guard-room, feeling a conviction of his innocence, I spoke to him in encouraging terms. The poor fellow shook his head despondingly, and thanked me in a manner which convinces me of his having some knowledge of the transaction. What it may be, I shall probably soon learn, as an investigation is now about to take place, at which I have orders to be present. If Kelly proves seriously in fault, I shall be both surprised and pained; but for his own dejection I could freely have answered for his entire innocence."

Having partaken of a slight refreshment, my husband left me to attend the examination, in which he felt a peculiar interest, as the whole of the men who had mounted guard over the prisoner were of his own company, the —th regiment having been at that time on duty.

It was a subject of pride to Captain Melville, that the conduct of the officers and men of the corps to which he belonged, had long been such as fully to maintain the high reputation it had acquired in the service. It may be readily conceived, therefore, that a case like the present was productive of the most poignant regret; in the present instance it was doubly painful, as the offending party was one of the most deserving men in the regiment. Always foremost in the hour of peril, the name of Michael Kelly was connected with instances of personal bravery that would have done honour to the most exalted character; while in his intercourse with his comrades his conduct had ever been irreproachable. Did an officer require any service of extraordinary difficulty, or a comrade an office of confidence and friendship, Michael Kelly was the man applied to; his influence, which was

considerable for his situation, and his purse, slender as it was, were ever accessible to a companion in difficulty: and never was known an instance of a commission having been neglected, or a trust abused by him. Generous and high-minded, yet gentle and unassuming, the man was looked up to by his comrades as a model of discipline, and by his officers esteemed less an inferior than a friend.

There was, moreover, a circumstance of peculiar interest connected with the name of Kelly—an instance of self-devotion, that deserves a more lasting memorial than it can derive from these imperfect pages—that may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed in the annals of friendship. At the period of his entering the regiment, a spirit of disaffection had appeared among the men, originating in the undue severity of a subordinate officer. In this offence the proud spirit of Kelly, not yet accustomed to the restraints of military discipline, and his friendship for one of the aggrieved party, had involved him.

Decisive measures were deemed necessary to check the progress of insubordination, and five of the offenders were, on their conviction before a court-martial, sentenced to suffer death. The sentence was, however, mitigated, two only of the number being eventually doomed to suffer, and the condemned party having to cast lots for the decision. Kelly drew a prize, and with his two equally fortunate companions was immediately set at liberty. His friend, however, was less successful; and in seeing him remanded to his cell, our hero felt that he could gladly resign the freedom he had gained, to alleviate the confinement, and share the fate of his comrade.

"I will save him!" he ejaculated, as he repaired to his quarters: "I will save him for his wife and his poor babes. If he deserves his sentence I am equally guilty, and am, besides, unincumbered; my death will not throw a widow and helpless orphans on the world."

As Macdonald, (such was the name of Kelly's unfortunate friend) was to suffer on the following morning; there was no time to be lost; he solicited, and obtained permission to visit him in his cell at an early hour on the following morning. He found the unhappy man in the arms of his distracted wife; while his two infant children were playing on the floor of the prison, in happy ignorance of the sufferings of their wretched parents.

"Macdonald," said Kelly, when his friend observed him, and warmly grasped his hand, "you are a husband and a father—you have a wife, who looks to you as the main-stay of life—you have children, whose only dependence is on the arm of their father; I, on the contrary, am unconnected, and have no one to regret me. Let me undergo the sentence, from which the favour of the lots has alone exempted me. Nay, Mac," continued he, as his friend shrunk with horror from the proposal, "can you think of your poor wife and helpless boys turned adrift upon the world? It must not be! I am of your own height and figure, and can easily pass for you, by concealing my face."

The wife of the condemned man joined in the entreaty with all a mother's eloquence; even the smiles of his innocent babes seemed forci-

bly to appeal to him not to desert them, and the heart of the father was subdued. At that moment a guard of six grenadiers entered, and demanded the prisoner. Kelly threw off his jacket, and surrendering himself to the unsuspecting escort, was led forth with his fellow-sufferer, while Macdonald remained behind in almost torpid insensibility.

The whole of the troops in garrison were under arms, and, as the prisoners appeared, the long roll of the muffled drum sounded in unison with the melancholy scene. The appearance of the sufferers was in the highest degree firm and becoming; the taller of them alone was observed to droop his head on his bosom, in such a manner as effectually to conceal his features.

"Make ready!" and the muskets of the men appointed to the work of death clicked audibly in the ears of those assembled: "Present!" and the hearts of many, who had dared unflinchingly the perils of the field, sickened as they gazed. At that moment a stir was perceived among the ranks, and Macdonald, rushing forward, called on the soldiers to stay their arms, declaring himself to be the person doomed to suffer.

He had awoke from his stupor to a full conviction of the danger of his too generous friend, and breaking from his wife's arms, had hastened to snatch him from the fate that so imminently threatened him.

The commanding officer advanced, and demanded an explanation, which Macdonald gave with a grateful eloquence that melted every heart: at the same time tearing off the bandage from the eyes of his friend, he discovered the noble features of Michael Kelly clouded with disappointment. In a tone of passionate sincerity Kelly reproached him with unseasonable interference, and turning from the encomiums of the officer, his eye encountered the approving glance of Colonel T.—

"My brave fellow!" ejaculated the venerable commandant, as he grasped the soldier's hand. It was too much for the "proud yet meek" spirit of poor Kelly; his colour came and went alternately, and a flood of tears alone saved him from a most unsoldier-like fainting fit. The two condemned men were remanded to their cells, till the pleasure of the governor should be known; the urgent application addressed by the colonel to head-quarters was not likely to meet a refusal. In a few days Kelly was summoned to that officer's presence, and from his hands received the life of his friend Macdonald, and his companion in distress.

"A complete Damon-and-Pythias scene, which I would not have lost for fifty guineas," said the colonel, as he returned to his quarters, after having restored to the delighted Kelly the two men, whom his generous act of self-devotion had rescued from an untimely death.

Such was the man whose conduct was now undergoing an investigation. The reader will, I conceive, be disposed to think that Melville's confidence of his proving innocent of any serious offence was not ill-founded.

On the return of my husband, I was not long in ascertaining the result of the examination.

The men who had mounted guard over the condemned cell having been relieved every hour,

a considerable number were, of course, implicated. Kelly having been among the latest on guard, was not produced for examination until after several others had been brought up; but at his own request he would not probably have been examined at all, so general was the conviction of his innocence, from his previous exemplary character.

One of the suspected party, a man of weak mind and nervous temperament, terrified at the apparent danger of his situation, had been so far overcome, as to reply in a confused and prevaricating manner to the questions put to him on his examination. His confusion having been attributed to a consciousness of guilt, had produced a strictness and sternness of investigation that had rendered the poor fellow completely unintelligible, and he was remanded to close confinement, previously to his taking his trial on a charge of aiding and abetting the criminal's escape—a breach of duty, to a suspicion of which his weakness and incapacity naturally exposed him. The other men were, of course, set at liberty.

Kelly refused the proffered enlargement, and learning the situation of poor Drummond, the name of the soldier who had been remanded on suspicion, desired to be immediately conducted before the court, which had not yet separated, representing himself to have certain disclosures to make.

"Well, Kelly, what have you to say?" inquired the officer who presided, not a little surprised at his appearance.

"I have reason to fear, sir," replied the soldier, "that the escape of the man over whom I mounted guard last night, is owing to a breach of duty on my part."

"Ha!" cried the officer, in a tone that expressed surprise and regret, feelings in which the whole court evidently participated. "Kelly," resumed the officer, "I am ready to receive your deposition; yet feel it my duty to remind you, that whatever you may now say, will, hereafter appear as evidence against you: be careful, then, not to criminate yourself."

"I thank you, sir, but must not conceal the truth," replied the soldier; "come what will, Michael Kelly is not the man to shrink from the consequences of a breach of duty."

"You remember, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the court in a manner at once firm and respectful; "you remember, gentlemen, how bitter cold it was last night. At four in the morning I went on guard; and while stationed at my post, the but-end of my firelock frozen to my fingers, and my numbed feet slipping at every step on the ground, where the sleet fell and congealed instantly, I could not help thinking of the many poor wretches who, with scarcely a rag to cover them, and not a morsel to satisfy their hunger, were turned adrift on the world, to perish in a night like this. I could not help thinking, gentlemen, of my own fortunate condition, with plenty of wholesome food, a warm great coat that, at least, kept the snow from my skin, and a blazing fire in the guard-room, after my hour should expire. I thought, gentlemen, how grateful I ought to be for these blessings, and how compassionate to my less fortunate fellow creatures.

"At this moment a poor woman approached

me: she had an infant in her arms, whose faint cries told how ill it could bear the piercing cold that chilled its little shivering frame. It was the wife and babe of the man under my charge. She told me, gentlemen, a moving story; a story that would have gone to the heart of either of your honours. She had been in hospital at the time of her husband's imprisonment, and had only been discharged the night before; the little innocent she carried in her arms, her first and only child, had never been seen by its unhappy father. "It was born *almost* an orphan!" shrieked the poor mother, as she held the babe to my view; 'do not then refuse my husband the consolation of embracing his infant for the first and last time!' Gentlemen, I could not withstand her entreaties—I gave her admittance to her husband, limiting her stay with him to half an hour. When she came out she seemed a different being, and thanked me with a fervency that fully repaid me for the risk I had run. I little thought, however, that she had concealed under her cloak the—"

"Kelly," interrupted the officer, "let me once more warn you to criminate yourself no further: what you have already said reduces me to the painful necessity of ordering you to close confinement. While, in common with the members of this court, I respect the feelings that prompted you, and regret that they should have betrayed so deserving a soldier to a breach of duty, I cannot forget that I myself have an imperative duty to perform. I must remand you to close confinement, and beg you to withhold from those with whom you may have communication all reference to the present distressing affair; reserve your disclosures, if you are determined on making them, for the court-martial to which you will forthwith be brought. I would suggest, however, the expediency of your preparing a defence, as, if convicted, your punishment will, I grieve to say, be of no slight nature."

"And I will bear it, sir," replied the poor fellow, grasping the hand which the presiding officer kindly extended to him. "I will bear it; and though I am not proof against a woman's tears, I will shew that sixteen year's service have taught me not to shrink from the just punishment my judges may inflict on me. I am aware, sir, what military discipline demands, and am ready to pay the penalty of my offence, trusting that my officers, while they condemn the soldier, will pity the man!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered; each member of the court, on rising to retire, warmly pressed his hand, and Kelly was conducted to his confinement, more than ever an object of interest to those who had witnessed the weakness as well as the nobleness of his character.

The wife of the man who had escaped was produced as evidence at the court-martial, which shortly after took place. Her testimony corroborated the circumstances given in Kelly's confession; with the additional fact, that he had, on leaving her husband's cell, given her the only shilling he possessed, desiring her to procure nutriment for the child.

Other evidence was produced, to prove the fact of the woman's having boasted of furnishing her husband with the means of liberation, thus

establishing the aggravating circumstance of Kelly's misconduct having been the cause of the criminal's escape.

However, in consideration of his previous good character, and voluntary confession, the lightest punishment that could be given for such an offence was awarded him. Had it been a sentence of death, Kelly would have heard it without shrinking; but as it was, it almost robbed him of his fortitude—to undergo that degradation which to a proud spirit is worse than death—to be tied up to the triangle, in the sight of those comrades who had long looked upon him as the standard of military propriety, such a prospect presented to his sensitive mind terrors scarcely endurable.

As he bent, however, to the judgment of the court, and retired with his guards, his firmness and calmness of manner returned, and none but the most scrutinizing eye could discern aught of the struggle within.

During the time that elapsed between the sentence and its execution, unwearied efforts were employed to save the delinquent from punishment, but to no purpose; the sentence had been as light as, consistently with military regulations, it could be, and no further mitigation could be granted.

Every face wore an air of gloom, from that of the field-officer of the day to the little drummer, who gazed at a distance, when Kelly appeared on the parade-ground to receive his punishment. They beheld before them a man of known merit, about to suffer for a breach of duty, which did as much honour to his humanity as it was free from all moral blame—about to suffer too a degrading corporeal infliction, from which his proud and manly spirit shrunk with horror.

Kelly bore his punishment with that unflinching firmness which might have been expected from his character. As, however, he walked with a firm step to his quarters, his eye shrunk from an encounter with his comrades, and his countenance betrayed a mind subdued and broken by shame and humiliation.

"The man is ruined," said the corporal, who had followed him to the door of his room, where the surgeon was in attendance to dress his lacerated back; "the man is ruined. I could not get a word from him, in answer to my questions of how he felt."

"Was he in such pain then?" asked a young soldier from the crowd that had gathered round the corporal, to inquire after their comrade.

"Pain!" ejaculated the veteran, with a glance of contempt; "think ye Michael Kelly regards pain?—Think ye he has faced death so many years, and received three gun-shot wounds in the breast, to say nothing of bayonet-thrusts, and not learned better than to shrink at pain? Did ye expect he would wince at a scratched back? No, no, lads! 'tisn't the pain, but the *shame*, that has done for poor Mike! I saw him when he stood forth to die for his friend Macdonald; I have since been with him in many a tough engagement, he taking his place in the front rank, and myself covering him. I have seen him sink from loss of blood; but never, comrades, never saw his cheeks so white as they were to-day, before even the cat had grazed him. Take my word for it, Michael Kelly is a lost man!"

The corporal's opinion was prophetic; the surgeon who attended the sufferer could extract

from him nothing but vague monosyllables, in answer to his professional inquiries. Major Morton, whose body-servant he had been, visited him in the afternoon. At the sound of his former master's well-known voice, the poor fellow partly raised himself from his bed, but immediately resumed his recumbent posture.

"When I saw you last, sir," said he, while his whole frame shook with emotion, "when I saw you last, I could look in your face with honest confidence; now I am degraded, disgraced, and have forfeited in one evil hour the good name I had acquired by a long and faithful service. Why have I lived till now!—why did I not perish at the moment when, in our last campaign, I laid at your feet the colour I had snatched from the French officer who had entrenched himself behind four of his countrymen? I should then have died with honour, and you, sir, would have sometimes thought poor Kelly deserving of your remembrance; but now, even his own kind and generous master must think of him with shame and regret."

The major attempted to console him, reminding him that the offence which had entailed punishment on him was so far from reflecting dishonour on his name, that it had sensibly raised him in the esteem of his officers, and that he might resume his duty more than ever an object of regard to his comrades.

"It cannot be, sir! it cannot be!" he ejaculated; "I have a load at my heart which nothing can remove—a rush of terrible thoughts, that convince me I am disgraced for ever. Nay, sir," continued he, "should I rise from this bed, which I feel can never be, do you think I could ever again wear the colours I have tarnished?—do you think that, branded as I am, I could ever appear on the ground where—"

The remembrance of his degradation agitated him most powerfully; he at length added, "Leave me, my honoured master—I am beneath your notice, your pity." He then threw himself on his mattress, where he remained in almost torpid insensibility, a deep and frequent sob being the only sign of animation.

The afflicted major retired in acute distress from the presence of the man whom he had learned to honour and love as a friend, and now regretted as a brother. During the night, the men who occupied the same room occasionally heard the sufferer heave a deep and heavy sigh, but in no instance did he reply to their friendly inquiries after his health.

In the morning he was discovered to be a corpse; medical aid was instantly summoned, but the vital spark was extinct—the proud and generous spirit had sunk beneath the weight of its degradation, and the high feelings of the gallant soldier, who had lived and fought for his country, had been turned to gall, by the blot on his hitherto untarnished name. *He had died of a broken heart!*

The deep emotion with which my husband heard the distressing news, was but the general feeling throughout the regiment; every member of it seemed to have lost a brother or a friend.

The funeral was attended by the whole of the officers of his corps, and conducted with military honours far exceeding those usually paid to men of his humble rank. His kind patron, Major

Morton, was so seriously affected by the fate of his humble friend, as to seclude himself for several days from society; even after a considerable period had elapsed, his depression at the mention of Kelly's name, evinced how deeply he commiserated the untimely fate of so faithful a servant and gallant a soldier.

Poor Kelly! through life, humble as was thy sphere, thou wast loved and respected, and in death lamented. As long as the high feelings that ennoble the man, blended with all that is soft and amiable in his nature, shall command respect and love, thy name will be fresh in the remembrance of those who knew and honoured thee!

From Knapp's Female Biography.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of General George Washington, was born in Virginia, in the same year with her husband, 1732, according to Weems; and probably he knew as well as any of Washington's biographers. She was the widow Custis when she married Col. Washington, in 1758. She is mentioned by Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft, and Weems, as wealthy and beautiful, one to whom Washington had been long attached; but neither of them give her maiden name; and all but Weems forgot to mention the time of her birth. But we believe that her maiden name was Dandridge. She was known, to those who visited Mount Vernon, as a woman of domestic habits and kind feelings, before her husband had gained more than the distinction of a good soldier and gentlemanly planter, with whom one might deal with safety, and be sure of getting fair articles at a fair price. After Washington was appointed to command the American armies, and had repaired to Cambridge to take the duties upon himself, Mrs. Washington made a visit to the eastern states, and spent a short time with her husband in the camp at Cambridge. The quarters were excellent, for the Vassals and other wealthy Tories had deserted their elegant mansions at Cambridge, which were occupied by the American officers. After this visit Mrs. Washington was seldom with her husband, until the close of the war. She met him at Annapolis, in Maryland, when he resigned his commission, at the close of the year 1783. It is not remembered that she came to New York with the president, when the federal government was organized, in 1789; but was at Philadelphia during the first session after its removal to that city. A military man like Washington could not suffer even the courtesies of social intercourse to move on without a strict regard to economical regulations. These were displayed with good manners and taste. Mrs. Washington, in her drawing-room, was of course obliged to exact courtesies which she thought belonged to the officer, rather than those which were congenial to herself. The levees in Washington's administration were certainly more courtly than have been known since. Full dress was required of all who had a right to be there, but since that time, any dress has been accepted as proper, which a gentleman chose to wear. At table, Mrs. Wash-

ington seldom conversed upon politics: but attended strictly to the duties of the hostess. Foreign ambassadors often attempted to draw her into a conversation upon public affairs, but she always avoided the subject with great propriety and good sense.

It was not in the saloons of Philadelphia, when heartless thousands were around her, that Mrs. Washington shone the most conspicuous. It was at her plain mansion-house, at Mount Vernon, that she was most truly great. There she appeared, with her keys at her side, and gave directions for every thing, so that, without any bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner appeared as if there had been no effort in the whole affair. She met her guests with the most hospitable feelings, and they always departed from the place with regret. Her first husband, John Custis, died young, and her son died still younger, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. A great part of her time was absorbed in assisting in the education of these children. They were the favourites of Mount Vernon. The place was one of general resort for all travellers; and every one, from every nation, who visited this country, thought that his American tour could not be finished unless he had been at Mount Vernon, and had seen the Washington family, and partaken of the cakes of the domestic hearth. Of course, no eastern caravansary was ever more crowded than the mansion-house at Mount Vernon, in the summer months. Washington died in less than three years after his retirement from office. He was as great, if not a greater, object of curiosity in retirement, than in public life: for it was almost miraculous to a foreigner, to see the head of a great nation calmly resigning power and office, and retiring to a rural residence to employ himself in agricultural pursuits. Seeing was to them the only method of believing; and they would see. Mrs. Washington did not long survive her husband; in eighteen months she followed him to his grave. She was an excellent parent, a good wife, an important member of society, and passed a long life without an enemy. It is to be regretted that an ample memoir of this excellent woman has not been written; but we must content ourselves at present with a scanty notice. The few letters, that have been published, that came from her, show that she wrote with good taste and in a pleasant style. Her ashes repose in the same vault with those of her august husband, a family tomb, built within the pale of the pleasure grounds around the house, at Mount Vernon.

OLD BACHELORS.

THE SLOVENLY BACHELOR.

Directly opposed in physical and domestic peculiarities to the finical part of the brotherhood, are the family of the slovens—a numerous body, known in society as “good fellows,” “free and easy” men, and keepers of houses or rooms, as the case may be, yclep’d Bachelors’ Halls: the appropriate name of which is Bachelors’ Styes. Cleanliness ranks amongst the virtues, as want of personal and domestic cleanliness is an irre-

fragable proof of a coarse and low-bred mind; or, if not properly styled a virtue, it is the indication of a virtue. There is nothing which vulgarises a man so much as accustoming himself to filth. We have known many men who entered life spruce fellows enough, and evincing a tolerable share of propriety and delicacy of thinking and acting: they have become bachelors and slovens, and lost caste completely. The abominations in which they revel have gradually buried every pure portion of their moral nature, and they are little else than a living charnel-house. We would as soon admit a new-caught aboriginal of New South Wales to our table, as a slovenly old bachelor. We have a moral detestation of such characters, and were never betrayed but once into domestic association with them. We never meet one of these gentry in the streets, marching along with half-brushed coat, half-cleaned shoes, half-washed linen, half-shaved face, half-washed skin, but he puts us in a passion. A chimney-sweep is not a dirty fellow, because, to have his person covered with soot is a mark and necessary consequence of his calling; the same of any other individual, whose trade exposes him to the necessity of being covered with extraneous matter.

Such people are in character; one cannot imagine a clean chimney-sweeper, or a clean dustman; they may, as a matter of taste, wash themselves now and then, but, generally speaking, they ought to be what they are—sweeps and dustmen; it would, in fact, be a solecism to call these respectable individuals dirty. But the case is different with the slovenly bachelor. As regards him, we speak of cleanliness in a moral sense, and of disarray, whether in person or home, as an infraction of the laws of domestic virtue. Well may the household gods have deserted him: they dwell with humility, with poverty—nay, with chimney-sweeps and dustmen; but they will not dwell with slovenly bachelors.

One of these gentlemen invites us to dinner—and what do we find? We reach his house at the appointed time, and his drawing-room is fireless, although it is the middle of December; his footman, or rather footboy—a grimy looking animal, fit only for a collier, *maugre* our presence, brings in a battered and wofully misshapen coal-scuttle, and commences operations for lighting a fire. We reach down a portfolio, to while away the “winter of our discontent,” and by this means soil our linen, and subject our face and hands to the necessity of an immediate ablution. Meanwhile our host is absent, but the dirty jackapapes, now puffing with his breath the tiny fire-spark, comforts us with the assurance that “master won’t be long.” We gaze round upon an assortment of furniture once good, and even elegant, but now broken and soiled, and unfit even for the parlour of a beer-house; while the Turkey carpet is stained with porter-splashes, and burnt here and there into holes. Every thing, in short, is indicative of reckless indifference, the whole place looking not like a home, but a den for drunken and impure orgies. Several other men drop in, and ‘Jack,’ as he is familiarly called, begins to lay the cloth with unwashed hands—a usual practice, we must believe, as the said cloth has upon it some scores of his marks; and a motley collection of knives and forks, of all ages, sizes, and patterns, is placed on the table. Dur-

ing this ceremony, one of our friend's friends, amused himself by wafting the fire with a plate; and now our host himself, with a farther reinforcement of visitors, picked up apparently by accident, judging from their costume, come in. Jack bustled about, and from various closets hunts out bread, butter, and cheese, from amidst cigars, coffee, and tobacco. This satisfactorily accounts for the odoriferous state in which we found his apartment; it was redolent of any thing but sweets; and, at the imminent risk of catching cold, we opened one or two windows a little, as we most especially abominate a room rife with bad smells.—Our friend sits by, and watches with the most imperturbable gravity the untoward displays on his table; glasses are found deficient in number; and after some time fish is brought up, and we seat ourselves, higgledy-piggledy, round the table. It is, as might have been anticipated, unseatable, and hardly warm through. Nothing daunted, he helps his friends, and passes round half a mustard-pot, by way of soy-holder—knives performing the office of salt-spoons, and the palm of the hand a measure for Cayenne. Our host too seems to have miscalculated the amount of edibles requisite for his guests, as on a very consumptive-looking sirloin of beef coming on table, he informed us this constituted the staple of our dinner, at the same time adding that he was afraid we should be short; a general assent was given to this remark, and, to make out, he proposed sending to a neighbouring tavern for a round of mutton-chops. This we warmly seconded, as our married tastes were utterly at variance with his *cuisine*. After waiting a reasonable time, the chops appear, with an air of cleanliness and freshness quite appetizing. Wine and beer were drank, and immediately after our jumbled, dirty, and disreputable dinner, the freedoms of bachelor's-hall commenced—namely, brandy-and-water, cigars, pipes, and politics, the loud laugh, the boisterous merriment, and the coarse jest. Our stay was as brief as decency would permit, and we made our escape, vowing eternal absence from the home of a “slovenly bachelor.”

This entire want of decency, as regards all domestic comforts, extends to a man's person. He may perhaps wear a good coat, but it is impossible for a human being to live surrounded by such an atmosphere of filth, without becoming infected. Hence we hold a bachelor of slovenly habits to be unfit for family association. The man sets a bad example, and family morals are not a little built up of domestic observances. Your sons think him a capital fellow who jests and drinks and amuses himself upon a footing of equality with them, and are ten to one vastly delighted with his “free and easy” mode of living. For our own part, we would as soon permit a young man over whom we had control to visit a gambling-house, as the houses of this class of the order; it has a ruinous effect upon domestic economy: it is a half-savage kind of existence, which just suits the temperament of opening manhood—and for your daughters, establish a *cor don sanitaire* betwixt them and this division of the brotherhood; even if you are tormented with a large assortment of “hauling” daughters, do not permit the forlorn hope of procuring a son-in-law to have influence; there is not the slightest chance

of this, and the companionship must be injurious.—Men who have lost the tempered and delicate ardour of youth, and who have lived for years in a state of selfish indulgence, without the pure ministry of woman, become gross creatures. They lose sight of the higher and more spiritualized attributes of the sex, their intimate association with it is of a nature repulsive to morality, and in the end they forget all but the animal part of the most holy of created beings. We never see a “slovenly old bachelor” looking at a young and innocent girl, whose heart is the abode of the most chaste and blessed imaginings, but we think we see a resuscitated “satyr;” and we should rejoice were it in our power to send him to his original haunts, unfit, as he is for civilized society.

It is hardly possible to conceive to what an extent slovenly and unclean habits can prevail, if allowed free scope. In no respect is the humanizing influence of the sex more forcibly seen, than in the brutalization which is exhibited by some of the brotherhood. Their taste has been either born with them, or has been acquired from their own association, or from mingling with others. Now and then it happens, though this is one of the rarest occurrences in society, that a woman condescends to marry one of these animals. He is caught in some moment of forgetfulness, and becomes a husband. How a woman can venture upon such an Augean stable, is a subject of wonder; but it is a still greater wonder how speedily she cleanses it. With this cleansing, however, the man is lost: the merry twinkle of his eye and the hearty laugh vanish. He cannot vegetate vigorously out of his natural soil, and he mopes about, with a look of wonder, upon mirror-like chairs, clean table-cloths, polished fire-irons, and carpets, carefully covered with druggot or slips of Indian netting. It seems that a grease spot, the mark of a cinder, or a broken chair, would be a great relief to him; and he fidgets in the presence of his *cara sposa*, as if he remembered too acutely the loss of his liberty. His manhood is gone, and he sinks down into a henpecked thing so submissive, and so humble, that even his *gouvernante* despises him,—or he runs into the other extreme, and sulkily retains his personal identity, and sits growling and snarling, like a chained mastiff whilst his kennel is being cleansed. Whichever way it may be, it is abundantly obvious that the man is out of his element, and that he is utterly unfit for a wife and for domestic enjoyment. He is quite irclaimable for any useful purpose; and though an intolerable nuisance, we must bear with it as we can, and trust that the race will become extinct, partly by society taking up arms against it, and partly by the neophytes, of the “order” being shamed out of their penchant for filth and folly.

Villains are usually the worst casinoists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry the Eighth committed murder to avoid the imputation of adultery; and in our times, those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.

The following account of an English Election from the Pickwick paper, is very humorous.

"Is every thing ready?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

"Everything, my dear Sir," was the little man's reply.

"Nothing has been omitted, I hope?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"Nothing has been left undone, my dear Sir—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and inquire the age of; be particular about the children, my dear Sir,—it has always a great effect, that sort of thing."

"I'll take care," said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"And, perhaps, my dear Sir—" said the cautious little man, "perhaps if you *could*—I don't mean to say it's indispensable—but if you *could* manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a great impression on the crowd."

"Wouldn't it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder did that?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"Why, I am afraid it would'n't," replied the agent; "if it were done by yourself, my dear Sir, I think it would make you very popular."

"Very well," said the honourable Samuel Slumkey, with a resigned air, "then it must be done. That's all."

"Arrange the procession," cried the twenty committee-men.

Amidst the cheers of the assembled throng, the band, and the constables, and the committee-men, and the voters, and the horsemen, and the carriages, took their places—each of the two-horse vehicles being closely packed with as many gentlemen as could manage to stand upright in it; and that assigned to Mr. Perker, containing Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and about half a dozen of the committee beside.

There was a moment of awful suspense as the procession waited for the honourable Samuel Slumkey to step into his carriage. Suddenly the crowd set up a great cheering.

"He has come out," said little Mr. Perker, greatly excited; the more so as their position did not enable them to see what was going forward.

Another cheer, much louder.

"He has shaken hands with the men," cried the little agent.

Another cheer, far more vehement.

"He has patted the babes on the head," said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety.

A roar of applause that rent the air.

"He has kissed one of 'em!" exclaimed the delighted little man.—A second roar.

"He has kissed another," gasped the excited manager.—A third roar.

"He's kissing 'em all!" screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And, hailed by the deafening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on.

How or by what means it became mixed up with the other procession, and how it was ever extricated from the confusion consequent thereupon, is more than we can undertake to describe, inasmuch as Mr. Pickwick's hat was knocked

over his eyes, nose and mouth, by one poke of a Buff flag staff, very early in the proceedings.—He describes himself as being surrounded on every side, when he could catch a glimpse of the scene, by angry and ferocious countenances, by a vast cloud of dust, and by a dense cloud of combatants. He represents himself as being forced from the carriage by some unseen power, and being personally engaged in a pugilistic encounter; but with whom, or how, or why, he is wholly unable to state. He then felt himself forced up some wooden steps by the persons from behind: and on removing his hat, found himself surrounded by his friends, in the very front of the left hand side of the hustings. The right was reserved for the Buff party, and the centre for the mayor and his officers: one of whom—the fat crier of Eatanswill—was ringing an enormous bell, by way of commanding silence. While Mr. Horatio Fizkin, and the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, with their hands upon their hearts, were bowing with the utmost affability to the troubled sea of heads that inundated the open space in front; and from whence arose a storm of groans and shouts and yells and hootings that would have done honour to an earthquake.

"There's Winkle," said Mr. Tupman, pulling his friend by the sleeve.

"Where?" said Mr. Pickwick, putting on his spectacles, which he had fortunately kept in his pocket hitherto.

"There" said Mr. Tupman, "on the top of that house." And there sure enough, in the leaden gutter of a tiled roof, were Mr. Winkle and Mrs. Pott, comfortably seated in a couple of chairs, waving their handkerchiefs in token of recognition—a compliment which Mr. Pickwick returned by kissing his hand to the lady.

The proceedings had not yet commenced; and as an inactive crowd is generally disposed to be jocose, this very innocent action was sufficient to awaken their faceiousness.

"Oh you wicked old rascal," cried one voice, "looking arter the girls, are you?"

"Oh you venerable sinner," cried another.

"Putting on his spectacles to look at a married 'ooman!" said a third.

"I see him a vinkin' at her, with his vicked old eye," shouted a fourth.

"Silence," roared the mayor's attendants.

"Whiffin, proclaim silence," said the mayor, with an air of pomp besitting his lofty station. In obedience to this command the crier performed another concerto on the bell, wherupon a gentleman in the crowd called out "muffins;" which occasioned another laugh.

"Gentlemen," said the mayor, at as loud a pitch as he could possibly force his voice to, "Gentlemen, Brother electors of the Borough of Eatanswill, we are met here to-day, for the purpose of choosing a representative in the room of our late—"

Here the Mayor was interrupted by a voice in the crowd.

"Success to the Mayor!" cried the voice, "and may he never desert the nail and sarspan business, as he got his money by."

This allusion to the professional pursuits of the orator was received with a storm of delight, which, with a well-accompanied, rendered the remainder of his speech inaudible.

O! TAKE THE WREATH:

A Ballad.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by

I. C. VIERECK.

Composed by

A F. WINNEMORE.

Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.

Andante Cantabile.

Dolce con espressione.

Con Expressione.

Oh! take the wreath you wove me, love, I'll wear it not a - - gain, . For

now those vows can on - - ly prove, They bloom'd for me in vain. O!

bid them round some o - ther brow, With pu - rer fragrance twine; Now



Take back the gem you gave me, love,
I'll wear the toy no more;
To me it now can only prove,
My days of peace are o'er.

On some fond breast, O! let it blaze,
With truer lustre shine,
Nor shed again those faithless rays,
Which once it shed on me.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Will our subscribers have the kindness to look at their last receipts and see to what time they have paid, and being guided by their receipts, make us a remittance—no matter if it be a little over the amount due, it can pass to their credit. A Five Dollar Bill is the prettiest and neatest remittance that can be made. It will cover arrearages for nearly two years; or for the last year, and an advance of something on the next.

Seriously—the great neglect on the part of subscribers in remitting, is a sore inconvenience to a publisher. We offer every facility to subscribers, by “Clubbing,” or we will pay over money out of any remittance that may be made to us, to any publisher in the city. It is usual, we know, for subscribers to read over these little “duns,” and smile, thinking there is no reality in the want expressed. They do not consider that our business involves a variety of expenses, and the *thousands* we have to pay for Engravings, Printing, Paper, &c., are taken from the aggregate of the small amounts of Three Dollars that we receive, or ought to receive, from our subscribers. It will scarcely be believed that the colouring of one of our Engravings amounts to One Hundred and Fifty Dollars—the mere colouring—and yet that is a small item in our outlay. We hope our friends will give this matter their attention.

The Bulwer Novels are now complete, and two beautiful volumes they make. They will be furnished complete, with the Lady's Book, one year, for Five Dollars. This edition of Novels is embellished with a splendid Engraving of the Author, E. L. Bulwer.

Bulwer and Marryatt will also be sent, complete, for five dollars—in all cases payment to be made in advance. An opportunity is thus offered to persons

living remote from large cities, to furnish their libraries with these sterling works at a very small expense.

The Publisher of the Bulwer and Marryatt Novels deems it necessary to state that he is the only person that can furnish the Marryatt and Bulwer Novels in Numbers, to be sent per mail. All orders *must* come through him.

Subscribers ordering a change of direction, or wishing a missing number, must pay the postage on their communications, or they will not be taken from the post-office.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers if dullness should be predominant in the Editor's Table. The death of a brother, much beloved, is our excuse.

This magazine has a much larger circulation than any other monthly in the country, and has always been under the personal superintendence of its present publisher. The rapid increase of its subscription list renders it necessary that he should have the assistance of others in the Editorial Department, as the business matters connected with its publication are as much as he can possibly attend to. With this view he has made an arrangement with a Lady of high literary reputation, who has for many years edited a sterling and popular Magazine. The change will be formally announced in the next number.

It will be perceived that our November number is on a much superior paper to that formerly used, and in the next year we propose to give a still better article, with other improvements that will be announced in our number for December. That these will occur

sion a surprise, we know, and we are fully aware that it will be an agreeable one.

No person but a publisher can be aware of the difficulty of procuring paper of the right quality. You contract with a paper maker for a certain quantity per month. The requisite amount is received just as you are going to press. Upon examination, it is found not to be as good as a former lot—but use it you must, as none of the same size can be had in town; the paper maker makes you a deduction of some twenty-cents per ream for hundreds of dollars damage done to your pockets, and thousands to your feelings. No book can be better printed than ours, and that compliment, we think, is due to Mr. Seyfert, who has had the management of that branch of the concern during the past year—but it is a hard matter to controul the paper maker.

Our fashions for this month are so extremely plain and neat, that any description from us would be superogatory. The colour of the material, of course, is left to the taste of every Lady, and the make is plainly shown in the Engraving which, by the way, is one of the neatest we have ever presented to our subscribers.

Costume of Paris—By a Parisian Correspondent.

The latest Parisian Fashions having just been received, we give them in addition to those of Philadelphia. Some little alteration has taken place in the size of bonnets and hats; the brims have increased in size, and the crowns diminished in height. Several of the new drawn bonnets are of organdy; some have a *voilette* of English point lace, others are lined with rose-coloured gauze, and have the edge of the brim trimmed with a short veil of rose-coloured tulle. We see several half-dress drawn bonnets composed of black crape, with the whalebone covered with blue, green, or rose-coloured satin; they are trimmed with roses and gauze ribands of the colour of the satin. These *capotes* are novel, and as yet have been adopted only by elegant women; they are becoming only to fair beauties.

We may cite as the most novel half dress hats, those of coloured crape covered with white crape; the shade of colour thus produced has a novel effect. Some of these hats are trimmed with white flowers only, others with white flowers intermixed with those of the colour of the lining, and several with white ostrich feathers tipped with the colour of the lining.

Velvet seems to have superseded riband for trimmings of *coiffures* of all kinds; not only hats and caps, but even head-dresses of hair are adorned with it. Summer shawls of tulle *Lara*, and those called *Maranas*, are both in request, but not so much as the *mantelets-faites*; scarfs of black or white lace are more *recherché* than either.

Printed materials, both silk, chaly, and clear muslin, are very fashionable for robes, but not so much so as white. These latter are of Indian muslin, of a thin jacksonet kind, or else of organdy quadrilled or embroidered. The *demi-redingote* form continues in favour for half dress, but robes are upon the whole more prevalent. *Corsages* in half dress are generally half or three quarter height; those in evening dress are always low; some are square and plain, others draped. Short sleeves are now decidedly in the ascendant, they are indeed adopted even in morning dress; and this leads us to observe that there is no exact rule for sleeves: for long ones, particularly those of the spiral *bouillon* kind, are frequently adopted in the evening costume. The short sleeves worn in evening dress are of three kinds; sleeves quite tight to the arm, without any ornament on the shoulder; but terminated by ruffles of a full double fall; others, tight to the arm, but having an appearance of fullness, because they are surmounted by jockeys of three rows, which correspond with the lace or blond that forms the ruffle; and a third sort of the double *bouffant* kind. These last are not so full as they were formerly worn, but the *bouffants* fall one over the other somewhat in the form of a point.

The skirts of maslin dresses are generally trim-

med; flounces, trimmings *à la Nison*, and tucks are all in favour. The width of the skirt continues excessive. We see a good many robes *à fourreaux*, forming a short train, and there is reason to believe that this mode will become general among the *haut ton*; it will only suit carriage *belles*, and is therefore not likely to become common. We may cite, among the prettiest evening *coiffures*, blond lace caps of an extremely light and pretty form, trimmed with perfumed pinks. A mixture of flowers and velvet is very much in request for head-dresses of hair. Speaking of velvet, reminds us of a very pretty accessory to evening dress that has just appeared in that material. We mean the *aumassieres* or little *Sacas*; they are composed of velvet, and embroidered in gold or silk. Some are in the form of a trefoil, ornamented at each point with a *gland d'or*. They are drawn round the top, and suspended by a gold chain to the waist. They are composed of either black, green, or red velvet. Fashionable colours are pale rose colour, cherry, *écru*, *ponceau*, and different shades of blue, lavender, and dust colour.

A MOTHER AND CHILD SLEEPING.

Night, gaze, but send no sound,
Fond heart thy fondness keep,
Nurse, silence, wrap them round,
Breathe low, they sleep, they sleep:
No wind, no murmuring showers;
No music soft and deep,
No thought, nor dream of flowers,
All's still; they sleep, they sleep—
O life! O night! O time!
Thus ever round them creep,
From pain, from hate, from crime,
E'er guard them, gentle sleep!

THE ROSE.

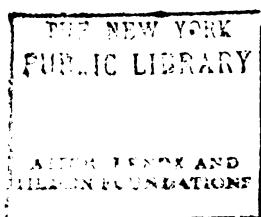
BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, M. D.

How beautiful the Rose, as it unfolds its vernal dyes,
And breathes a holy fragrance round, like incense
from the skies;
Casts to the breeze the sparkling dewdrops that glitter on
its stem,
And wreathes around its blushing brows a crystal
diadem.

But while the bee with honey'd lip salutes the vernal
flower
That's daily brightened by the sun, and cherished by
the shower,
The blast of desolation comes and sweeps it to the
dust,
When all its beauties perish, as all mortal beauties
must.

Behold that gentle maiden, in the fair fresh morn of
youth,
Upon her cheek the holy glow of innocence and truth;
The sudden shock of sorrow strikes—the blush no
longer glows,
But verifies the fate of her fragile type, the Rose.

Destruction comes alike to all, the meanest and the
best,
'Tis oft the harbinger of woe as suffering is of rest:
Here beauty is the sure but smiling herald of decay,
As oftentimes the darkest night succeeds the brightest
day.





RICHARD AND SALADIN.

Engraved for the Lady's Book, L. A. Godey, Publisher.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

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trusted everything to the care of his vizier. This officer having died, a multitude of military and other adventurers sought to obtain the office which had thus become vacant. Among these, the King of Jerusalem and the Sultan of Aleppo were conspicuous. Almeric's ambition led him to

private, and addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. Dargham, in order to establish himself fully in the power which he had usurped, had sent a deputation to the King of Jerusalem, who embraced his cause with the same eagerness, and about the same disinterestedness which had in-

THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH,

By N. C. Brooks, A. M.

THE second Crusade, which had for its object the recovery of Edessa, having failed to accomplish that end, it was yielded by the King of Jerusalem to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, of Constantinople, in a treaty which compelled him to maintain it against the infidels: but the military genius of Nourhaddin, surnamed the Great, Soldan of Aleppo, triumphed over the cowardice of the Greeks, and it was surrendered up with all its dependencies.

Emboldened by this success, Nourhaddin determined to improve the advantage which he had obtained, by advancing into the territories of the King of Jerusalem, Baldwin III. But the talents and energy of this prince were fully equal to those of the Sultan. He preserved his kingdom uninjured against the attacks of his mighty rival; and by the capture of Ascalon from the Turks, more than compensated himself for the loss he had received in the surrender of Edessa. After eight years continual warfare, Nourhaddin, finding the expedition to be an expedition of men and money without any corresponding advantages, withdrew his forces from the country.

On the demise of Baldwin III., which happened shortly after, his brother, Almeric, ascended the throne—a weak and conceited prince, with a restless ambition to extend the dominions which he had received from his brother—while his slender talents were inadequate for the preservation of the sceptre which he already held, against the power of a monarch who possessed the ambition and ability of the Sultan of Aleppo. No sooner, therefore, had Almeric ascended the throne, than Nourhaddin resolved again to try the fortune of war, with the expectation of better success than his attempts had met with against Almeric's brother.

Nor did he wait long for a fit opportunity to put his determination into execution. The last of the Fatimite dynasty of Egypt was Aladid, who utterly incapacitated for government, entrusted everything to the care of his vizier. This officer having died, a multitude of military and other adventurers sought to obtain the office which had thus become vacant. Among these, the King of Jerusalem and the Sultan of Aleppo were conspicuous. Almeric's ambition led him to

desire it, that he might add Egypt to his possessions, while Nourhaddin regarded its accession to his throne as affording the means of further increasing his power by the reduction of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. And while each contemplated an expedition into Egypt, an event happened which hastened the military movements of both princes.

The office of Vizier had been given by the Caliph Aladid to Shawer; and Dargham, a distinguished officer in the Egyptian army, who was disappointed of receiving it, revolted with a body of his troops, and by the distribution of money and other inducements, raised a considerable force with which he expelled Shawer and established himself in his office. Unable to recover his power, the deposed vizier fled with a guard of soldiers to the court of the Sultan of Aleppo, and requested subsidies of troops to punish the usurper, and reinstate him in the power which he had lost. Nothing could have been more gratifying to Nourhaddin than the opportunity which was thus afforded of sending his army into Egypt, without incurring suspicion as to his real intentions; and at a time when the Egyptians being divided among themselves would be an easy conquest to his powerful and well disciplined army. This army was placed under the command of Assad Eddyn, or Assadin and Salah Eddymore Saladin, his nephew, who forms, in part, the subject of the sketch which we have written.

These officers were Curdish princes, who (being of a restless spirit) had engaged in some political conspiracies in their own country, and being unsuccessful, had fled to the Sultan of Aleppo, and made offer of their services in his army. The former of these had much experience in warfare, and was conspicuous for his military talents; and the latter, his nephew, though equally brave, had less experience on account of his age, was reckless of manner in private, and addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. Dargham, in order to establish himself fully in the power which he had usurped, had sent a deputation to the King of Jerusalem, who embraced his cause with the same eagerness, and about the same disinterestedness which had in-

fluenced the wily Nourhaddin in espousing the interests of his rival. Almeric took immediate measures to raise troops for his assistance, and set out upon his march; but before he had reached Cairo, the capital, the army despatched by Nourhaddin, under Assadin and Saladin, had arrived, and having given battle to Dargham, defeated and put him to death, and restored Shawer to the authority from which he had been deposed. In the battle Saladin exhibited prodigies of valour—contributed in no small degree to the obtaining of the victory, and slew Dargham with his own hand.

The real policy of Nourhaddin now became apparent: for although Shawer was restored to his station, it was rather in name than in reality; and the movements of his allies convinced him that he was no less exposed to danger from them than from the usurper Dargham. In this situation he availed himself of the assistance of the forces which Almeric had brought to support the cause of his rival; and Assadin and Saladin were expelled from the country—an event that tended to exasperate those leaders in the highest degree against both the Vizier and the King of Jerusalem. But unfortunately for Dargham, he was again the dupe of insincerity and interested alliance. The departure of the Turks was followed by a violation of faith on the part of the Latin King, who prepared to overrun the country; and Shawer was reduced to the necessity of sending again for immediate succours from Nourhaddin, whom he had offended by his truce with Almeric.

This was an event of gratulation no less to Nourhaddin than to his generals, who desired to take vengeance upon Shawer, and retrieve the disgrace of former defeat by a victory over the forces of Almeric. Accompanied by an army greatly superior in numbers to that of the Latin King, Assadin and Saladin entered the Egyptian dominions and marched to Cairo, which Almeric had besieged. Assailed by the Egyptian forces from the city, and the troops under Assadin and Saladin from without, Almeric was unable long to continue the engagement. He was defeated with great slaughter, and his forces were routed and driven out of the country, and the leaders of the army of Nourhaddin, on their return from the pursuit, entered the city in triumph. They had obtained satisfaction for former defeat from the vanquished Almeric, and they now determined to wreak their vengeance on Shawer, who was fully in their power. He was strangled by order of Assadin, who seized upon the office of Vizier, while he still retained the title of Lieutenant for Nourhaddin.

Possessed of almost absolute power over Egypt, and commanding the forces of the Sultan Nourhaddin, he might at any time have deposed his royal master and succeeded to his power and possessions, but he continued to exercise, until his death, the eminence to which he had attained for the sole purpose of advancing the interests of the Sultan. When that event took place, the office of Vizier and Lieutenant, which he held, were given to Saladin, his nephew. In this Nourhaddin was actuated by policy, as well as gratitude for the services of his deceased officer. He was aware of the danger which he himself incurred in intrusting those high stations to those who might turn their power against him,

and, accordingly, passing by many of his oldest and most influential officers, whom he supposed might be ambitious of still higher distinction, he gave the responsible stations which Assadin held to Saladin, from whose recklessness and love of pleasure he supposed he had nothing to fear. He had not the penetration of Aristides, who discovered beneath the gay, thoughtless, and dissipated exterior of the son of Miltiades, the highest talents for action and dormant ambition, with all the latent energies of the unawakened lion.

The levity of character—the follies with which the young prince veiled his character for the accomplishment of that end which he had now attained, were thrown aside, and he appeared in his true character—bold, brave, adventurous, and daring. No sooner had he succeeded to the office of Vizier, than Aladid, the imbecile Caliph of Egypt, perished in the bath, and Motshadi, of Bagdat, became nominal Caliph of Egypt, while in reality all the power was in the hands of Saladin, or rather, while as God's vicar Motshadi bore the censor of the priesthood, Saladin wielded the sword and governed in all the temporalities. This stretch of power was displeasing to Nourhaddin, and while he silently prepared to enter Egypt and chastise his presumptuous Lieutenant, Saladin was revolving in his mind the entire subversion of his empire.

But before Nourhaddin could carry into effect his resolutions of entering Egypt, he was carried off by a fever, and left no one behind him to oppose the rapid strides of his adventurous officer. Almeric, of Jerusalem, with a foolish ambition to extend his dominions, attacked the wife of Nourhaddin, under the vain hope of wresting from his children the possessions of their deceased father. But while he conducted the siege of Paneas, in which she had taken refuge, and wasted the time that might have been spent otherwise to advantage, Saladin overran all the Syrian territories that were under the sway of Nourhaddin, and subjugated them to himself, often without any resistance being offered. Unable to reduce Paneas, Almeric commenced his march homeward, and, harassed in his retreat by Saladin, suffered with his army innumerable hardships, and died of chagrin and disappointment ere he had reached Jerusalem.

Baldwin IV., his son, succeeded him—but as he was a minor and leper, he had neither capacity of body or mind for the arduous task of governing a state which was distracted with internal dissensions, and subject to continual attacks from abroad. He therefore entrusted the government to Guy of Lusignan, during the minority of the son of Sibylla, his sister, widow of the Marquis of Montferrat. This son she had borne to the Marquis before his death, and he was about seven years of age when she married Guy of Lusignan. In case of the death of this child before he ascended the throne, Baldwin wished the succession to be determined by the Pope, and the kings of France and England. Upon the death of Baldwin IV. and his successor, Baldwin V., which happened soon after, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, the Count of Karac, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, determined to place Sibylla on the throne, contrary to the wishes of the king's father and the re-

monstrance of a great number of the barons, and the Grand Master of the Knights of the Hospitallers.

Without regarding this, they shut the gates of Jerusalem, and proceeded to the Coronation of Sibylla. When the Patriarch of Jerusalem had performed the ceremony of crowning the Queen, he pointed to another crown which was lying on the altar, and gave her to understand that it also was at her disposal. She immediately raised it from the altar and placed it upon the head of her husband, Guy of Lusignan, and the two received the customary honour paid to sovereigns. This was the germ of a lasting evil, and was one of the great causes of the overthrow of the kingdom. The Knights of the Hospital and the Barons considered themselves slighted in the conferring of the crown, and refused to do homage to the sovereigns; the knights of the Temple and the consenting barons were unable to compel obedience, if it had even been politic to do so—dissension, anarchy, and confusion, spread over the realm and every thing seemed tending to destruction.

While these things shook the kingdom to its centre, Saladin had conquered all Syria, and united into one vast government innumerable states and territories, with a rapidity in which conquest kept pace with his increasing ambition. From the knowledge which he had of his own native province; from his command in Egypt and under Nourhaddin, his amazing powers had received new accessions of strength; he had studied and fully understood the dispositions of the immense masses of population over which he ruled, and while his ability as a sovereign fitted him to sway an absolute sceptre over all, and infuse into them one spirit, his talents as a commander enabled him to concentrate and put in motion their immense military power, for the attainment of any object which his ambition aspired to. The defenceless and distracted state of Palestine could not escape his observance, and the prize which it held out to military glory kindled his warlike enthusiasm; while its capture would gratify that revenge which had not ceased to be an object of desire with him since his first discomfiture by Almeric.

For the purpose of reducing the country he raised an army of fifty thousand horse, and near two thousand foot, and advanced into it. This aroused the Latins to a sense of their danger, and united in a degree the contending factions against the common danger. But it was now too late; Saladin had laid siege to Tiberias. The fortress of Tiberias was most valiantly defended by the forces under the Countess of Tripoli, who appeared to possess extraordinary talents for the high and dangerous situation which she occupied; while the Count of Tripoli, who had chanced to be at Jerusalem when the place was invested, took command of some forces under Guy of Lusignan and advanced to the rescue of the place.

His cowardice and treachery are a remarkable contrast to the high and chivalrous spirit of his wife, who maintained the siege. While he came ostensibly to succour the place in which his wife was shut up by the Turkish army, his real purpose was to deliver the place into the hands of the enemy, by whom he had been bribed. The Christian army encamped at night, by his advice,

in a place in the desert, where there were no wells, as the wells which he pretended were hard by, were far beyond the camp of Saladin. In the morning when they found their mistake, they suffered much for want of water and advanced to Saladin to give battle before the heat of the day; but the wily monarch and the Count of Tripoli had an understanding with each other, and the troops of Saladin fell back until the sultry hour of noon, when the Christian soldiers were parched with thirst and the burning rays of the sun, and were incapable of any vigorous exertions.

At the burning hour of noon the kettle drums were beaten and the Turkish infantry charged the Christian foot, while the bushes and underwood around the camp were set on fire for the purpose of increasing the suffocating heat of the sun. The Turks were able to bear the heat better, and being more numerous, could relieve each other, while it required the entire force of the Christian army to be kept in motion to prevent being surrounded. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, they fought with a courage and spirit that fully equalled their ancient bravery; and left more of the slain Turks on the field than of themselves. The battle raged till night ended the contest, and the two armies rested on the ground to renew the fight with the morrow.

When morning returned, they joined battle again, but the fatigued and exhausted Christians were borne down by the myriads of the infidels; and the Count of Tripoli seeing that the fortune of the day would be in favour of the Saracens, left the Christian camp, and fled, *passing through the camp of Saladin without molestation.* The Saracenic commander now brought up the flower of his cavalry and ordered them to charge the guards who defended a hill on which the King, Guy of Lusignan, and the Count of Karnac, were stationed. The onset was terrible and as fiercely returned, but the Paynims were more numerous, and investing the eminence, poured their weapons against the front flank and rear of the Christians. After a desperate struggle in which the dead bodies of men and horses were piled up in a circle around the King, and those immediately attached to his person fell into the hands of the enemy, and were carried to the tent of Saladin, several thousands of the soldiers were taken prisoners, together with many of the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, while the remaining part of the army retreated.

The Knights had always been cruel and unrelenting to the Turkish prisoners when they fell into their power, and the conqueror determined to retaliate. They had the offer of embracing the faith of the Prophet or of being beheaded. They chose the latter to a man; and Saladin remained on the field to see the sentence executed. After this, he entered his tent where the royal prisoner and his companions were expecting instant death, and called for a bowl of sherbet. This he quaffed with eagerness, as he was thirsty and feverish from fatigue; and being touched with pity at the fate of the captive monarch, and knowing, that after the signal defeat of the day, he risked nothing by clemency, he handed the cup after he had drunk, to his illustrious prisoner. This was a pledge of the security of the monarch; for the Turks regard the rites of hospitality as

sacred and would not injure their greatest enemy after they have eaten or drunk with him. When the King had tasted, he handed it to the Count of Karnac, who sat beside him, and who had been distinguished for his malevolence to the Moslems and his ill-faith; but before the Count had put the vessel to his lips, the sabre of Saladin flashed from its sheath, as he exclaimed, "No hospitality to the breaker of all truces!" and the head of the Count rolled on the sand, while the blood and the sherbet were mingled together. Lusignan was treated in a manner correspondent to his station, and was permitted to return to Jerusalem by paying a ransom.

After this disastrous battle, Tiberias surrendered to the Turkish army, and city after city, Ptolemais, Neapolis, Cesarea, and others, till nearly all Palestine was in the power of the Sultan. Rightly judging that the aim of Saladin was the possession of his capital, Guy collected all his forces and garrisoned Jerusalem with a powerful army. The Christians fought with bravery, and often sallied out and encountered their besiegers; but they were continually being weakened, while troops advanced over the desert to supply the loss in the invader's army.

Advantageous terms of surrender were frequently made by Saladin, which the Christians refused; but when his battering rams had effected a break in the wall, and he was about to enter the city, an offer of surrender was made to him, but exhausted by the loss he had sustained in the siege, he spurned it, and declared that he would sack and level with the ground that city which was considered Holy, both by the Moslems and the Christians. This horrid threat aroused the desperation of the besieged; they hurled back the menace and gave him to understand, that unless he consented to their terms of surrender, they would put to death the prisoners which they had of his to the amount of five thousand—slay their own wives and children to save them from insult, and then sally forth from the city and join battle with the besiegers while a man remained. In addition to this they would destroy all their valuable property, and grind to powder that rock which the followers of their Prophet regarded with such veneration. This threat moderated the mad anger of Saladin, and he accepted of the surrender of the city, sparing the lives of the inhabitants and garrison in consideration of a large ransom of money. Thus the Holy City, which it had cost such treasures of money and blood to acquire, reverted to the Mohammedan sway on the twenty-ninth of September, 1187—less than a century after its first reduction.

Saladin scrupulously observed the conditions of the surrender, and placing treasurers at the gates to receive the ransom from the people as they departed from the city, was circumspect that no injury or insult was offered to them at their egress. They went out with sorrowful countenances, and many with tears in their eyes, looked back to that holy spot from which their crimes and dissensions had expelled them, with the same guilty regret which Adam felt in quitting Paradise.

After all the money in the city had been expended in ransom, there remained in the city a vast multitude, who, unable to find the means of

redemption, were to continue as slaves to the conquerors. The brother of Saladin here interposed and begged the liberty of one thousand of the unfortunate captives; the Patriarch of Jerusalem did the same—and the request of each was granted. Then Saladin, who knew how to be generous as well as brave, at the request of many of the Latin ladies, observed that he would do his alms, now that his brother and the Patriarch had done theirs', and sent heralds through the city who proclaimed that all the poor of the city unable to find a ransom might go out at the gate of Lazarus. Of this permission they gladly availed themselves, and the Holy City was given up to the tread of Moslem feet.

The only part of Palestine which remained to the Christians was ably defended by Conrad Marquis of Montferrat. The news of the downfall of Jerusalem was brought to Europe by Italian merchants, and shocked universal Christendom.—Pope Urban III. died of grief, and William of Sicily put on sackcloth and ashes for several days. And, in fine, all poignantly felt for the misfortunes of a country so dear to the Christian's heart, because of its associations, and on account of the friends who were involved in its calamity: and reproached themselves for permitting the affairs of their own kingdoms to occupy their attention so completely as to have precluded their rendering assistance to the tottering government of Palestine.

Gregory VIII. who succeeded to the vacant pontificate, was energetic in promoting a crusade, and with the assistance of the Archbishop of Tyre, who detailed the horrors of the fall of Tiberias, and of the capture of Jerusalem, induced many to assume the symbol of the cross and prepare to retrieve the losses of the Latin kingdom. Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, and William, King of Sicily, were the first to adopt the enterprise. The first of these set out with a large army, and after some splendid successes, which seemed to be omens of entire conquest, and impressed Saladin with such an idea of the superiority of the Germans, as to cause him to dismantle Laodiceæ, Ghibel, Tortosa and Sidon on their approach, he was carried off by death, being seized, after bathing in the Orontes, with an ague fit, similar to that which attacked Alexander after washing in the Cydnus. The forces of Frederick, after his death, joined themselves to the remnants of Guy of Lusignan's army which had been collected and was laying siege to Ptolemais or Acre, as it is more commonly called.

Besides the means which religion employed to excite the enthusiasm of the people to engage at this time in the crusade for the recovery of the christian kingdom of Jerusalem, poetry employed all the powers of song to stir the ambition of the people, and while the troubadours far and wide rehearsed the *plainte* of the fall of the Holy City, the Trouveres employed, no less energetically, the *sirvente* and *fabliau* in vituperating those who had permitted their own private interests or private quarrels to withhold them from succouring the cross against the crescent of the infidel.

Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France had been solicited for aid before the downfall of Jerusalem, but neither had responded to the call; and to the former had come the pa-

triarch of Jerusalem and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers with letters from queen Sibylla, and addressed themselves to his pride, by laying at his feet, as grandson and representative of Fulk of Anjou, the royal banner of the kingdom of Palestine, and the keys of the city and of the holy sepulchre. But it was in vain. Engaged in feuds and strifes with the king of France, he evaded rendering assistance until the surrender of Jerusalem aroused him from his want of interest.

Henry and Philip at length consented to end their disputes, and meeting with a great number of their vassals in a plain near Gisors, were reconciled to each other, took the cross and commenced preparations for succouring the inhabitants of the Holy Land. But before these preparations were completed, fresh disturbances broke out between them, and shortly after the breach was healed, Henry died and left the kingdom to his eldest living son, Richard, one of the characters in our sketch.

Richard Plantagenet was any thing else than that which his name would indicate. Naturally of a wild, passionate and daring temper of mind, his disposition was nothing improved by being early given over to the government of himself, and being invested with the control of the Duchy of Aquitaine, where his licentiousness and prodigality were equally dangerous to the virtues and the wealth of its inhabitants. Not even the walls of a castle could shield females from insult, or property from his rapacity; but his oppressions at length became too grievous to be borne, and his barons rebelled against him and took part with his elder brother Henry who obtained the Duchy.

The death of his brother awakened the ambition of Richard and he sought to attach the King of France by demanding in marriage his sister Adelaïs, who had been betrothed to him some years before, and was kept in close custody by his father; and further, to secure to himself the crown, which he feared might be settled on his younger brother John, of whom his father was passionately fond, he requested, that as he was now the eldest son, and heir apparent, Henry's vassals should be required to do homage to him, and swear fealty as to him the heir apparent.

By this stratagem Richard perceived that his father inclined to his younger brother, and unsheathing his sword and kneeling at the feet of Philip of France, he paid homage to him, and committed into his hands the protection of his rights. Richard, having thus rebelled against his father and taken part with the king of France, prepared to meet his father in arms and compel him to abandon even his birthplace and the castles of Amboise and Tours. When Henry perceived that he was likely to be overpowered, he came to an accommodation with Richard and Philip of France, and died shortly after of a broken heart, on finding that his favourite son John had also joined the coalition against him.

Richard's follies and crimes were not those of cold studied wickedness, but the outbreaks of an impetuous spirit rushing to fulfil its impulse. No sooner had he learned the death of his father, than his own filial ingratitude smote him to the heart, and the big tears of repentance rolled down his iron cheeks, as he stood over the corpse as it lay in state in the convent of Pont-

raud. As an atonement for the treatment of his father he resolved to propitiate heaven by embarking in the Crusade, and by treating with all reverence his remaining parent. He therefore proceeded to release his mother Eleanor from the prison in which she had been confined by his father for many years, and invested her with the regency of the kingdom, in which she was assisted by those who had been attached and faithful to his father. After his coronation, which followed shortly after, he commenced raising exactions from the people to defray the expenses of the Crusade in which he had determined to join, and accordingly imposed a tax, called Saladin's tithe, being one tenth of the rents and chattels of each inhabitant. In addition to this, to augment the fund, he exposed to sale the honours and offices in the gift of the crown; sold the earldom of Northumberland, and the castles of Berwick upon Tweed and Roxburg to the king of Scots, and then by the enactments and exactions in Normandy, increased the amount still further.

Having at length raised a sum which he deemed adequate for the undertaking, he placed his kingdom under Chancellor Longchamp, bishop of Ely, and Justiciary Pudesey of Durham, in a council of regency, and with high anticipations of the immortal honour that would redound to him as conqueror of the conqueror of Palestine, hastened to join Philip Augustus, King of France, who chided him for his delay by frequent letters. Had Palestine been a patrimonial domain which had been wrested from him, he could not have embraced its cause with more interest or laboured more indefatigably to raise money and forces for its recovery, so that on the first of July, 1191, less than a year after his accession to the throne, he met the French king in the plains of Vezelai with an army, which included almost all the military strength of his kingdom. Philip's army was nearly as large, and the two passed in review before their Royal Highnesses, a hundred thousand men, with bosoms burning with the high enthusiasm of chivalry and religion.

After taking Antioch the Christians laid siege to Ptolemais or Acre, as it is more usually called, and being much increased in numbers, and assisted by able engineers, Lusignan fortified his camp in a manner so effectual that Saladin was unable to pierce his lines, though he persisted in continued attacks that must have met with success, had they not been directed against the most determined valour. The inhabitants of the town were supplied with provisions by the Moslem fleet, while the ships of the Christians brought provisions for their camp. Though famine was thus prevented by the constant supplies that poured in, a more destructive agent thinned the ranks of the besiegers and besieged. The pestilence raged throughout the city and camp, until it became one vast cemetery. Some idea of the mortality may be had from the chronicles which record the death of one hundred and twenty thousand of the Christians alone in one year, amongst whom were no less than six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and five hundred barons; but the continual arrivals from christendom replaced the numbers that were cut off, while from Egypt and the Syrian provinces recruits came to repair the losses of the Saracens.

army. Notwithstanding the vigorous defence which he besieged made, such was the persevering activity of the assailants that they made advances in the reduction of the city, and longed for the arrival of Richard and Philip to augment their forces to a degree that would make a general assault decisive and successful.

Richard and Philip confirmed their alliance at Vezelai, and marching together as far as Lyons, separated, Philip taking the way over the Alps to Genoa, Richard the way to Marseilles, where his fleet was to meet him. The command of the fleet, before he left Vezelai, was given to two bishops and three knights with the title of constables, and a code of laws promulgated for the government of the same. These may be curious, as showing the spirit of the commander, and as being the first instance of a certain *penal infliction* which has obtained in modern times. A murderer was to be bound to the dead body of his victim, and buried alive, or cast into the sea.—Contumelious language was punished by the fine of an ounce of silver. A man drawing blood with a knife forfeited his hand, and convicted thieves, were to have their *heads shaved, be tarred and feathered*, and in that condition be exposed on the shore.

When Richard came to Marseilles his fleet had not yet arrived, and too impatient to await its advent, he hired a number of vessels and proceeded first to Naples and thence to Salerno, celebrated at the time for its medical college.—At this place he made some stay, during which time he made so favourable an impression upon the professors that their celebrated medical poem was dedicated to him as a mark of their respect. He was joined here by his fleet, and immediately after set sail for Messina, in Sicily, the place of rendezvous, whither Philip had already come.

Philip's arrival in that city was two days after that of his army, and as he came in a single ship he attracted but little notice of the inhabitants. His pride was therefore wounded when Richard entered a few days after amid the clangour of martial music, with his whole fleet decorated with banners, and streamers, and all the blazonry of military pomp, while the whole population of the city went out to view the pageant. Philip nevertheless concealed his chagrin under the semblance of friendship, and went down to meet him, together with Tancred, who had usurped the sovereignty of Sicily and had reason to dread Richard's vengeance, because he had seized upon the kingdom and kept in prison the queen dowager Joan, his sister.

Tancred had released her as soon as he heard of her brother's arrival, but this was not sufficient. Richard demanded his sister's dower and the legacy of the late king William of Sicily to his father; which together amounted to forty thousand ounces of gold. The evasion of this demand on the part of Tancred, and an engagement between the Messinese and English, who were always quarrelling, in which a favourite of the king was killed, exasperated Richard and the action became general, Richard joined his troops, forced the gates, and gave up the city to pillage and violence. Philip remonstrated, when he saw the English banners on the battlements of the capital, and Richard agreed to surrender the place to the knights till his de-

mands were satisfied. Tancred readily acquiesced, and the king of England generously sent one half of the forty thousand ounces of gold, as a present to Philip.

The season of the year would not admit of their sailing to Acre, and they remained in Messina in apparent amity, while Philip, who had secretly taken part with Tancred, cherished against his ally the most malignant feelings. These feelings were in a good measure owing to a delay on the part of Richard to espouse Adalais, Philip's sister, who had been betrothed to him many years before, and had been in the custody of Henry II, his father. During the winter, queen Eleanor, Richard's mother, arrived, bringing in her train the beautiful Berengaria, daughter of Sanco, king of Navarre, and Richard, smitten with her accomplishments, made tender of his hand to her, which was accepted.

This gave rise to a violent contest between Philip and Richard, which would have ended in open warfare had it not been for the intercessions of the more powerful barons. Richard alleged as a reason for his rejection of Adalais, that criminal intercourse had existed between her and his father, and Philip, burning with shame and with anger, released him from his engagement to Adalais on his agreeing to pay ten thousand marks, confirmed him in his feoffs to the French crown, and speedily departed for Acre.

During two years, the siege of this place had continued, and the arrival of Philip with his forces excited the hope that they would be enabled to carry it by assault; but after some vigorous exertions on the part of the besiegers, Philip determined to await the coming of Richard, with whom he had agreed to share the glory of the attack, and continued in the mean time to batter the walls.

Richard, was the while, prosecuting other military operations. After he had set sail with his fleet from Messina, a tempest arose which dispersed it, and on arriving at the island of Crete, twenty-five sail were wanting. Proceeding to Rhodes, he learned that some of his ships had been wrecked on the coast of Cyprus, and that Isaac Commenus, who governed the island under the title of Emperor, had plundered the wrecks and their crews. Sailing thither, he found among other vessels the one in which his sister and Berengaria, his intended Queen, were. Afraid to land, after the treatment the other crews had received, they awaited the coming of Richard. Demanding satisfaction no less than three times for the injury which had been done, the lion-hearted Richard landed with a considerable force, and destroying the galleys which the tyrant had stationed up against him, pursued the troops that were drawn up on the shore—took the capital—overran the country—and captured Isaac and his beautiful daughter.

He remained some time in Cyprus, and after celebrating his nuptials with Berengaria, whom he had not married in Sicily, because it was the season of Lent when he was there, placed the island under the government of English commissioners, and carried with him an immense sum of money which he had exacted from the inhabitants, the Emperor, bound in silver chains, and his daughter, for whom he had conceived a

violent passion, and who was said even to surpass Berengaria in the charms of her person.

Before leaving Cyprus, he received a visit from Guy of Lusignan, who came to entreat his speedy appearance at Acre, and also to secure his interest in maintaining his crown against the pretensions of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat. The crown which Guy had received was through his wife, Sibylla; and now that she was dead, Conrad, who had married her sister, Isabelle, maintained that the crown had of right descended to him. The Genoese and Templars, with Philip Augustus, appeared to favour his cause; and Lusignan desired, by a first interview, to bring Richard over to his cause. This was easily done, for his generous heart felt for all the troubles he had undergone in his Kingdom. He therefore acknowledged him as the true king—gave him two thousand marks to relieve the necessities of his situation, and promised to bring speedy assistance to the Christians at Acre.

After leaving Cyprus, the fleet of Richard came up with a ship of enormous bulk which was filled with provisions, military stores, and fifteen hundred soldiers, destined for Saladin's camp. The galleys formed around and commenced the attack; but the wild-fire cast from the Turkish ship covered the sea over with flame and set fire to several of the ships, while the arrows poured from the Turks like a shower of hail. The Christian galleys were finally brought together, and at a signal, were propelled forward with such violence that they broke through the hull of the strange vessel and admitted the water in immense masses through the perforations. While all became consternation in the Turkish ship, the English boarded, and discovering with horror that her load consisted of wildfire and other combustibles, and venomous serpents in earthen casks, to be thrown upon the Christians in the siege of Acre, they slaughtered the crew, reserving of the entire fifteen hundred, about twenty for ransom or exchange.

Richard, on his arrival at Acre with one hundred and twenty ships, was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and his lion-heart beat with proud joy as the innumerable multitudes of Christians, spread over the plains from Acre to the mountains of Caronva, glittering in all the golden blazonry of war, shouted his name in one simultaneous peal. Soon after his arrival he was taken down with the fever, and Philip Augustus, who was anxious to reap the entire glory of the undertaking led on the assault, but not being assisted by the English, he was unsuccessful in his attempts to storm.

Richard, after his recovery, also led an attack in which he was not seconded by the French king; but, although he performed prodigies of valour, was unable to succeed in reducing the place. Saladin, fearing that the dissensions between the two kings might be healed, and a joint attack made, which could not fail to carry the place, agreed to surrender it to the French and English kings. The terms of surrender were, that all the Christian prisoners in Acre should be freed, besides one thousand men and two hundred knights in captivity under Saladin—that the "True Cross" should be restored, and that two thousand pieces of gold should be paid to the Christians. The inhabit-

ants of Acre were to remain in the power of the Christians until the stipulations were fulfilled, and were at their mercy if all the terms were not complied with within forty days. Thus that place, at length, yielded, after occupying the continued operations of millions of men for about three years.

Richard, who had contributed so largely to the reduction of the place, was unwilling to have the glory equally shared by those who had rendered inferior service. Leopold, Archduke of Austria, after the place had surrendered to the monarchs of *France and England*, had the thoughtless ambition to place his banner on one of the towers beside those of the kings. The high spirit of Cœur de Lion chafed at this presumption—he pulled the banner down, tore it in pieces, and stamped it in the dust beneath his feet. This act tended much to injure the cause of the Crusade, as the leaders were indignant, generally, at Richard's overbearing demeanour, and were glad of a pretext to take part against him in the councils of the expedition. The insult was afterwards avenged by Leopold in an ungenerous manner.

Immediately after the reduction of Acre, when with proper union among the princes the recovery of the kingdom would have been certain, Philip of France signified his intention of returning to his own country. The English king saw in this the disappointment of all his hopes of the recovery of Palestine, and urged the king to remain—but in vain. Philip returned to France, leaving ten thousand of his troops under the command of the Duke of Burgundy. This defection inspirited Saladin, who had become broken by repeated losses, and he accordingly determined not to fulfil the stipulations of the surrender of Acre. After frequent messages between the commanders, Richard determined that the inhabitants of Acre, who were hostages, should, with their lives, answer for the ill-faith of their sovereign.

It had been reported that Saladin had murdered his captives, and the minds of the Christians became steeled against mercy. On the evening of the same day, about three thousand of the prisoners were led to a hill, from which the camp of Saladin was visible, and as no signification was made by the Sultan of an intention to fulfil his engagements, the unfortunate hostages sunk beneath the swords of the soldiery. In the city, three thousand more were slain by the soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy, and their bodies abandoned to insult and maimery.

From Acre, Richard advanced towards Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, but was continually harassed by Saladin with attacks in flank, who had assembled all his forces to crush the Christians. Early one morning Saladin commenced an attack upon the Hospitaliers, who composed the rear division of the army. The pressure upon the Christian ranks was great, but Richard was anxious to defer the charge until a decisive moment had arrived. At length when the missiles of the Turks were somewhat exhausted, the attack was ordered. The leaders charged in all directions; the Moslems panic-struck, were broken—dispersed, and fled to the mountains, leaving twenty-two emirs, and seven thousand soldiers dead upon the field. It was the most

disastrous defeat that the Soldan had sustained in the course of forty campaigns.

This victory seemed a presage to the recovery of the "Holy Sepulchre," which was the object of the Crusade, and was kept in the lively remembrance of the soldiery by a herald who passed through the camp every evening, thrice repeating "The Holy Sepulchre." But the dissensions in the army increased; the Genoese and Templars became clamorous in favour of Conrad's succeeding to the kingdom, and broke out into open warfare against his opponents, while Conrad declared his intention of going over to Saladin if his claims to the crown were not admitted. To heal the dissensions of the army, and to concentrate the interests of the Crusaders so as to enable himself to carry on the war, Richard agreed to acknowledge Conrad as King of Jerusalem, and gave to Guy, in return, the principality of the island of Cyprus. A few days after this, Conrad was assassinated in the streets of Tyre, by banditti, employed, as it was reported, by Richard. The fact appears to be otherwise, when we reflect that Conrad had given offence to them by putting some of their companions to death, and that they avowed the murder as their own premeditated act.

From Jaffa, which he had taken and garrisoned, Richard advanced to Bethany and Bethlehem, but the council which was held declared that their forces, thinned and distracted by disunion, were unable to take Jerusalem—fortified as it was, and garrisoned by a powerful army. Besides, all the wells around the city were either poisoned or destroyed, so that the army would have been in danger of perishing with thirst or acute pain. Richard, therefore, determined to fall back upon Acre, while a small party, contrary to his wishes, returned to Jaffa. Before leaving Bethlehem, he ascended a hill, from the top of which he could behold the Holy City. He stood some time in silence, with his eyes immovably fixed upon the sacred spot; his mighty spirit was moved within him, and he covered his eyes with his shield to hide the tears that bedewed his manly countenance, as he turned away from the vision of the goodly city—the recovery of which had, at least in a measure, been prevented by his own pride and haughtiness of disposition.

Hearing afterwards that Saladin had besieged the garrison of Jaffa, he set sail with a small party to relieve the place, while he ordered the main body to proceed by land. On his arrival, the gates were in the power of the enemy, and the Christians expecting no mercy, were fighting with that determined valour which desperation alone can inspire. He was advised to await the arrival of his main body, but hearing the state in which the affairs of the city stood, through a priest who swam to the shore, he exclaimed passionately, "Accursed be every one who will not follow to the rescue;" and plunging into the water with his Danish axe in his hand, was followed by all the forces from his galleys. A most signal victory followed, and Richard, thinking the opportunity a favourable one to demand an armistice, obtained one for three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.

By the treaty it was agreed that the Christians should hold possession of Tyre and Jaffa,

and in consideration of their demolishing the walls of Ascalon, should be permitted free access as pilgrims to their Holy City. Many of the Christians immediately performed the pilgrimage, but the stern Richard would not receive that as a boon which he could not win with his sword. The Bishop of Salisbury, who visited the city, received from the Sultan every mark of attention, and was permitted to establish monasteries in Jerusalem, in Bethany, and other places. On settling his claims and equipping his fleet, Richard set sail, and stretching his hands towards the shore, with a loud voice, exclaimed: "Most holy land! I commend thee to the protection of Almighty God; may he grant me life to return and rescue you from the Infidel."

Before the year was ended, Saladin, the conqueror of nations, yielded up to the great conqueror, death, and left his extensive possessions to his sons. Feeling the utter vanity of human grandeur, that splendid bauble for which he had sacrificed his ease, his health and his life, he wished to impress his subjects with a sense of the littleness of ephemeral glory. He commanded his black standard, which had so often led the van to victory, to be taken down, and his winding sheet to be attached to it and criers to bear it through the city, crying, this is all that remains to Saladin, the great conqueror of the East.

From Acre, Richard directed his course to the island of Corfu. From Corfu he sailed to the continent, and knowing that the king of France had confederated with his brother John, to deprive him of his possessions, and that the duke of Austria, and emperor of Germany, and many of the princes related to Conrad of Montferrat were disaffected to him, he disguised himself as a palmer and tried to reach his own dominions without being known. But he was discovered at Vienna, and captured by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who had determined to seek revenge for the insult offered at Acre.

He was heavily ironed and thrown into the castle of Tyernstein. Being afterwards delivered over to the emperor of Germany for the sum of sixty thousand crowns, he was kept closely confined in the castle of Tyne, surrounded by guards who watched him day and night, until Pope Celestin, moved by the letters of queen Eleanor, and the bishops and prelates assembled at Oxford, ordered his trial or release, and he was led before the diet at Hagenau. Before this tribunal Richard answered all his accusations in a speech that excited the sympathies of the diet, and satisfied it of his innocence, and the Emperor, accordingly, ordered his chains to be struck off. He was then released, on condition of paying a ransom of one hundred thousand marks to the Emperor, of freeing the Captive Isaac of Cyprus, and delivering up the daughter of Isaac, of whom Richard was passionately fond, to her uncle, the Duke of Austria.

Richard embarked on board his own ships, that were lying at Antwerp, and landed at Sandwich, amid the shouts of his subjects, after having been absent more than four years. Immediately after his return, the king set himself about the punishment of his brother John and his accomplices, who had usurped the kingdom; and after accomplishing that object, he was

solemnly crowned a *second time* by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The next thing that demanded Richard's attention was the punishment of Philip Augustus for his treachery; and accordingly he made war on him, which was continued so long as the powers of the two were equal to the contest. Philip at length proposed that the dispute should be settled by a contest of five champions on either side. Richard readily acquiesced in the proposal, but stipulated that he and Philip should make two of the number, which condition the king's cowardice disposed him to reject.

After conquering the mighty Soldan of Syria, and filling all Christendom with the glory of his arms, it was the lot of Richard to fall in an inglorious contest, in which success itself could have brought no honour. The Viscount of Limoges, a vassal of Richard, had discovered a treasure on his estate, and sent a part of it to Richard as his due, but the avaricious king demanded the whole, and besieged the Count in his castle of Chalus, on his refusal to give up the entire amount. As the king, with Marchader, commander of the mercenaries, rode around the castle to discover a proper place to make an assault, Gourdon, an archer, wounded the king in the shoulder with a poisoned arrow. The king immediately ordered an assault—the castle was stormed, and the garrison, with the exception of Gourdon, were hanged. Finding the wound to be mortal, Richard received the sacrament with due compunction for his offences, and closed his eventful life on the 6th of April, 1199, in the forty-second year of his age. His body was buried beside his father in the choir of Fonterraud. His heart he bequeathed to the citizens of Rouen. Endowed by nature with a powerful frame of body, he was well fitted for the exhibition of that military prowess which was the chief estimation of his times. The powers of his mind were fully equal to the vigour of his body—strong and energetic to conceive feats for his daring hand to perform. Yet he needed that firm, fixed principle, and virtue, which are necessary to controul the impulses of a mighty mind. His bravery was often stained with cruelty and unjustifiable bloodshed; his inconsiderate profusion was followed by its necessary concomitant—unjust rapacity; and his favours were often bestowed without a proper regard for the merit of the recipient. Such was Richard—a compound of contradictory vices and virtues, that leave it problematical whether his good traits or bad predominate, and whether his reign has been productive of more happiness than misery.

Baltimore, Md.

EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

My Aunt Edwards is continually railing at Every-day People. She became acquainted with the Cooksons, last Autumn, at Ramsgate; the young folks used to walk together upon the Pier from morning till night, and, when they arrived at the extremity of that noble buttress, old Cookson used to lodge his telescope upon the dwarf granite wall, and let all the young Edwardses, one after another, peep through it at the French coast. My aunt Edwards and

Mrs. Cookson rode over to Broadstairs, three mornings in the same carriage: so that it seemed in a fair way of being a thick and thin business. But when the two families returned to London, affairs assumed a colder complexion. My Aunt Edwards lives in Fitzroy-square, and the Cooksons only in Gower-street. This is very much against them: indeed, it has induced my Aunt to denominate them "every-day people." They did well enough at Ramsgate: one must not be too particular, especially since the invention of steam-boats: but my Aunt Edwards must say, that, without meaning to detract from the merits of the man—what's his name (Watt is his name) who invented steam, he has much tag rag and bobtail to answer for at Ramsgate. The fare to Margate is such a trifle: the breakfasts on board are really so very respectable: and the eighteen-penny carriage over land to Ramsgate is so very moderate, that it is no wonder so many every-day people come smoking and dabbling down every Saturday. Knowing the Cooksons to be good sort of people, as well as every-day ones, I begged my Aunt Edwards to grant them a new trial in London; but no, she was inexorable: the residence in Gower-street operated as a bar: Bedford-square she would not have minded; even Russell-place might have been passed over with a suitable apology; but Gower-street *could* only be tenanted by every-day people. I took nothing by my motion.

Whilst on a visit to my Aunt in Albion-place I became acquainted with Charles Cookson, the elder son of the subsequently proscribed family. We rode together on horseback to Kingsgate, upon which occasion I obtained much information from him. I bear it, I hope, in grateful memory. He pointed out to me certain hills across the ocean, and told me that was the French coast. Horseback, he added, was a healthful exercise, *much* more so, indeed, than riding in a close carriage. When we arrived at Broadstairs, he said that Broadstairs was not nearly so large as Ramsgate, adding that the two Piers would not bear a moment's comparison. He, moreover, considered it as curious, that there should be an Albion Hotel at one place, and an Albion Place at the other. The colour of the sea, too, according to him, was sometimes green and sometimes blue. It seemed to him, the fishing boats ran some risk in a storm: he considered the company at Margate as too mixed; he only bathed every other day; and he thought that Bonaparte must have felt dull at Saint Helena. Upon our arrival at Kingsgate, he pointed up to the inscription over the archway, "*Nunc regis jussu Regia Porta vocor*," and said, "That's Latin." When I said that Lord Holland must have found it a salubrious spot he answered with great quickness, "Yes, but not so convenient as Kensington for attending the House of Lords." When Mr. Charles Cookson complained of the dearth of every thing at Ramsgate, I answered "True, but their season is a short one: they must make hay while the sun shines." To this he replied, "Certainly." Nothing important occurred beyond what I have mentioned. I hope to inherit my Aunt Edwards Navy fives, but not her hostility to every-day people. They are a race for whom I have an esteem. Sterne loved a jackass, and Talleyrand's wife took Volney for

Robinson Crusoe. "All nature's difference makes all Nature's peace?" and, as I look upon myself as something out of the common way, I hope that I may stand excused for rather liking every-day people.

Hardly was I well settled in my chambers in Furnival's Inn, when I received a card from Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, requesting the honour of my company at dinner on the Friday following. The printer having intimated in a neat Italian hand, at the bottom corner on the right, that the favour of an early answer was desired, I lost no time in acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Cookson that I would do myself the honour of accepting their invitation. This affair of honour being thus settled, I waited in tolerable tranquillity the arrival of the day that was to usher me into Gower-street. It might be that my Aunt Edwards had put it into my head, but certain it is, that, on driving up to the place of invitation, it struck me that Gower-street had an every-day look. The footman who opened the door was arrayed in drab, faced with green; and on my commencing the ascent of the staircase, he offered to take my hat. None but the footman of every-day people offer to take a visitor's hat as he ascends the stairs. They might be right in the abstract. A "greasy old tatter" of felt may be no pretty appendage to a drawing room, but I must be allowed to observe that when a servant thus attempts prematurely to purloin one's hat, one sets the family down for every-day people. As my hat happened to be a new one, I determined to get the credit of it: so, rejecting the importunities of the domestic, I carried it upstairs in my hand. Old Mr. Cookson, on my entrance to the drawing-room, offered to shake hands with me, but I was much too polite to do that: I treated his overture with disdain, until I had advanced up to the fire-place to make a bow to Mrs. Cookson, who sat upon the sofa with a fat middle-aged woman in pink crape. Of the two daughters, Lucy and Amelia, the latter was employed in looking over her own scrap-book, and the former, in folding up slips of paper, and giving them a spiral twist towards the base, without which, I presume, they could not fulfil their office of lighting wax-tapers.

The knocker now began to do its duty. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkes were introduced, arm-in-arm. The attitude was new last year, but it is now becoming an every-day one. Mr. and Mrs. and the two Miss Oliphants came next; the girls shook hands with the Miss Cooksons in great apparent glee, and immediately ran with them into the adjoining drawing-room, to canvass matters unfit for the public ear. Mrs. Oliphant wore a red shawl, and Mr. Oliphant limped a little—I fear he is subject to the gout.

We had likewise Sir John and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, and a young man in blue from Basingstoke. Mr. Charles Cookson, though at home, was the last person who entered the room. The consequence was, he had to shake hands with every body in the lump: a ceremony which brought the colour into his cheeks. While standing at the window, the master of the mansion told me, that he remembered when Baltimore-house stood in the fields, and that duels used to be fought behind the mansion now appropriated to the British Museum. He also recollected Bedford-house, with the

two sphinxes at either end of its front wall: indeed he ventured to predict, that upon the falling of the present leases, the Bedford property would be considerably improved: I, on the other hand, was not idle: I said that there was quite a new town in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park: that Gower-street would be more gay when it should become a thoroughfare: and that the present was a very backward Spring. I believe too I observed, that, a twelvemonth ago, nobody could have predicted that the three per cents. would have reached ninety-seven—but of this I am not certain. Turning round towards the company, I now encountered little Crosby Cookson, (christened with a surname after his maternal Uncle,) by no means an every-day child: quite the contrary, educated at home, and attended by the very first masters. I love to talk to home-educated children; they are the only wise people we have left. Our dialogue ran as follows:—"Well Crosby, are you a good boy?" "Yes, very." "You must have a prodigious memory."—"Yes, I have." "Who gave it you?"—"Mr. *Fine Eagle*." "Fine Eagle, indeed, the very Bird of Paradise." "Mamma says as I shall be eight next August, it would be a great shame if I did not know all about every thing."—"Certainly, what else are the 'Rules for Memory' good for? Let me examine you: When did Cicero flourish?"—"In the great plague of 1666." "Who married Queen Anne?"—"The Black Prince." "Who strung Cleopatra's necklace?"—"The venerable Bede."—"Who gained the battle of Blenheim?"—"John Bunyan." "Who was the first Bishop of London?"—"Titus Oates." "Who invented gunpowder?"—"Bishop Blaise." "What's Latin for a carpet?"—"Homo." "There's a good boy, so it is!" The sound of "Dinner is ready" here caused my catechism to halt.

When one is asked to meet piquant company there is much hope and fear excited, with regard to whom one is placed next to, at table. One fidgets, and frisks, and manœuvres, after a pleasant partner: and after all, 'tis ten to one that one gets planted with one's Aunt at one side, and a pale girl just out on the other. No such excited feelings arose in my bosom in Gower-street. I walked into the dining-room as philosophically as if I were entering St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on a wet Sunday afternoon. The dinner was in admirable keeping with the party. There was gravy soup at the bottom of the table, and at top a juvenile salmon with his tail in his mouth, like the snake grasped in the right hand of the grandfather of gods and men. On the removal of these preliminaries, the salmon was succeeded by a tongue supported by boiled ~~owls~~, and the soup by an edgebone of beef.—Let no man turn up his nose at an edgebone of beef; it is by no means a bad thing; certain, however, it is, that when I beheld my plate laden with two slices of that article, interspersed with greens and carrots, not to mention a dab of mustard on the margin, the delf assumed as every-day an aspect as heart could wish. I fancied myself, for the moment, seated in the cook's shop at the corner of St. Martin's-court, where a round of beef is carved by a round of women. On my left, sat the fat middle-aged woman in pink crape, whom I had originally found seated

on the sofa. I could not catch her name, but from circumstances I was led to believe that she had been to the French play in Tottenham-street, inasmuch as she observed that Laporte reminded her of Harley. Amelia Cookson, who sat on my right hand, asked me if I had seen the Diorama; and told me, that she preferred it, upon the whole to Mr. Irving. Amelia and I got rather intimate during dinner. There occurred two pauses from lack of conversation. This induced her to tell me in confidence, that her family were generally reckoned dull; her brother Charles, indeed, was less so than the rest; he once sent a letter to the British Press, signed "Truth," which was inserted; but still, upon the whole, he was dull. However, added she, we are reckoned very amiable. I now drank a glass of sherry with the young man in blue from Basingstoke, who informed me, that sherry was become a very fashionable wine. Mr. Oliphant said it was the best wine for gouty men, which confirmed me in my original suspicion of his being afflicted with that complaint. Mr. Cookson asked me if I had seen Zoroaster or the Exhibition: and Mrs. Cookson hoped I did not find the fire troublesome. Sir John Dawson, recently from Paris, said there was not a house in London fit to be seen. I modestly suggested Devonshire house; but Lady Dawson assured me, that it would not be endured in the Rue St. Honoré. Amelia Cookson talked to me of her Scrap Book. It was enriched, she told me, with several manuscript pieces of rare value. Yesterday a friend in Devonshire sent her something beginning with "O Solitude, romantic Maid;" then there was "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," which had never been published. I told her that I could let her have something of my own. Amelia expressed her gratitude, and promised in return to write me out "Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," and something else very pretty, beginning "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man." I have since kept my word by sending her "Hope, thou nurse of young Desire," and "As near Porto Bello lying." The poor girl received them with tears of gratitude. I believe I have stated every thing of moment that took place during dinner. On the summons to tea I rejoined the ladies with a benignant bow, which was meant to express a hope that they had not been very wretched during my unavoidable absence. Mrs. Oliphant supposed that we had been talking politics. There were two manuscript books lying upon the drawing-room table, viz. Amelia's Scrap Book and Lucy's Collection of Autographs. The latter had lately enriched her collection by Colonel Scrape's tailor's bill; a notice from a vestry clerk to attend a parish meeting; an original letter from a school-boy at Mortlake, hoping that his father would send John to meet him at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, on the Wednesday following, precisely at four; and a frank given by Alderman Wood. Upon casting my eye over the collection, I found that I too had my share of graphic immortality. A letter of mine had been sedulously preserved, in which I had confidently expressed my opinion about Jack Average's acceptances; and had ventured to surmise that Sir Hyacinth O'Rourke only went to Cheltenham to pick up an heiress. The show-

ing about of this epistle has since involved me in a duel, and an action for defamation: but we great folks must pay a tax for our eminence.

Tea being despatched, it was intimated to me that I could sing "Madamina" in Don Giovanni, and Mrs. Cookson assured me that her daughter Lucy should accompany me. I assured Mrs. Cookson that I had no voice; and Mrs. Cookson assured me that I was an excellent singer. These two lies being uttered, Lucy pulled off her gloves to prepare for action; and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, took that opportunity to inform me that Signor Rossini charged eighty guineas a night for attending concerts. I was startled at the magnitude of the sum, and hinted that if he were relieved of part of his burthen by the co-operation of marrow-bones and cleavers, and a comb and a piece of paper, he might possibly be induced to come for sixty. But no: I was assured by Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, that he would not fiddle to his own father for one farthing less. I now started "Madamina" to Miss Lucy Cookson's accompaniment. As the lady played in all sorts of time, I determined at last to sing to my own, so that by the period of my arrival at the slow movement, commencing "Nella bionda," my divine Saint Cecilia had arrived at "Voi sapete." We all agreed it was capital; and that the great beauty of Mozart's music was the accompaniment. Lucy Cookson now rose from her music-stool to reach "Nel cor non piu mi sento," with variations by Mazzinghi. Upon these occasions every-day mothers make it a rule to play puss in a corner. Mrs. Oliphant seized her opportunity, pounced upon the circular red-morocco, and placed her daughter on the momentarily vacant seat. There was not a moment to be lost. Away she started with Rousseau's Dream, with variations by Cramer; and the Saxon air, with variations by ditto. "Now, my dear," said the mother, "sing 'We're a' noddin'; and now sing 'Charley is my darling:' and when you've got through 'Home, sweet home,' and 'Oh, softly sleep, I'm sure the company will be delighted to hear 'Betty Bell,' (meaning, I presume, "Batti, batti, o bel.") The young lady was too dutiful to disobey, and we too civil to object. Lucy Cookson, who had been "pushed from her stool," bade me observe, that all the allegro movements were played in slow time; that the hands of the fair usurper were glued to the keys during every rest: and the Staccato was actually played Legato. I expressed a suitable horror at this; and assisted little Crosby (who ought to have been in his bed three hours before) in raising the lid of the piano, to give effect to "My pretty page," which was thundered forth like Beethoven's Battle Sinfonia. Crosby urged me to stand closer, to eye the movements of the little red men under the wires; but I doubted the stability of the slim mahogany prop that supported the cover of the instrument, and did not wish to have what little nose I possess knocked out of my head.

Upon a review of all that took place at Mr. Cookson's dinner in Gower-street, it seems to me that "more common matters" were never discussed in the Court of Exchequer: right glad am I that it is so, and I hope soon to dine there again. Nothing is so fatiguing as keeping one's

faculties on the constant stretch: When I dine with Sir Peter Pallet, I am previously obliged to dive into Reynold's Discourses, to qualify myself to talk about "the Art," the fact being that I don't know a Raphael from a red-herring. Jack Georgic puts my Latin to the proof; and at the Beef-steak Club I am momentarily obliged to belabour my imagination, in order to create a repartee that shall set the table in a roar, and blow my adversary to atoms. No violence like this takes place at the tables of every-day people. There my memory puts on its night-gown, and my judgment and imagination their red-morocco slippers. Let my Aunt Edwards talk it as she likes, I will not sit down without proposing the following toast—"Health and prosperity to Every-day People!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Third Series—No. III.

ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh.—MATTHEW, ii. 1, 2, 11.

From airy mount—from pyramid,
To gaze on eastern skies,
When sleep, with rosy hand, the lid
Had sealed of others' eyes,
Theirs was the task, and well they knew
Each orb that gemmed night's orb of blue.

But now a star of brighter sheen
Illumed the orient o'er,
Than eye of magic seer had seen
With all his ancient lore,
And mock'd with its mysterious light,
The star-read chroniclers of night.

It streamed not wildly through the air,
A meteor from afar—
It shook not from its lurid hair
The light of plague or war;
But mildly, brightly beamed above,
The morning star of Peace and Love.

They gird their loins, and on their feet
The pilgrims' sandals bind,
And tempt the desert sand and heat
The royal babe to find,
And worship then, with one accord,
The King appointed of the Lord.

O'er many an arid waste they passed,
And many a verdant plain;
But on the starry herald cast
The brightness of its train,
O'er swelling stream—o'er stoned fount—
O'er ancient tower and sacred mount—

Till o'er Judea's hills it stood,
A silent sentinel;
And on the grove and flashing flood,
Its sacred watch-light fell:
The *magi* gazed, and awe intense
And wonder wrapt the soul and sense.

No hoary tower was standing by;
No golden cinctured dome,
In pillared pride, aspired on high,
A prince's royal home—
No lordly pile that wealth and fame
Had deigned to honour with their name.

The infant King of Kings they found:
His palace was a stall—
His mother all the court around,
The hay his royal pall,
His sceptre straw—his diadem
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem.

Clothed in his own humility,
There lay the "promised light"
Which kings and priests desired to see,
"Yet died without the sight."
The brightness of the FATHER'S Grace,
And image of his glorious face.

And from their treasury they poured
Myrrh, frankincense and gold;
And, as the willing knee adored
That gift of price untold,
Made to the King in humble guise
The reverent bosom's sacrifice.

The humble King, Creation's heir,
Whose everlasting throne,
In heaven—in hell—on earth—in air—
The universe shall own,
When empires fall—when sceptres rust—
And kings and diadems are dust.

Baltimore, Md.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in every point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, only in one. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in all points of view, and though examined under every situation is one and the same.

Wars are to the body politic what drams are to the individual. There are times when they may prevent a sudden death, but if frequently resorted to, or long persisted in, they heighten the energies only to hasten the dissolution.

THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



About the middle of this reign the great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the *partelet*, which covered the neck to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous *vardingale*, the prototype of that modern-antique, the hoop, which has been so lately banished the court, to the great joy of all classes of his majesty's subjects saving only the metropolitan dressmakers. The cap or coif was occasionally exchanged for a round bonnet like that of the men, or the hair dressed in countless curls, and adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, and at the close of the reign (for the first time) with feathers.

In the second year of her reign began the wearing of lawn and cambric ruffs, they having before that time, says Stow, been made of holland; and now, when the queen had them of this new material, no one could starch or stiffen them; she therefore sent for some Dutch women, and the wife of her coachman Guilian became her majesty's first starcher.

In 1564 Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse, a Fleming, came to London with her husband, and followed the profession of a starcher of ruffs, in which she greatly excelled. She met with much encouragement amongst the nobility and gentry of this country, and was the first who publicly taught the art of starching, her price being four or five pounds for each scholar, and twenty shillings in addition for teaching them how to seeth or make the starch.

Stubbs falls foul of this "liquid matter which they call starch," wherein he says "the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which being dry will then stand stiff and inflex-

ible about their necks." It was made, he tells us, of wheat flour, bran, or other grains, sometimes of roots and other things, and of all colours and hues, as white, red, blue, purple, and the like. He mentions also "a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold, thread, silver, or silk," for supporting these ruffs, and called "a supper-tasse or under-propper." These "great ruffs or neckerchers, made of hollande, lawne, cambric, and such cloth," so delicate that the greatest thread in them "shall not be so big as the least hair that is," starched, streaked, dried, patted, and underpropped by the supertasses, "the stately arches of pride," sometimes overshadowed three or four orders of minor ruffs placed gradatim one beneath the other, and all under "the master-devil ruff," which was itself clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques strange to behold; some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further; some with close work; some with purlid lace and other gewgaws, so clogged, so pestered that the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, and sometimes they are suffered to hang over the shoulders like flags or windmill sails fluttering in the air.

Their gowns, continues the satirist, be no less famous than the rest, for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of *grograin*, some of taffata, some of scarlet, and some of fine cloth, of ten, twenty, or forty shillings the yard; but if the whole garment be not of silk or velvet, then the same must be layed with lace two or three fingers broad all over the gown; or if lace is not fine enough for them, he says they must be decorated with broad gards of velvet edged with costly lace. The fashions too of the gown were as various as its colours, and "changing with the moon: for some be of the new fashion, and some of the olde;

some with sleeves hanging down to the skirts trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tails; some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arm, drawn out with sundry colours, and pointed with silk ribbands, and very gallantly tied with love-knots, for so they call them." Some had capes reaching down to the middle of their backs faced with velvet or fine taffata, and "fringed about very bravely;" others were plaited and crested down the back "wonderfully, with more knacks" than he can express.

Their petticoats, he says, were of the best cloth and the finest die, and even of silk, grograin, &c., fringed about the skirts with silk of a changeable colour. "But what is more vain," he adds, "of whatever the petticoat be, yet must they have *kirtles*, for so they call them, of silk, velvet, grograin, taffata, satin, or scarlet, bordered with gards, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what." Here the kirtle is again distinguished from the gown and petticoat, and is evidently the garment worn immediately under the gown, and at this time completely discovered by it, the skirt or train of the gown or robe being only just visible on each side of the figure.

The nether stocks or stockings, we are told, were of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel or the finest yarn, thread, or cloth that could possibly be had: and they were "not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds of changeable colours, as green, red, white, russet, tawney, and else what not"—"cunningly knit" too, and "curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and every thing else accordingly."

As early as the third year of Elizabeth, we read that Mistress Montague, the queen's first woman, presented to her majesty a pair of black knit silk stockings, made in England, which pleased her so much, that she would never wear any cloth hose afterwards; not only on account of the delicacy of the article itself, but from a laudable desire to encourage this new species of English manufacture by her own example. Soon after this, says Stow, William Rider, then apprentice to Thomas Burdet, at the bridge foot, opposite the church of St. Magnus, seeing a pair of knit worsted stockings at an Italian merchant's, brought from Mantua, borrowed them, and having made a pair like unto them, presented them to the Earl of Pembroke, which was the first pair of worsted stockings knit in this country.

The ladies' shoes were of many fashions. "They have corked shoes, puiquets, pantoffles, and slippers," says Stubbs; "some of black velvet, some of white, some of green, some of yellow, some of Spanish leather, and some of English, stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable."

The cork shoes here mentioned continued in fashion amongst the ladies the greater part of the seventeenth century.

"Then," exclaims the censor, "must they have their silk scarfs cast about their faces, and fluttering in the wind, with great lapels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk, which they say they wear to keep them from sun-burning. When they used to ride abroad, they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover

their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes whereout they look; so that if a man knew not their guise, he would think that he met a monster or devil."

Again: "their fingers must be decked with gold, silver, and precious stones; their wrists with bracelets and annulets of gold and costly jewels; their hands covered with sweet-washed (i. e. perfumed) gloves, embroidered with gold and silver; and they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go;" and he is especially indignant against those who "are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones."

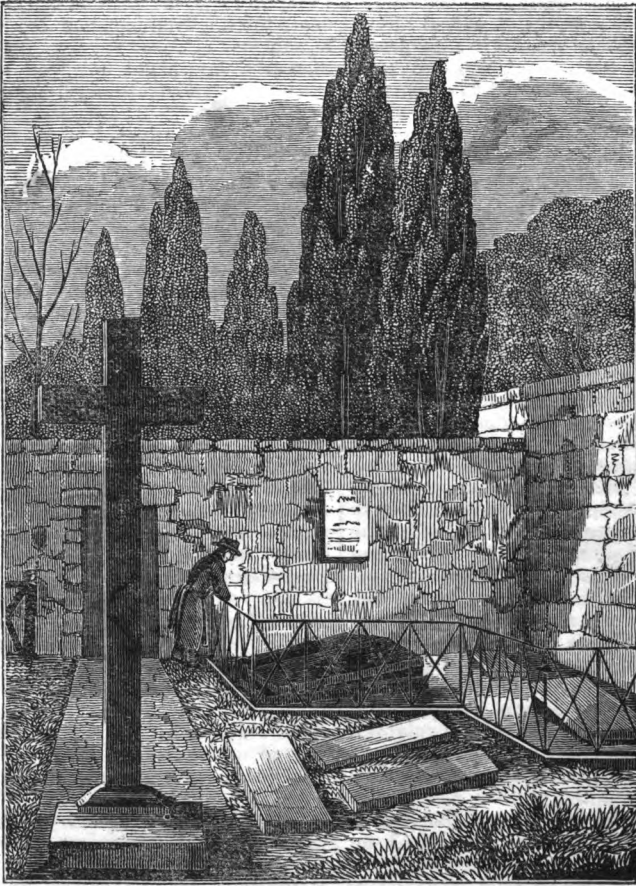
A pocket looking-glass was the common companion of the fashionables of both sexes at this time. The ladies carried it either in their pockets or hanging at their sides, and sometimes it was inserted in the fan of ostrich or other feathers—one of the most elegant appendages to the costume of this period, and lately brought again into fashion, though more as an ornament for a room than as a substitute for the folding fan of ivory, which, however, beautifully carved, is certainly not comparable to it either for use or elegance.

Stubbs gives the following description of the fashion of wearing the hair in this reign. "It must be curled, frizzed, crisped, laid out in wreaths and borders from one ear to the other, and, lest it should fall down, must be 'underpropped with forkes, weirs, &c., and ornamented with great wreathes of gold or silver curiously wrought, bugles, ouches, rings, glasses, and other such gewgaws, which he being 'unskilful in woman's terms,' cannot easily recount. 'Then upon the toppes of their stately turrets stand their other capital ornaments; a French hood, batte, cappe, kircher, and such-like, whereof some be of velvet, some of this fashion, and some of that;' cauls made of net-wire that the cloth of gold, silver, or unsel, with which the hair was sometimes covered, might be seen through; and lattice caps with three horns or corners like the forked caps of popish priests; 'and every merchant's or artificer's wife or mean gentlewoman indulged in these extravagant fashions.'"

Fig. a. English lady of quality, 1577, from Weigel's wood-cuts; b. English lady of quality, 1588, from Caspar Rutz.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure, which we do not deserve; and still more rare, to despise praise, which we do. But that integrity that lives only on opinion, would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding world for an audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.

This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.



THE TOMB OF LA FAYETTE,

IN PERE LA CHAISE,

Is beautifully situated in the most picturesque part of that famed Burial Place, and is more visited than any other tomb in it. For several days after the funeral, a guard of honour was placed over it to keep off the multitude, who were anxious to weep over the grave of the most pure man of his day.

For the Lady's Book.

THE OLD WOMAN.

(Concluded.)

Why are we so susceptible of ridicule, even from those whom, in ordinary cases, we despise? The more talented, the more intellectual the man is, the more galling to his heart, is the idea of being laughed at—being an object of contempt. Much as I thought myself superior to the kitchen establishment of mine host, I felt stung by their snickering, and the loud laugh that followed my departure, was wormwood to me. I seriously thought of packing up and leaving the house, but “consideration like an angel came,” and whispered “where else can you have half the advantages you enjoy here?” In a short time my temper was restored to its usual placidity by the appearance of my landlady, who came to say she had ordered a nice breakfast for me in my own room, as she was morally certain I must have taken cold, beside being starved at Mrs. Brown’s; and she laughed so adroitly at her own cowardice, seeming to think there was nothing else to laugh at, that I could not do otherwise than join the merriment.

An excellent breakfast was soon placed before me, to which I did ample justice, considering, meantime, how I was to get my clothes from Mrs. Brown, and return those I had borrowed.

While deep in cogitation, a servant entered and told me that Mrs. Brown herself was below, and requested to see me.

“To see me, my good girl? Hem! and Hannah, how is she this morning?”

“Why just as she all’ays is, for what I see.”

“Oh, very well, pray ask her to walk up, my good girl.”

In a few minutes she made her appearance, with a large bundle, which proved to be my clothes, boots, and hat, neatly brushed and tied together.

Her countenance was pale, excessively pale, but calm and stern, as usual. “I have to ask your pardon, Sir,” said she, with the air and manner of a gentlewoman, “for my unbecoming behaviour this morning, but if you knew all, you would not wonder. When I saw your things, I remembered, and knew I had been acting like a fool; will you say that you pardon me?”

I assured her earnestly, of my full forgiveness, and hinted that I was ready to receive any confidence she choose to place in me, and to give her my best advice. “No! I must tell it, but not to you,” said she, in a low, clear tone, that spoke fixed determination, while her singular eyes took a deeper, more resolute expression. “Who, then, will you tell,” said I, “the good minister?” “No! no! not him, at least not yet; you have offered to assist me; I take you at your word; will you go back from your offer?”

“No!” cried I, “never!”

“Then listen to me, and as you perform your promise, may God prosper and assist you. You have heard of Doctor Lee? He resides now in —, he must be present when I confess, and you must go for him—letters will not answer; you must go and carry a letter from me, and tell

him by word of mouth, (if he objects to come,) that if he comes not, I regard the oath as cancelled, and will reveal all without further delay. Will you do this? It is of more importance than you think, and will benefit those to whom you wish well, whatever it may bring upon me.”

During her long speech, I had time to make up my mind, and promptly answered that I would go, and that on the following morning.

She looked at me for some minutes without speaking, and a touch of human feeling passed over her countenance and dimmed the fierce brightness of her eyes, as she said in fervent tones, “I thank you; here is the letter, take it, and may God speed you.” She carefully bundled up her father’s garment and left the room.

I reflected, after her departure, on what I had undertaken, and could not avoid thinking that I had taken my part too rashly; if she should be crazed—if the gentleman to whom I was going knew nothing of her, why it would not add much to my reputation to act as ambassador to a mad woman; but, on the other hand, I felt convinced that she was not mad, only acting under the consciousness of some dreadful secret, which it would relieve her to reveal; and finally, I resolved to keep to my engagement, merely giving out that I was summoned to — upon important business, which might detain me two or three days. So leaving two or three days stock of medicines with my patients, I actually set off at the period appointed, and after the usual time, arrived safely in what appeared to me then, a *mighty city*. I put up at the first inn I saw, and as it was not late, resolved to call upon Doctor Lee immediately. On inquiry, I easily heard of the Doctor’s locale; but fearing to lose my way, I offered the bribe of sixpence for a guide; a dirty boy with half a hat, half a jacket, and half a pair of trowsers, offered to show me the way, “any where I wanted to go,” and the waiter testifying to his ability, I started under his pilotage. He had boasted of no more than he could perform, for in a short time I reached a neat brick house, with a white railing enclosing a small garden, and a brass plate, with the name of Doctor Lee, upon the door. I felt half awed at entering so fine a house on such an errand, but to go back, after coming so far, without my errand, oh, no! “in for a penny, in for a pound,” thought I, and assuming as important an air as possible, I boldly knocked. The door was opened by a boy, who, without question, led me into a parlour, and desired me to wait a few minutes and the Doctor would come to me. I had plenty of time to look about me, for the few minutes was half an hour. The floor was partly covered with a carpet, which, however, did not extend to the chairs of dark shining wood, with black leather backs and seats, and gorgeous with well polished brass nails. In one part of the room stood a table, the edge of which, for about four inches, was elaborately finereed with lions and flowers; the centre was a slab of slate; another huge table, with legs carved into the resemblance of claws grasping globes, supported a japan tea-try, on which reposed a set of china that would be regarded now as a curiosity. The capacious fire-place, in which smouldered a few brands, was ornamented with blue and white tiles, representing the story of Judith and

Holofanes, which would be apt to create some wonder, that such a figure as the good lady was then painted could inspire anything like passion in the breast of the chieftain.

On the mantle-piece stood two squat china tea-pots with a few flowers in them, a tea-caddy, and a pair of immense plated candlesticks. Above these hung a frame containing a sampler, "worked by Abigail Merritt, aged ten years." Just as I had read this important piece of intelligence, the door opened and Doctor Lee made his appearance.

His mysterious connection with Mrs. Brown gave him, in my eyes, considerable interest. I looked at him with eager curiosity; he was apparently but a few years my senior; was a small, active, pleasant looking man, with rather a bustling manner. He came toward me, rubbing his hands as if congratulating himself on the increase of his business, and taking a chair, and my hand, cried, "sit down, my dear Sir, sit down. Well, what is it? Pulse a *little* hasty; permit me to see your tongue."

"You mistake, Sir," said I, withdrawing my hand, "I come on other business." The habitual smile, the look of complacency, disappeared.

"Other business, Sir; I'm sure I cannot imagine what it can be; but my time is precious—please to explain."

"Sir," said I, "my commission is soon executed; permit me to deliver to you this letter, and allow me to remain while you peruse it."

Doctor Lee received the letter with evident surprise, and after an inquisitive stare at me, broke the seal. After reading a few words, he rose, and walked to a window, as if for more light, and by that movement deprived me of the privilege on which I had relied, of reading his countenance as he read the letter. After some time he returned to his chair, and I fancied that I discerned in his features, the traces of perturbation and even fear, an idea that restored my courage.

"This Sir, is a singular summons," said he. "I presume you did not know the contents, or you probably would not have taken this trouble. I will write to the poor creature; may I ask how long you purpose to remain in town?"

"My sole object and business was to deliver that letter, and receive your answer. I was aware that it contained a request for you to be present at some disclosure which she has determined to make, and I have it in charge to assure you that she *will* make it whether you comply with her request or not."

"Nonsense! my good Sir, nonsense! what disclosure has an old crazy woman like her to make, that any one would care about? And how can she or any body expect that I should leave my patients, to go on such a fool's errand, begging your pardon, Sir; but you must be a medical man to judge of the propriety of my doing such a thing."

"I am a medical man, Doctor Lee; my name is Allen; I have the honour to fill the situation left vacant by you in the village of Rockmore."

"Ten thousand pardons, my dear Sir; I really beg your pardon; but this woman,—this Mrs. Brown should have mentioned—but then she is a foolish crazy old creature;—no use to be

angry with her; you think her insane yourself, doubtless?"

"I cannot say that I do; I think her under the influence of remorse or something of the sort, at times; but, in general, I think her intellect really of a superior order."

"Humph, so you would have me leave my affairs at sixes and sevens, and go to hear her confess some nonsense of her own, would you?"

"I would have you do as your own conscience, and your own knowledge of this woman dictates, only premising that whatever it may be, she is now resolved to make a clear breast; it is for you to judge whether she can implicate or injure you—"

"You are right, Sir; the fact is, I do know of a rather awkward transaction of her own, but am no further implicated than being a passive spectator, and keeping it to myself. But I see I must go; there is no knowing what she might say if I were not there, but it is a very serious detriment, I fear losing many patients!" He seemed to muse for a few minutes, then briskly added,—"I have it; we ought to aid one another in this world—no getting along without. You are here, I am going to your parish, I will attend your patients—you mine. Bring your horse and baggage here, Mrs. Lee will make you comfortable—see a little of the town."

Now there was something in this arrangement very disagreeable to me; I wished to accompany the Doctor and see the *dénouement* of the mystery. I disliked his assumption of superiority, as I then thought it, of disposing of my person and services without more ceremony, and I had made up my mouth to say "quite impossible," when the door opened and two ladies entered. The Doctor instantly introduced me to Mrs. Lee, a delicate, placid, prim looking lady, as his friend, who, to oblige him, would for a very few days make his house my home, and attend his patients during an absence on business—professional business. Heedless of the exclamations and ejaculations of his wife, he turned with intuitive sagacity to the other lady. "My dear Ann, I am truly glad to see you; you will stay, I know, and keep your sister company during my absence. Doctor Allen, allow me to introduce you to Miss Merrit; hope you will be good friends and take care of each other."

He turned away to answer some of the questions his wife had been indefatigably asking, and left the young lady and myself to follow up our acquaintance, as we thought proper.

But a moment before I had resolved to negative his proposal, and go home, just to show that I was my own master, if for nothing else: now, so weak are our youthful resolves; so unstable our passions, I hailed with delight the prospect of passing a few days, domesticated with this fascinating creature, and Doctor Lee found me perfectly satisfied with all his arrangements.

It was evening; I was playing backgammon with the interesting Ann; Mrs. Lee was knitting and talking, though I really don't know upon what subject, when Doctor Lee entered.

So quickly had the moments flown, that I was perfectly astonished to see him, and feared some sinister accident had frustrated his design. "Re-

turned so soon," cried I; "has any thing happened?"

"So soon!" said he, smiling, "come, that is very fair, I expected to be scolded for staying so long, and lo! I am accused of returning before I am wanted!"

"Oh, dear no," cried Mrs. Lee, who was one of those simple, matter of fact people, that can never take a joke; "I am sure that you have been gone a great while—ten days to-morrow morning, and I was just saying I wondered what could be the reason——"

"Enough, my dear, all right; hungry as a bear though; pray see to a bit of supper, and have a fire in my study, I have *business* to settle with Doctor Allen."

I observed that the word *business* was always made use of, to prevent any remonstrances that Mrs. Lee might be inclined to make; at least it always had a sedative effect in such cases, and she went without a word to execute her husband's desires.

We were seated in the closet dignified by the name of study; a bright fire burnt upon the hearth; a table with a bottle and glasses stood between us; our feet were disposed of as we pleased, and we *did* look "the picture of comfort," as good Mrs. Lee observed, when she popped her head in as she passed to her chamber, to bid her husband "mind and take good care of the fire."

I was full of eager downright curiosity, though I endeavoured to conceal it with a veil of professional anxiety. He was in the enviable situation of possessor of a secret, and proprietor of a story, which he could deal out at his pleasure to an attentive auditor.

We seemed fully aware of his importance, and more disposed to philosophize than to gratify my very natural and laudable curiosity, and I determined to appear as unconcerned as possible—convinced that if I could make him believe that I was indifferent, he would at once plunge into the details I longed to hear.

"Man," said he, "is, as some author truly asserts, a bundle of habits." We look so long at objects in one point of view, that our mental vision, like the eyes of the eastern fanatics, becomes distorted, and we cannot if we would, view them otherwise than in the light to which we are habituated."

"We generally view things as we have been taught," said I.

"Yes! very true, in *general*, but each one has his own peculiar notions, a little different from those of others; nothing, perhaps, worth mentioning, if properly explained and examined, but which he would go to the block to prove were the only true ones. It is true, we each receive our first impressions of right and wrong—of good and evil—from the nurse, the schoolmaster, and the minister, but the minds of some are of harder tempered stuff than those of others, and do not receive the impressions so deeply. The mass of mankind——"

"Is more," said I, "like a china shop, than any thing I know of."

"A what!" cried the Doctor, sitting down his glass.

"A China shop," said I, quietly; "did you never observe the resemblance? You will find a

representative of all classes, nay, of most individuals on its counters and shelves, from the fragile beautifully painted jar, too delicate for any purpose but to be looked at, to the rough, plain pottery, whose sole recommendation is its strength and utility.

"There is the man of learning—the school master—in that pair of huge pitchers, with the celestial and terrestrial globes on their swelling sides, while in yonder row of vases, emblazoned with caricatures, you see wits and satirists. Look at that mug, where, seated in his easy chair, is a hearty, jovial-looking fellow; his left hand holding his pipe, and his right grasping a bottle, while on the opposite side is printed a drinking song; does not he represent the *bon vivant*? See yonder long train of dishes, plates, &c., each bearing upon its bosom the scenery of distant lands, are they not the travellers and men of information? Behold yonder crowd of jars, vases, and goblets, glowing with the most vivid representation of the loveliest flowers—so thin that one fears to touch them lest they should fall to pieces—so beautiful, that one dreads to breathe on them lest they should fade and wither; they are the belles—the beauties—of no possible use but to feast the eye and ornament the drawing room. Yonder——"

"Oh, a truce! I see you are quizzing me; but my observations were not so far from the subject as, perhaps, they appeared, as you will see. You are aware, that in our profession we are compelled to witness—aye, and to be actors in many fearful, and many disgusting scenes; and you are also aware—what is the use to deny it? You are aware that we are nerved to the task, and repaid for our exertions, by the applause and admiration of the spectators and society; by our increased reputation, and the consciousness of having performed our duty.

"Take away two of these incentives, and render the other *doubtful*, after a precarious or a fatal operation, and how, think you, a man might feel? I had been educated in the strongest abhorrence of murder; yet, for three years, I have been worrying myself and my conscience as being accessory to the act. You are surprised. Listen, and tell your opinion candidly.

"I was the friend of Lincoln, and was engaged to attend Mrs. L. at her confinement. Mrs. Brown was to take care of her, and though the event was anticipated with anxiety, no serious fears were entertained of other than a fortunate result.

"It was evening when I was summoned to the house of Mr. L. I felt melancholy; clouds occasionally rolled over the moon, and the wind blew fitfully and in gusts—whistling in the tops of the trees, and among the rank grass and bushes, on each side of the path I had taken through the fields. Mr. L. was from home at the next village, and Mrs. L.'s mother confined with a sprained ankle. I am particular in detailing these incidents, that you may better understand how the deed could be accomplished without suspicion.

"We were alone in the chamber; the mother, that woman, and I; *she*—Mrs. Brown I mean—seized me by the arm and led me to a corner,

remote from the bed; the infant was lying in a chair; she turned down the clothes that covered it, and flashed the light she held full upon it. I shuddered—a more horrible and disgusting object I had never seen.

"‘You see it, and you know what must be done,’ said she, in a low hissing whisper that thrilled through my brain; I knew—that is I had heard—I was dimly aware that something, I knew not what, must be done in such an event, but the thought was too horrible; I continued spell-bound. ‘Are you awake?’ said the stern voice of my companion. I looked at her; resolution was written on her brow, and death in her eye.

"‘Why did not the frightful thing die in its birth?’ I muttered, half unconsciously. ‘The mother! the poor mother!’

"‘That is cared for,’ said the nurse, stepping softly to the bed, and after a moment returning to my side. ‘She sleeps; I thought of her the moment I saw it, and I gave her laudanum in the wine and water.’

"‘But what must we do, Mrs. Brown? for God’s sake, what must be done?’ She approached her face to mine, and replied in a husky voice, ‘It must not live.’

"‘Do you think that it will?’ said I, horror-stricken, as idea after idea poured upon me.

"‘It must not,’ she earnestly replied; ‘it must not. My God, man! do you hesitate?’

"I was convinced that it was right, but felt utterly unable to do it. I grasped the pillow convulsively, while a cold shiver crept all over me. A distant footstep was heard. It was approaching. The nurse sprang to the door—fastened it—rushed back—and with a look of contempt, seized the pillow from my hand. I heard the sob—the gasp—the faint cry—it was all over. Then came a tap at the door; I started, and the nurse whispered, ‘say that it was dead-born, and mortified, and is not fit to be seen!’ then hiding the bundle under a cloak she had hastily slipped on, quitted the room by a back stair-case. I opened the door; it was Mr L. He had just returned.

"‘My wife?’ he asked, ‘how is she?’

"‘Well; perfectly! she sleeps, but her babe, I regret to say, was still-born.’ His countenance expressed deep sorrow, but, to my astonishment, neither wonder nor doubt. Why should he have either? But when we know that there is a secret—a mystery—we are apt to think that all others must suspect it.

"I waited with sickening anxiety for the return of the nurse. I felt all the apprehension of guilt, though conscious that I had but done my duty; that even if it was discovered no harm would accrue to me. Yet there were moments in which I wished it undone; but then I looked at the sweet mother; I thought of the noble-hearted father, and rejoiced that they were spared the bitter pang of seeing their offspring, for if such were my feelings of loathing and abhorrence, what would have been theirs? Still I waited for the nurse with all the intense anxiety of an over-wrought mind. I attempted to converse in vain; I could understand nothing—see nothing; for wherever I turned that revolting sight was still before me—so like reality, that I half wondered that Mr. L. did not see it too,

"I have often wondered how it is that we see things not before us. I have formed many fanciful theories upon the subject. At one time I likened the retina to a sheet of paper, which appears perfectly blank, but which is nevertheless covered with delineations that only require the application of fire (that is of memory) to bring them forth as vividly as ever. But I see that you are impatient; where was I? Oh, waiting for the nurse.

"Well! at last she returned. I found a minute to speak with her before I left the house; her manner was calm, but I perceived by the occasional working of the muscles, and gleam of the eye, that her feelings were more excited than during all the preceding scene of trial, her very unnatural calmness evinced it.

"She told me that ‘all was well,’ and I returned to my home. It so happened that early the next morning I received intelligence of the dangerous situation of my father, from a fall, that hurried me off to a distant part of the state, and detained me several weeks.

"Soon after my return I sought out the nurse; she testified strong emotions at seeing me, and when I mentioned our last interview, she gasped hysterically and nearly fell from her chair. My own first impressions were deadened by time, and I was astonished that those feelings should still exist so vividly in one, who at the moment was so much less affected and so much more self-possessed than myself.

"When she had regained her composure, after excusing myself in the best way I was able for having left the whole weight of the business on her, I begged to be informed how she had accounted for the secret removal of the child, if so I might call it, to Mr. and Mrs. L.

"The prolix account she gave me would not be interesting; suffice that she informed Mr. L. that the body was in a state of decomposition, and that fearing Mrs. L. would insist on seeing it, contrary to my orders, and that it would cause her so much agitation as to endanger her life, she had carried it to the grave-yard and had it buried. I saw that after all this was related, there still remained something untold, and by way of continuing the conversation, I asked her what she had really done with the body.

"A spasm seemed to convulse her for a moment, then her countenance again assumed the contracted frightful expression, it had worn on that night of suffering; she resumed her calmness with strong effort, and then replied, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

"‘Oh, Doctor! you don’t know what I endured that night! Sir, I am firmly convinced that there was something more than *human* about that creature; I carried it home to my own house, and laid it down in the kitchen, while I went into the garden to dig a grave for it. Well! I made one that I thought deep enough, and taking an old wicker basket, I put the bundle into it, without unrolling it, for I could not bear to look at it; but when I got into the garden, I believe it was the devil prompted me to look at it once more, and I had to take off my shawl you know, and then sir, it *moved!* and I let it fall and it got unwrapped, and rolled over and over, into the hole I had prepared for it! and its eyes were wide open, and fixed on me, with a strange smile;

you smile! but I tell you that I was no mere child; I once thought that nothing could make me what you call superstitious, but as I strove then, my eyes fixed on those of the *thing*, and unable to move, all the tales I had ever read or heard, and they were many, of fiends, that for some devilish purpose entered into bodies, came into my mind, and surely there never was a more fitting habitation for the evil one, than in that hideous body! I had never believed them, I had prided myself on my superiority to the more ignorant part of my neighbours in disbelieving such tales, but then I could not drive them from my mind, and I could not touch it. I do not think I could have touched it for the wealth of worlds. I had thought my dreadful task was over—that the work was done—but here it was again before me—again to do! and me, all alone! *alone* in the night with *it*! I said that I could not move, and I could not, till it half turned, and—it did not cry—no, it did not scream as a baby might; but, Doctor, if ever I heard a laugh, I heard it then; *it*, the *thing*, laughed at me! The light from the lantern fell upon its face,—yes, the horrid lineaments were distorted yet more in hideous mockery! An awful fear came over me, I fell down on my knees, shut my eyes, and in desperation of despair, with my hands pushed the heap of dirt back into the hole, over *it*, and then, in a sort of frantic triumph, I rose and stamped and trampled on it! I had overturned the lantern and the light was out, I dared not stop to pick it up, but rushed through the house like a mad creature, fastening the door I suppose. from habit.

"I ran all the way to Mr. L's, nor did I feel safe, till in the room with all of you; but even then, Doctor, ay, even now that impish face is before me!"

"You, who have seen her, who have felt the power of her manner and eye, will not wonder that I shuddered and felt a cold terror creep over me, as with firm conviction of its truth, painted on her singular face, she detailed the revolting incident; I tried to recover myself, I tried to laugh, but, I could not, for my life I could not! I caught myself casting furtive and uneasy glances through the window into the garden, and felt a great desire to get out of the house. The latter inclination I was on the point of gratifying, when Mrs. Brown rose, and taking my arm, hurried me, before I was aware, into what was once her garden, now a wilderness of weeds, limbs of trees dragged from the forest and briars. Near the middle was a heap of thorn brushes and stones, to which with a ghastly look she pointed, saying in a whisper, "There! there! It lies still enough o'days, but at night! oh! to dream it all over again, to see it, to feel it writhing in my arms; to hear it laugh! to see its horrid face advancing, closer and closer to mine, while I cannot move! to feel its limbs quivering under my hands, to be alone with it, and feel it drawing me into the grave with it! while you seem trampling us both down, your face looking like the face of *it*!"

"I could not bear any more, but rushing through the house, I mounted my horse and rode away as fast as you did a few days since. I did not get rid of my maukish feelings for several days, although I convinced myself, by a course

of very plausible, and I think correct argument, that the deed done was particularly necessary.—When I again saw her, I endeavoured to persuade her to remove from the house, where the immediate vicinity of the victim, kept the circumstance alive in her thoughts.

"What?" cried she, "and have the boys and neighbours found it, and bring the thing, for it is there yet, to throw in my lap! and then the jack the court and the gallows! no, no! speak not of it, here will I abide, unless ye will come at the still midnight hour, that it was put there, and dig it up and *burn it*!"

"You may suppose, that I did not comply with this wild demand, tho' I almost wish I had, to have spared her some of her misery. But shortly after I removed to this city, where, I honestly confess, that I hoped to hear no more of her or it; you will not, I hope, wonder at my little inclination to attend her call, now you know all the circumstances. All however has happened for the best, her, and my confessions have given L. a handsome fortune."

"How?" cried I, tho' I myself have been so long unheard, that I fear you will hardly know who I am. "Oh, I begin to see, this *thing* was *alive*, but, will it pass, think you for a babe?"

"Hem'em, Mrs. Brown's written and attested confession contains none of her exaggerated ideas of diablerie, and hideousness; I explained to her that it would injure both the feelings and interest of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, so we just made it so much deformed as to render it *excusable*, to—put it out of its misery! I, you know, scarcely saw it, and could not pretend to speak with certainty, so there is no difficulty whatever, especially as poor Mrs. Brown, died without uttering her statement."

"Died! Mrs. Brown dead—How? Where?" said I, "are you serious?"

"Never was more so, she died the night of Mrs. L's. accouchment, her death was as singular as her life."

"Mrs. L's. accouchment! dead!" I felt perfectly perplexed, so many things happening during my absence, I felt sure that it must have exceeded the few days I had thought; no, but ten days! ah! how much may and does happen in ten days to colour the destiny of many a victim!

Well, said I, "you have given me the history of former days, now let me see how you managed when you got to Rockmore. You have not told me a word of that."

"Oh! that is soon told. I put up at your lodgings, called to see Mrs. L. found how much the things would benefit them, and felt rather reconciled, rede out to see Mrs. B., she had in spite of your wisdom, a little bit of a bee in her bonnet. I found her on the floor, dressed in a long white robe, with a strange sort of white cap upon her head. She received me with a ghastly smile, "I heard you were come Doctor, I was told this morning that you had arrived to perform an operation on me, to restore my senses! The fools! I knew what you had come for, and the operation must be performed, my conscience must be cleansed, the black drop must be squeezed from my heart! Then, and not till then, can I sleep; now I only close my eyes, to act over again the disgusting scene, to see it lying

in its grave, to feel compelled to murder it, for murder it was, if a human soul inhabited that foul carcase. Doctor, I was once called a woman with a powerful mind, with a masculine judgement and I prided myself upon it. But mind, and energy, and health, have all sunk beneath the want of sleep, the terrors of the night. To awake from a dream of horror, with the cold sweat pouring from my face, like raindrops from the eves, to feel that I was not alone, tho' no human being was in the house with me, to hear loud breathings, half suppressed shrieks, and unnatural laughs! God help me! I know not at times whether it was Satan or myself that laughed! you shake your head but it is true! Because you have not endured and witnessed it, you are incredulous; Hear me further, I saw the young man, whom I sent to you, at church; I had never seen him before, but that night I dreamed of him, he was there, and when I was nearly pulled into the grave by it, he took hold of me and drew me out. I then knew that he was in some way destined to help me. I dreamed of him again; he came with you, and said, "confess and all will be forgiven." And then I thought he changed to my own father. He came here in reality, and put on my father's clothes, for it was a storm, Satan and ~~we~~ were riding the elements, and trying to make me commit suicide; then I knew that I must confess, and that he must help me. I made up my mind and sent for you, and now I am ready; the gibbet, I know, awaits me, but I am ready. Come—why do you loiter?" She approached the door, but from over excitement, and probably from inanition, fainted before she reached it, much, I confess, to my satisfaction, for I had no wish to parade the village with a walking corpse, which, in the way she was dressed, she might well be taken for.—With some trouble I recovered her from her swoon, but I had to administer a quantity of restorative elixir, before she could rise, even with my assistance. I was glad to discover that her excitement had subsided, and that her mind was more composed and rational, than it had been; I remained with her some time, and succeeded persuading, or rather convincing her, of the necessity of giving a modified account of the infant's deformity, if she wished her confession to be of service to Mr. and Mrs. L. I then left the cottage, to get some person to take care of her, for she was really sick, but I had more difficulty than I thought, to persuade any person to go to the house.

"At length a woman agreed to go, on condition that her son might go with her; I agreed to any thing for the time, and had the pleasure to see her set out, her basket provided with comforts for the poor woman. I then held a consultation with myself, as to the best method of proceeding. Though no lawyer, I was sensible that it would be better for Mr. L. and his father-in-law, to have nothing to do in the business, neither did I think it advisable to employ a lawyer. I felt convinced that the master chord of all her terrors, her sleepless nights, her dreams and her frantic remorse, was personal fear. She dreaded the consequences of her deed, if it should be discovered; she did not regret the deed itself only as one that would draw down upon her head the wrath of the law. This caused her to think of

it by day and consequently to act it over in her dreams, excitement produced frenzy and she christened it remorse. Therefore should I employ a professional gentleman, her fears might cause her to exaggerate the deformity of the infant, until it might be questioned if it was indeed of 'the human race divine.'

"After much deliberation, I took horse and rode to S. about twelve miles, you know, and finding Mr. Martin, the best lawyer, I stated the case, or as much of it as I thought feasible, and requested a confession drawn up, as I dictated. He proposed going to Rockmore, but on my informing him that the whole was eleemosynary, he proposed doing it at home. I returned well pleased with my day's work, and early in the morning I again visited my patient, who was now quite calm, but deeply dejected; she asked if any body was coming to question her. I told her "no! that I had been to see a lawyer who thought it so trifling, that he would not come from S— about it, but had written a paper for her to subscribe, which, he said, was all that was necessary. On hearing this she seemed a new creation, and eagerly besought to have the witnesses I thought proper, summoned that very day. I promised that she should be gratified, and after reading the deposition to her, I returned to the village and prevailed on half a dozen of the principal men to go with me to her house.

"Accompanied by a crowd of boys we set out, and the confession, after a few words of explanation from myself, was read by the town-clerk, who was one of the company. At every pause he asked her if that was correct, and to my great joy she answered quietly in the affirmative to each demand. Mr. Barrett, who is in the commission of the peace, administered the oath, and the business was settled. At that moment we heard the gallop of a horse; it came nearer—a boy found his way into the house, and begged me to come instantly to Mrs. L. who was very, very sick. It is hardly necessary to say that I threw myself on the horse of the messenger, and in a few minutes stood by the bed-side of Mrs. L.

"All was quiet in the sick chamber; the curtains were drawn, the fire burned brightly—and an air of satisfaction was on every face; 'tis true we spoke in whispers, and the important looking nurse walked with stealthy steps, but it was that we might not disturb the repose of Mrs. L. who slept calmly with her hand clasped in that of her mother's.

"The door was opened gently, and to my surprise, Mrs. Brown made her appearance. She looked hurriedly around, then, in spite of the signs of us all, she went to the bed, and opening it partially, gazed upon the fine healthy babe that reposed by its mother's side. A smile fitted over her countenance; she seemed, by the motion of her lips, to pray, or, perhaps, to pronounce a blessing, then softly left the room. The next morning she was found dead, stretched upon the spot where she had buried the child, as we in courtesy call it.

"I have nothing more to tell; I was obliged to remain to attend her funeral, and as I had written to L. and expected him every day, I stayed at Rockmore until he arrived.

"I need not tell you of the joy he expressed; he feels no fears of having his right contested

and, as he is a lawyer, he is a better judge than we are. He is anxious to see you, as he says, and rightly enough, that the old woman would never have confessed but for your interference. But, hark! two o'clock! upon my honour! Fill your glass, friend Allen, and drink a parting health, and then to bed."

"Agreed!" said I, "here's health without medicine to all our friends and medicine without health to all our enemies!"

MOI MEME.

THE FAREWELL.

BY L. E. L.

You will forget me, as the wild wind passes,
With but a moment's breathing on its wings
Of the soft life in the long summer grasses—
Of the deep music from the forest springs.
They perish as they welcome the new comer;
The odours leave the grass—the song, the brook—
The wind that brought will bear away the summer,
Unheeding the sweet world its presence shook.

Even so carelessly did'st thou awaken
The new existence of a conscious heart;
Even so carelessly am I forsaken;
Not only with thyself have I to part.
But thou dost take with thee the hues Elysian,
Which brightened in thy presence: life has lost,
In losing thee, the presence of the vision
Which, like an angel's, lit the path it crost.

It matters not. Fate is beside us ever,
With gradual but inevitable doom,
And mocks the struggling spirit's fond endeavour,
For soon or late the heart is its own omb.
You will forget me: nay, I am not praying
For but a moment's single thought from thee.
Ah! what availeth the memory's delaying
Fondly, where hope again can never be!

VAIN BOASTING.

FROM THE SACRED CLASSICS.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise—so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flow'r, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;

So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow)
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.
Why brag'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich,
nor young.

From the Book of My Lady.

PONCE DE LEON.

"Would you then hear a story of true love?
Sit down and listen."

THE lover of Spanish story must remember Ponce de Leon; nor is he likely soon to be forgotten by the American reader. His history, the renown of his achievements, as well in old as in new Spain, have wrought for him the magic of a name in both countries, and made him too familiar to all memories at all conversant with the stirring and busy period in which he lived, to permit of that oblivion, in his case, which has obscured so many of his contemporaries. Washington Irving in his "Companions," &c. has given a very pleasant and interesting sketch of his life, the perusal of which will compensate the idle hour which it employs. As a knight of romance, we find him fulfilling, to the card, all the dues and duties of the code and court of chivalry, in its most elevated era; service, for which indeed, we are free to acknowledge, he was peculiarly fitted. He was brave and daring to a proverb, strong in person, fiery in spirit, true to his affections, earnest in his devotions, a lover of valorous deeds, for valour's sake, and fond of the sex as became a disciple of the school of gallantry in the time of black-letter romance. It may not be important to dwell longer upon this head, for, I take it, these things are quite as well known to other people as to myself.

The wars of Grenada had now for some time been over—the Moors expelled forever the delicious country in which their elysium had, perhaps, been quite too much placed, and but for the strife and wild adventure which followed the unveiling of the new world to European eyes, the whole kingdom of Spain had fallen into a most unseemly, and at that period, unnatural and unbecoming quiet. The hum and hurry of war had ceased to keep awake the cities; and the spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet gave way at nightfall to the gentle and more delicate and seductive notes of the guitar—

"At evening, by some melancholy maid,
To silver waters."

Knighthood, if not positively unfashionable, began to be somewhat cumbersome, at least; and if the coat of mail did here and there continue to be worn by the warrior, more solicitous of former than of present times, it was not unfrequently concealed by the vestment of gorgeous and embroidered silk. In fact, the entire nation, even at the moment of its greatest glory and true regeneration, had begun to adopt that peculiar languor of habit, the consequence of a sudden flood of prosperous enterprise, which, in after times,

when a superabundant wealth provided them with the means of a boundless and luxurious indulgence, has made them a very by-word and a mockery among the nations. This condition of the national character was not then perceptible however; certainly not to themselves, and perhaps not to the surrounding powers; and the repose in which the nation lay, had become particularly irksome to those brave adventurers who looked to carve out their fortunes with their weapons. "The world was their oyster," and with them the speech of ancient Pistol must have been of favourite and frequent application. Peace was not only inglorious but unprofitable; and the discovery of America was a godsend quite as necessary to the kingdom of old Spain, in ridding it of the excess and idle population, made by the sudden termination of its protracted warfare, as in extending its dominions and enriching its treasures.

Though fully as renowned as any of the brave spirits of his age and country, for every accomplishment of arms, and every requisite of adventure, Ponce de Leon did not, however, at this time, take part in the new crusade, for the conquest of the Indian regions. There were, indeed, sundry good and sufficient reasons why such a step should be unnecessary, and might have been imprudent. Ponce was now getting rather old—he had been fighting the good fight for his king and his faith, from boyhood up, against the infidels, and quite long enough to render unquestionable his loyalty to both. Beyond all this, however—and although we shame to say it of so brave a knight, yet the truth had better than not be known—Ponce had of late suffered some strange sensation of weakness, in regard to a certain capricious damsel, the daughter and only heir of a neighbouring Castellan—or, as it now runs, Castilian—a knight of the noblest stock, who could, without any interregnum, trace his genealogical tree, in all its branches, beyond the flood. Some may find, also, a sufficiently good reason for the supineness of our hero, in the fact of his being now well to do in the world. He had been any thing but a loser in the wars; had been at the sacking of not a few among the Moorish towns; and the spoils thus acquired had been well employed, and with no sparing hand, to enrich and adorn a couple of fine castles on the marches, which the liberality and favour of the queen had committed to his keeping. These perhaps, were each and all of them strong enough, as reasons why he should not any more adventure his life for gain or glory. But his amour, his new passion, the rod which swallowed up all others, had got completely the better of the knight's understanding; and he did nothing but think, talk, and dream, from morning till night, and night till morning, of the beautiful but capricious Leonora D'Alvarado. It was a "gone case" with Don Ponce; and he now had more barbers and friseurs in his pay than he ever knew in his young days, or should have known in his old. But all in vain,—the loves of our knight were unfortunate—the course of true love did not run smoothly with him. Leonora was quite too young, beautiful and wealthy, not to be most fashionable, and most fashionably capricious and coquetish. She laughed at the old knight—made merry with his awkwardness,

ridiculed his gallantries, which, indeed, did not sit over well upon him; and with much hardness of heart denied him her attention whenever he sought to be very manifest with his. She was a gay and wild creature; and with so much grace and winningness did she play the despot, that while the old knight absolutely shrunk and trembled beneath her tyranny, he loved still more the despot, and became still more deeply the victim of the despotism. It was, as we have already remarked, a gone, and we regret to add, a hopeless case with our hero. Nor was it with him alone, we do her the justice to say, that the wanton baggage so toyed and trifled.—She had a thousand admirers, all of whom she treated and trampled upon in like manner—feeling, and never hesitating to make use of her power, without pause or mercy, till some one cut their own throats, or the throats of one another, while she, who had made all the mischief, cut each of them in turn. No sooner, however, did one array leave the field, than another came into it: such were her attractions—destined, however, to experience like treatment, and be driven away in turn by other victims. She was indifferent to the fate so hourly experienced; and many are the epithets of indignation and despairing love which they bestowed upon her; song, sonnet, sigh, and serenade, alike failed to find in her bosom a single accessible or pregnable point, and knight after knight came and saw, and went away in his chains.

Don Ponce was not one of those who so readily despair. He had sat down too often before the Moorish castles, from one year's end to the other, not to have acquired certain valuable lessons of patience, which stood him in stead in the present strait; and looking upon the conquest of the lady in question, and with much correctness of analogy, as not unlike those to which, in the Moorish wars, he had been so well accustomed, he concluded that though he might be able to do nothing by sudden storm, he certainly could not altogether fail of success in the course of a regular blockade. The indefatigable patience and perseverance of the besieger, he well knew, not unfrequently wore out both these qualities in the besieged; so he sat down before the fair fortress, and regularly commenced his approaches. Never kept besieging army so excellent a watch. Ponce was, and had been at all times, an excellent general; the Moors had taught him the nature of strategy, and he taught his retainers. They knew their duty, and did it. Not a messenger entered the castle of the beleaguered damsel that was not overhauled.—He permitted no succour to be thrown into the walls, and the unfortunate waving of a handkerchief from any of the lattices, did not fail to bring out the whole array of the beleaguering force, ready to put to death any auxilliary, or arrest any supplies that might have been going to the succour of the besieged. At length all his outworks having been completed, his own courage roused to the sticking point, the preparations for a final attack made perfect, and believing that his antagonist would now be willing to listen to reason, our knight sounded a parley, and the fair defender of the fair fortress readily, and without pause or seeming apprehension of any kind, gave him the desired interview. Nothing,

of course, could have been more delightfully pleasant or pacific. The knight, as had been his wont, on all great and trying occasions, appeared in full armour; and the damsel, conscious of her true strength and the legitimate weapons of her sex, wore, Venus-like, her own graces, set off, and exquisitely developed, by the voluptuous freedom of the Moorish habit. As there was now no necessity for any further delay, the preliminaries having been well passed on both sides, our hero began. Half dignity, half despair, he made a desperate exposition of his case. He described his love, its inveteracy and great irritability, in moving language; now in prose, now in verse, and all in the spirit of that artificial period when love wore wings and worshipped sunbeams, and chivalry carried a lyre in one hand and a lance in the other, ready, in the event of a failure on the part of either, to supply its place with a more faithful auxiliary—and it was not unfrequently the case, that the fair but fickle damsel, having bidden defiance to the persuasive melodies of the former, was borne away triumphantly by the discords and terrors of the last. Don Ponce was terribly eloquent on the present occasion. Never amorous knight more so. He narrated all his endeavours at her attainment; his labours more numerous and magnificent than those of Hercules; he detailed at length, and with no little glow in the way of colouring, his various visitations by day; long watchings by night in the perilous weather; described the curious presents, procured at infinite trouble and expense, solely for her gratification; the thousand and one new songs made purposely in her honour, and at his instance, by the most celebrated minstrels, several dozen of whom he kept in pay solely for the purpose. He then proceeded to describe the honours of his state, his great wealth, substance, dignity, and so forth; and, with all due modesty, he referred to the noise and notoriety of his deeds of arms, and the fame, name, and glory which he had thereby acquired. He dwelt with peculiar force and emphasis upon the nature of the establishment which, upon marriage, he designed her; and, with much, and in the eye of the maiden, tedious minuteness, entered upon an enumeration at large of the manifold sources of delight and comfort which such an event would necessarily occasion. Having, by this time, exhausted all his *matériel* of speechification, he wisely determined upon coming to the point, and in a fine string of verse, prepared for the occasion, and rounding off his speech admirably, as the distich is made to do the scene in the old English drama, he concluded by making her the offer of his hand, heart, and substance, little expecting that, after all said and done, such a young maiden should still have the hardihood to refuse. But so she did; looking archly in his face for a few seconds, she placed her slender and beautiful fingers upon the few small specks of grisly hair that still condescended to adorn his temples, and laughingly exclaimed—

“Why, bless me, Don Ponce, at your years! how can you talk of such a thing! You are quite bald, and so wrinkled, that it’s wonderful to me how you can possibly think of any thing but your prayers.”

This was answer enough, a God’s name; and boiling with indignation, yet baking with undiminished ardour and love, the worthy knight

hurried home to his castle, immersed and buried in the utmost despair and tribulation.

The indifference, not to say ill treatment of Donna Leonora, was not enough however to efface from the mind of our hero the many and deep impressions which it had imbibed in favour of that capricious beauty. The very sportiveness of her rejection, while it necessarily increased, could not fail, by the seductiveness of her peculiar manner, in lightning, its severity; at least it gave an added charm to her loveliness in the grace of its expression. He now thought more of the coquettish creature than ever; and the apprehensions, indeed, the now seeming certainty, of her loss, threw him into a fever, which was, of course, duly and professionally heightened by the great number of his attending physicians.

The Sangrado principle was at work upon him, and, but that the fates had determined he should be preserved for better things, he had ceased to join in the good cheer of his table, and gone, not to eat, but to be eaten! It was on the fourth or fifth day of his malady, history is doubtful which, that in a moment of interval from pain, his lacquey brought intelligence of one below, in the guise of a mariner, who desired sight of his highness, and the royal representative in those parts, the most mighty, and valorous, and wise, Don Ponce de Leon, chief of unnumbered titles, and doer of unnumbered deeds, &c. &c. Though not surprised by the application, for Don Ponce was an officer of the king, the knight felt some strange anxieties to see the stranger, for which he could not precisely account, and did not hesitate, accordingly, to command his appearance. The new comer was a Portuguese mariner, seeking permission from the knight as the king’s *sub* in that section, to make recruits for properly manning his caravac, from the dominions of the knight. He proposed, as was greatly the fashion at that time, to make certain new discoveries on the western continent—the new world which Columbus a little while before, with unexampled generosity, “gave to Castile and Leon,” and which, with still greater generosity, they accepted at his hands. In addition, however, to the lands, and savages, and gold, the articles commonly enumerated among the promises of these adventurers, our Portuguese, reviving an old tradition of his people, pledged himself to the discovery of the far-famed fountain, to the waters of which was ascribed the faculty of conferring perpetual youth upon those who drank of them. It had long been a prime article in the fancies of the Portuguese, that such a fountain existed somewhere in the Indian seas, and the singular success attending the enterprise of Columbus, at its time of conception regarded as so visionary, now inspired a large degree of credence in every story, however monstrous or extravagant. Our mariner spoke with singular confidence as to the localities of this fountain, and so very accurately did he describe the features of the spot in which it was to be found, with such a lavish degree of poetical illustration, not to say poetical justice, that on a sudden, Don Ponce, to the surprise of all about him, who before thought him on his last legs, found himself perfectly restored. He leaped from his couch, embraced the tarry Portuguese with most unqualified affection; and three or four of his attending

physicians happening, most unfortunately for them, at that moment to make their appearance, he gave orders to trundle them from the walls of his castle, in company with all the pills, potions, and purges, by which they were usually accompanied; an order, we need not add, almost as soon executed as given. Congratulating himself, with unalloyed pleasure, upon his new acquisition, our hero, to the surprise of every body, determined upon a voyage of discovery, in proper person, to the newlyfound continent.

"I will find these glorious waters, this fountain of youth; I will surprise, I will win this proud lady; I will get rid of this ill-favoured complexion, these trenches, this miserable apology for hair."

Such were the exclamations of Don Ponce.

"Where's the Don Ponce going?" asked the impatient.

"What's that to you?" said the knight; and having made a visit, to take leave, he left the sight of the sneering beauty, entered his vessel, and the sails, under a favouring breeze, loomed out gloriously and auspiciously in a balmy atmosphere, as they bore the old veteran, but young lover, in search of the heretofore hidden fountain of perpetual youth.

Years had now rolled away, and the world very well knows, or it ought to know, how Don Ponce de Leon, after many mishaps, disasters, and delays, discovered the object of his want and search somewhere in the fertile wildernesses of Florida. It answered all his expectations, and had the desired effect upon his person. He grew, upon drinking from it, straightway comely and strong in person and buoyant in mind: and, though tolerably well supplied with the latter characteristic, already excessively warm and ardent in his temper and affections, his joints grew more supple than ever, and he could feel his blood articulating in his veins perpetually, the then new and popular, but now old and unpopular *areyto* of "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love," &c. The stream, however which caused all this change in the moral and animal man, was quite a small one; and its virtues, having soon made themselves manifest, it only served to supply the first comers, and was dry to all succeeding. A single draught was quite enough for all his purposes; and perfectly satisfied with the measure of success which attended his adventure, Don Ponce began again to direct his attention to his native country. He thought of his broad, bright fields, and of his vineyards, and his retainers, and his castles, and then he thought of Donna Leonora, and her fields, and her retainers, and her castles, and all her other charms, personal and contingent; and so thinking, he commenced his return. But this was no easy matter. He had to fight his way through troops of naked Indians, and wild woods, and wicked briars, and swamps that left him half naked; now losing his way, and almost despairing to find it again; now exposed to perils from savage men, and to temptations from savage women; such, indeed, as frequently led his chivalry into singular adventures, and nameless and paralysing difficulties. But he surmounted them all; as how, in reference to his new acquisitions, could he do less? He had taken, as it were, a bond of fate for life. The gray hairs had fallen from his brow, and been

succeeded by others of a less equivocal complexion, and in less limited quantity. The wrinkles had left his cheek, the dimness his eye; his step was no longer enfeebled and uncertain, he felt himself quite as young as when, in the vigour of his boyhood, he had wrestled with a romping maid of Andalusia, and was not overthrown.

He stood once more, after an interval of many years, upon the deck of his caraval; and, as he proceeded over the mighty waste of waters that lay between him and the land of his nativity, his thoughts grew more than ever active and lively; his spirit more anxiously aroused as to the condition in which he should find all things upon his return. His chief apprehension, however, grew out of his affair of the heart. Should the fair Leonora have become the bride of another—and was all his personal beauty to be left upon his hands? This was a damning difficulty, and all in vain did he seek to wrestle with and avoid the reflection. It grew but the stronger as he approached the shore; and when, at his castle's entrance, he put the question to an old retainer, and hastily demanded to know that which his heart yet trembled to receive, how was he rejoiced to learn that all was safe, all as when he left, and the capricious damsel quite as accessible as ever. He paused at his castle, such was his impatience, but to arrange his habit before intruding upon her.

"If," said he, "my gray hairs, my wrinkled face, my infirm gait, were really her objections before, she can no longer entertain them. I will wed her on the spot—she cannot, she dare not, she will not resist me!"

Surely not, Don Ponce, surely not; we always think well of the man who thinks well of himself. Cæsar never struck into a path so perfectly sublime, as when he said, "*Veni, vidi, vici*;" say so too, Don, and the thing's settled.

Thus manfully determined, our hero appeared in the halls of his neighbour Castellan, the father of the lady, and, with a view of present prospects, so likely to be that of the knight. Their meeting was hearty, though it took the old gentleman some time to understand how Don Ponce could get young while he himself got old. The grateful mystery of his transformation once explained, however, and matters were all well. He did not waste more time upon the father, than a proper courtesy actually called for; but, after the first proprieties, hurried, with all a lover's agony of impatience, to the bower in which he had been taught to believe his mistress awaited him. What a moment of delightful anticipation—what funds of love in store—what raptures and felicitations at hand! He was on the threshold—he was in the presence. There she stood—the same sylph-like form, the same figure of consummated symmetry. But why veiled? He rushed valiantly forward, fell upon one knee before her, and, oh, unlooked for condescension, she sunk into his arms! He did not hesitate for a moment, but tearing away the thick folds of the envious veil, he proceeded to impress upon her lips, the kiss, so long treasured with a perfect fidelity—when he beheld, not the Leonora he had left—not the beauty of her girlhood—not the creature of exquisite delicacy and youthful fragrance, that queneed it over a thousand hearts—but a superannuated and withered damsel, of wrinkled face,

starched features, and lips to which kisses of any kind appeared to have been strangers for a marvellously long season. Don Ponce had never remembered that the term of years employed by him in gaining, was spent by her in losing, both youth and beauty. Nor, in this error was our knight alone. To all of us, no changes are so surprising, none, certainly, so ungracious and painful, as those of the young, and delicate, and gentle, under the hand of time and human circumstances. Fifteen years had done much for our hero, but much more for our heroine. He could not believe his eyes.

"Nay, lady, there is some mistake here, surely," said he, releasing himself partly from his burden. "I came to see the beautiful Donna Leonora D'Alvarado."

"And I am she most noble knight—the same Donna Leonora to whom your heart was so perfectly devoted," simpered out the now gracious coquette.

"I must see Don Guzman," said he, "I must learn the facts in this matter;" and flying out of the presence of his goddess with even more rapidity than he had flown into it, he appeared before the sire of the ancient beauty.

"Don Ponce, where are you going?" said the old man.

"Home, Don Guzman," said the young one.

"Why this hurry—does my daughter refuse? If she does, Don Ponce, be assured that in your favour I shall constrain her inclinations," warmly urged Don Guzman.

"Not for the world!" was the reply of our hero, "not for the world; and hark'ye Don Guzman, the truth may as well be said now as ever. I no longer find your daughter as I left her. I am quite too young for her, I perceive. Pray permit me to send for her use and your own, a bottle of water, which I took from a certain fountain in India. I can assure you that it will do you great good—you both stand very much in need of it."

Tradition does not say, whether the water thus furnished had any effect upon the fair Leonora. One old chronicle insinuates that she brought her action for a breach of promise against the young knight, but failed to recover. This point is apocryphal, however. He, we know, returned to America, and, after losing an eye, in fight with the Indians, and experiencing many other vicissitudes, died of chagrin, from many disappointments, as well in concerns of ambition as in those of love; "without," says the legend, from which we borrow our narrative, "losing a single beauty of that youth, so marvellously vouchsafed him, by Providence, in the discovery of that wondrous fountain in the wildernesses of Florida."

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service that he will perform for nothing.

JOHN MILTON.



JOHN MILTON, the Homer of Britain, was born, Dec. 9, 1608, in Bread Street, in London, and was educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. After he quitted the university he passed five years of studious retirement at his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; during which period he produced *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and some of his other poems. In 1638 he went to France, whence he proceeded to Italy. On his return, after an absence of fifteen months, he opened an academy in Aldersgate Street, and began also to take a part in the controversies of the time. He married in 1643, but so scanty was his nuptial felicity, his wife leaving him to return to her parents in the course of a month, that he was stimulated to write his treatise on Divorce, and to take measures for procuring another helpmate. On her becoming penitent, however, he not only received her again, but gave her royalist father and brothers an asylum in his house. He entered twice more into the marriage state. The zeal with which, in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, he vindicated the execution of Charles I. induced the Council of State to appoint him Latin secretary, and he thus became, in a manner, the literary champion of the popular cause. In behalf of that cause he published his *Iconoclastes*, in answer to the *Icon Basilike*, and his two *Defences of the People of England against the libels of Salmasius and Du Moulin*. In the execution of this "noble task," as he calls it, he lost his sight; his previous weakness of the eyes terminating in *gutta serena*. At the Restoration he remained concealed for a while, but the interest of his friends, particularly of Marvell and Davenant, soon enabled him to reappear in safety. The rest of his life was spent in retirement, employed partly in the composition of that noble work which he had long meditated, and by which he at once immortalized his name, and shed a lustre over his country. The *Paradise Lost* appeared in 1667. A *Mæcenas* of a bookseller paid him five pounds for the first edition of thirteen hundred copies, and liberally agreed to pay ten more, upon the sale of two subsequent editions of equal magnitude. The *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes*, and *The History of Britain* were among his latest productions. He died November 8, 1674.

HENRY MACKENZIE.



HENRY MACKENZIE, an elegant miscellaneous writer, who has been called the Addison of the North, was born, in 1745 or 1746, in Scotland; received a liberal education: and, in 1766, became an attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. He was, subsequently, made comptroller general of taxes for Scotland. Mackenzie's first production was *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, and soon acquired unbounded popularity. It was succeeded by *The Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigné*. In dramatic writing he was less happy. His tragedies of *The Prince of Tunis*, and *The Shipwreck*, and his comedies of *The Force of Fashion*, and the *White Hypocrite*, though containing many beauties, were only brought upon the stage to die. To the *Mirror*, the *Lounger*, and the *Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society*, he contributed several valuable papers. He died, at Edinburgh, January 14, 1831. The style of Mackenzie is polished and melodious, and his power of exciting the feelings, by scenes of pathos, is of the very highest order.

THE WIDOW'S DOG.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

Mrs. NETHERSOLE, a beautiful young widow, was married at twenty to a man—if so he might be called—who boasted publicly that he had purchased beauty at a high price, having condescended to marry the daughter of a person of no importance and of no wealth, who had died some years before their union, and left his daughter Emily with little other inheritance than the particularly unromantic name of Fitch.

Emily could not endure Mr. Charles Nethersole; he was a sort of dumpy stumpy man, with nothing intellectual to compensate for his personal disqualification. He was wonderfully ugly, and, moreover, old—he was ill-tempered, yet vain and overbearing: in short, he was not very much unlike such a being as Butler, the prince of graphic poets, describes his hero to have been. But what was she to do—dependent on a crabbed aunt whose means were inadequate to secure her the comforts of life, and she her only surviving relative,

Nethersole had been rejected over and over again: one lady objected to his person—another to his age—a third to his features—a fourth to his addiction to smoking—a fifth could not endure garlic, in which he luxuriated—a sixth shuddered at the oaths which he fulminated upon everybody who offended him—a seventh did not think his ablutions were either copious or regular; and so they went on all refusing until the “noes” had a decided majority. Still, however, remained to be tried Emily Fitch; he had seen her at the house of an acquaintance, and with all his other faults he certainly did not possess that of insensibility to the charms of beauty; he was struck—not all of a heap—for so he was formed—but smitten to a degree incalculable and indescribable, and never after the first evening's introduction did he quit his object until he had “popped.”

The confusion, astonishment, and one may be, perhaps, between friends, permitted to say, the repugnance Emily Fitch felt when he made the offer, were all in the highest degree; and it was with no little difficulty she restrained herself from giving him one of those pats upon the cheek which become somewhat equivocal in their character. She certainly did subdue her anger and vexation, more especially as her aunt had given her to understand things were coming to a crisis; that she must forthwith give up her small establishment, and as that exquisite poem which we never can too often quote, says—

“Times is hard,” says the dog's-meat man—
“Lights is riz,” says the dog's-meat man;

“she should not be able much longer to support her in idleness, and above all could not think of keeping her useless pet Charley.” Her aunt here unwittingly touched the chord of all Emily's sympathies. She could have risked everything for herself, but as Sir John Harrington says, her “dogge,” was not to be jeopardized.

Perhaps, now, the reader fancies from hearing this “dogge” called “Charley,” that he was one of the numerous illegitimate progeny to be seen in various drawing-rooms and other gay places, called generally “King Charles's breed”—not so. If he had been of such high extraction, whatever right he might have had to it, no doubt Miss Emily Fitch would have given him some sweet sounding euphonic name—No—truth to be told, Charley was a pug—a putty-coloured pug, with a black nose, and a stiff curly tail, which looked like a handle to the end of his body opposite his mouth. He was honoured with a collar of peculiar smartness, of which, with its little wagging padlock, he seemed consciously proud, and quite prepared to retort to any impertinent puppy who might make inquires as to his character or pretensions, as did the Duke's dog of other days,—

* “I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray, good Sir, whose dog are you?”

And Emily Fitch fondled him, and had him stuffed—before death—with the best of meat, and washed, and rubbed; and he had a little basket all lined with flannel in which it used to lie, and which she had bought at a fancy fair held for the benefit of the suffering blacks; and then it snored while asleep, and snarled while

awake, and was the delight of Miss Fitch's young unsophisticated heart, which, to say truth, never had even been temporarily shared by any rival to Charley, except about three days and two nights by an interesting "crechur" of a Lancer, with whom she had danced at an assembly in the county-town, ladies' tickets, five shillings, gentlemen's do., seven do.

Things, it must be confessed, did look desperate for Emily Fitch. And her aunt did all she could to put her situation in its most disagreeable light: made a sort of Fuseli sketch of the horrors that awaited her, and contrasted what must inevitably occur if she refused an offer such as she never ought to have expected to receive, with that which would as certainly result if she accepted it.

Poor Emily Fitch was a high-spirited girl, and proud, and perhaps vain, and when she was allowed two hours to think of it, she began to reflect that if she declined this match which put at her disposal a fine, staring house upon Clapham Commons, a carriage, servants, occasional visits to operas and plays, besides the teas and turns-out of the neighbourhood, she might never have such an offer again. And as for Tom Smith, poor fellow, she *had* been very fond of *him* and *he* of her, but that was when she was seventeen, and that was three years ago; and S. was gone to the West Indies, and she had never heard of him since, although he had promised, when he had snatched the last kiss from her lips, to send her a cock parrot and a pot of guava jelly, and so it was no use thinking of *him*; and so at last Emily began to think better of the affair, not, however, losing sight of the distant prospect of widowhood, which very strongly took possession of her mind. She was a good-hearted girl—a joyous thing—although so fond of Pug; and when she indulged in her anticipation of the cap and weeds which were to announce her deliverance from thralldom, she said to herself, "Well, if I do marry him and wish him dead, I'll try if I cannot kill him with kindness; for if I really become his wife, that is the only weapon I shall use."

Truth to be told, Emily Fitch was, after all, but a weak person. Had she been able to continue in the sphere for which, in the happier days of her youth and her father's prosperity, she had been intended, all might have been well; she had been highly educated, to a certain point, and then suddenly checked by the embarrassments of her family and consigned to the care and society of her maiden aunt, whose quietude and frugality she secretly despised, and who, knowing the absolute necessity of economizing, looked upon her flippant niece as an incumbrance of which she should be too happy to be rid, as soon as any thing like a favourable opportunity occurred for shaking her off.

That opportunity appeared to offer itself in the present proposal—a proposal which the antiquated virgin, being no great judge of such matters, considered unexceptionable; and upon its merits she so preached, and so expounded, and so described, and so anticipated, that after the before-mentioned consultation with herself in her own room, Emily Fitch decided upon becoming Mrs. Nethersole.

As far as her affections went; on the eve of

their union, they remained undivided. Charley, the dear Pug, was the sole possessor of them; and when the day was fixed for the ceremony, she made a stipulation that Charley should be their companion during the seclusion of the honeymoon.

It may be as well to observe here, that in the negotiations for this marriage, Mr. Nethersole, whose mind was admirably typified by his person and countenance, finding he had to deal with an inexperienced beauty, and an almost superannuated guardian, took every advantage, fair or unfair, of their isolated and peculiar situation. He professed admiration and devotion, which, as has already been observed, if coldly received by the niece, were rapturously imbibed by the aunt, who wound up everything in the way of recommendation to Emily, by an exclamation of—"I wish he would make *me* such an offer!" Emily fervently joined in that wish; for had such a thing been possible, she would have equally been benefitted by the accession of property to the family, and might have been left, like Sterne's Maria, to her own reflections and her little "dogge."

But Nethersole was a plodding, money-making, money-saving man, and what he called having paid a high price for his beauty was, having presented Emily with a very pretty three or four hundred guinea set of pearls, and a thousand pound note to make up the *corbeille*. These apparently munificent gifts dazzled the aunt, and encouraged the niece, and he was suffered to lead his "be-garlanded lamb" to the altar, without having settled one single sixpence upon her in the way of jointure, in the event of his death.

The wedding was quiet and unostentatious—a country church was the scene of the ceremony—and Emily Fitch repaired to spend the honeymoon, where she was to spend all the rest of her moons, to Nethersole's residence upon Clapham Common; a bilious-looking brick house, built about the time of Adam—not the first of men, but of one of those brothers after whom the Adelphi is named—having arched windows in the parlours, and pilasters running up to a narrowish cornice, with a sort of *papier-mâché* medallions in the spaces between the ground and first floors—heads of tigers, lions, and the Cæsars intervening, "satyrs snooks about them:" with a huge fan-light over the front door, to which led a precipitous flight of steps from a gravel sweep round a well-shaven grass-plot, ten-yards in diameter, upon which door was screwed a huge knobbed knocker, and a brass plate fourteen inches per six, whereon was engraven "Nethersole," in letters only equalled in distinctness, and exceeded in dimensions by those which were painted over the handle of a bell at the right hand side of the gate, and which described the residence itself as "ELYSIUM LODGE," under which, in smaller capitals, at the corner, was with equal perspicuity inscribed "Commit no nuisance."

Elysium, indeed! This was to be the sphere of action of the bride when time and circumstances should have softened and soothed her down to domestication with her husband. Here she was to exercise all those qualities which the genial influence of Nethersole was to draw forth and

bring into play in the virtuous vicinity of the Common. Here, perhaps, she was destined to become secretary or treasurer, or at least one of the committee established for the purpose of buying up blacks for home consumption. Here she would, associated with some equally well-qualified neighbour, haunt and worry the parishioners by dunning visits in order to levy funds for the purpose of sending out skates, blankets, and warming-pans, to the wretched negroes; or combined with a canting cobbler or an inspired tailor, endeavour to prevent, at a moderate price, the inhuman omnibus-drivers from forcing their horses down hill to the Elephant and Castle at a greater rate than three miles an hour—excepting always upon the days when Nethersole, to save his nags, or Emily, in order to fulfil some particular engagement, undertook to convey them as rapidly as possible to the city in one of those hearses for the living, which have turned out the best *undertaking* which we remember in the metropolis for a vast many years.

And so came the wedding—no cake—no gloves—no favours; all which Mr. Nethersole called snug and comfortable. Sent the ringers three half-crowns amongst a beautiful ring of twelve, not to make a noise—quiet luncheon at my aunt's—and, as he got tired of that, home to Clapham Common; bride in a dream, and Charley in a basket. And so poor Emily Nethersole began life, without anything, as it seems, to rely upon but the caprice of one of the worst-conditioned animals that ever emulated humanity by walking on his hinder legs.

Over the history of honey-moons, custom has thrown the Brussels lace veil of the bride. So for a month we leave the *happy* couple at Elysium Lodge; merely observing that, at the end of that period, Emily Nethersole's affection for her little "dogge" Charley was not one jot abated; on the contrary, she seemed more than ever to delight in pinching his ears, and giving him sponge cakes and sugar-plumbs, and uncurling his dear little stiff tail which I have already characterized, and which, with a most agreeable pertinacity, always recovered its natural form, however much Emily depressed it by her kindness and affection.

At the end of the month it appeared that the honey—if there had been any—was gone, and nothing but the jars remained. What it was—how the incompatibility of the tempers of the high contracting parties had so soon exhibited itself, it is impossible of course for us to determine; but although Emily behaved with what might be called a forced civility to her husband before company, it was evident, even to them, that her husband was no company for *her* when they were without visitors.

Nethersole seemed to think he had been somewhat precipitate in his matrimonial proceedings, and looked back upon the days when Elysium had been guarded by a housekeeper used to his ways; and Emily, although in the possession of a vast deal more than she ever had a right to expect, appeared to want something which the society of Nethersole could not supply. This, perhaps, was the fault of his education. He had no conversation likely to chime in with her ideas—no ideas whence to draw conversation. He did stocks, and bonds, and shares in the city;

and knew to a fraction what three shillings and ninepence halfpenny would produce in eight months, three weeks, and six days, at three and a half per cent.; but there was nothing of interest in *this* to *her*, whatever of interest it might produce to him, and so they yawned and dawdled till they quarrelled, and then they went to bed, and did not make it up again.

Then the Claphamites used to invite them "out;" and they went. Tea and toast, long whisk and tallow moulds, shilling points and half crowns on the rubber; and then a charitable coterie in the corner, into which three or four long-legged clerks from the Bank or Custom-house, with cut velvet waistcoats, and Mosaic gold chains, done out with bunches of curls over their ears, and dicky wristbands, would poke themselves; and then Nethersole would keep peering over his shoulder just to watch how far the Christian feeling might act upon the community, and endeavour to regulate Emily's "good will towards all men," by a memento that he was within ear-shot as well as eye-shot. And then the Claphamites came to Elysium; and then, although Mrs. Nethersole was not permitted to invite the clerks, the considerate mammas who had daughters to get rid of took the liberty of bringing the juvenile scribes; and then, if Nethersole was in a very good humour, and had won a few shillings at whist—at which I believe he cheated upon every favourable occasion—they would venture upon a little dance, one of the Miss Scraggs played upon what she called the piano (having, for obvious reasons, an aversion to the word *forte*), and then Emily would bounce, and skip, and waltz, if she could, and make the windows rattle and shake "at her whereabouts," while all the other "black emancipators" and "vice suppressors" would join in the *melee*, till Nethersole himself, infected by the gaiety, would come into the drawing-room from his cards and clap his hands and cry "Bravo."

Still all this was a feverish, fitful life, and Emily was, perhaps, as wretched a person as ever was fancied to be happy. She hated her husband;—that is the plain, clear truth. She could not endure him: she behaved properly; and though she certainly did look at the Bank clerks and all the other people of the same sort who came and danced, and flirted, she never entertained a thought or a feeling which she might not have told to everybody, save and except her unmitigated affection for the dear Pug. Pug was her solace—and Pug was her companion; she fed Pug—she played with pug—and Pug played with *her*—and so there was a reciprocity of feeling which I suppose so entirely retained her affections for the poor, little, kind-hearted animal. Kindness, however, will show itself, and "Puggie" got so fat that he could scarcely waddle; and when his mistress was driven into the gay society of the "Common," Pug was always left in charge of her maid, who, by a sort of sympathy not either uncommon or altogether unnatural, had, with the full consent of Mr. Nethersole, married his man, his principal reason for acceding to which arrangement being the increased accommodation which would be offered in a small but smart house by two of the head servants only wanting one bed.

Mr. Nethersole was certainly an unfortunate

man in the midst of what he felt, in a pecuniary point of view, to be his prosperity. He was universally hated. There did not appear in his whole character one redeeming point: he was vain of his wife's person at the moment he despised her mind, and was jealous of her attractions at the moment he was bragging of them to his company. If she was quiet, he called her sulky—if she was gay, he swore she was flirting—if she sang or played her best, she was showing off—if under the circumstance of being where she knew her accomplishments would fall far short of those of her associates she declined doing either, she was ill-natured. If she was serious, she was a bore; and if, as natural spirits will sometimes have way, she rather exceeded in liveliness, she had been drinking too much champagne.

Emily was as great a favourite with her neighbours and dependents as her husband was the reverse, and amongst those who appeared most to commiserate with her misfortunes were Mr. and Mrs. Day, the man and maid of the uncongenial pair. They lived happily and peaceably, and the very circumstance of their connubial comfort served to make them regard compassionately the extremely different state of affairs between their master and mistress. And then Mrs. Day was so fond of Charley; she washed him every morning, and delighted to feel the grateful rub of his cold, black nose against her blushing cheek as she was rubbing him dry; and Charley would cry "Wough, wough, wough," whenever anybody attempted to approach Mrs. Day, and, in short, Charley, next to his mistress, delighted in her handmaiden.

Well, but what happened? A year had scarcely elapsed since Nethersole's purchase of his beautiful wife, when an event occurred for which certainly neither she nor her friends were prepared. He died;—died suddenly, and, sad to say, unlamented; and it was not until after his death that the full extent of his cold-heartedness became perfectly evident—that was to be found in his will.

In that will he bequeathed everything of which he was possessed, of every sort and kind, freehold and leasehold, real and personal, to his nephew, then on the continent, leaving his wife one thousand pounds in order to enable her to maintain the establishment as he left it at Clapham, until the arrival of his nephew, to whose consideration she was bequeathed as to any other provision.

The executors to this liberal will were two of his clerks, to whom he bequeathed fifty pounds each: to the oldest a file of the "Morning Herald" newspaper for the year 1802, and to the younger an imperfect copy of "Elegant Extracts," which had been in the counting-house for two-and-twenty years.

Now, reader, comes the time to be shocked. Mrs. Nethersole certainly went through the forms of ordering weeds and a cap, so contrived as not quite to hide her beautiful hair, but she never affected grief at Mr. Nethersole's death. He had made himself odious in every way in which a man can disgust, whether by acts of commission or omission: scolding on one hand, and never commending on the other: and, as she candidly told her maid Mrs. Day—"Day," said

she, "I should add hypocrisy to my other faults if I affected to take care for his death. I do not; and I cannot make up a face of grief which the heart does not prompt. He was ill-natured, irritable, suspicious, yet careless of me, cross without reason, gay without being amusing, and extremely sententious without being wise; and I do not regret him, and I am not going to sit down here in a darkened room to cry, or seem to cry, and talk of the dear departed excellence. I can't sham, Day,"

"I wouldn't try, Ma'am," said Day. "I am sure ever since you have been married you have lived like a cat and dog."

"Dog!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "no dog ever would have behaved so shabbily as Mr. Nethersole has behaved to me. I'm sure, if pug could speak,—dear little Charley,"—and hereabouts she began uncurling his little tail,—"he would be a much more agreeable companion than Mr. Nethersole."

With this disposition, without regrets or cares, all the widow's affection flew to the "dogge." It can hardly be said he was her consolation, because, as all the neighbours saw, she needed little consoling; but with a careless disregard for the future, she continued and "maintained," as her niggardly husband had expressed it, the "establishment at Clapham" in all its accustomed style, bad or good, as it might be.

Now, in that establishment there were prudential persons, who, having "established" themselves very much to their own satisfaction, were particularly anxious that the mistress of the mansion should, if possible, be enabled to continue altogether the course of living to which they had been so long accustomed. These were Mr. and Mrs. Day, whose interests having been united under the great "unholy" alliance between the master and mistress, felt that their interests would be materially strengthened and benefitted by the maintenance of the house as it was. But it was equally clear and evident to those who knew the will by heart—as servants universally contrive to do—that Mrs. Nethersole, with the paltry sum of one thousand pounds, which, with the greatest economy, of which nobody who knew her best ever suspected her, could not last, at the current rate of going, much more than four months.

Mrs. Day, therefore, under the sanction of her husband, undertook to lecture her mistress upon her conduct—a bold, but not unusual step in such persons. She represented to her that she ought to look forward—that the nephew of her husband might not arrive from the Continent until the pittance was expended, and what then was to happen?

"Besides, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "I am told by Mr. Twig, one of master's executors, that Mr. Lemuel Nethersole is devoted to his late uncle, and will be ready to break his heart when he hears of his death. So now, Ma'am, do—pray do—when he comes, do, if you please, seem to be very, very sorry for master's death."

"Day," said the widow, "I have told you a hundred times I cannot dissemble—I married my husband against my will, in spite of every feeling which woman can be supposed to possess. His conduct was beyond measure horrible: I admitted to you—to whom alone I spoke of him—that

I hated and despised him, and I *cannot* affect grief for his death."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "so you have, and with good reason: he *was* a nasty man, such as no woman of sense could like: but he was your husband, and see how he has left you. This nephew is master of everything—you are entirely dependent on his will and pleasure—and as he is so devoted to his uncle, and his uncle has left you at his mercy, I do hope, Ma'am, that when he comes you will put on—as I call it, Ma'am—a certain quantity of sorrow."

"I am no hypocrite," said Mrs. Nethersole,—"I love this dear little 'dogge,' (who was sitting on her knee) better than I ever loved him, and I make no secret of it. I was sold by my aunt, and she has been rightly served: for I shall fall back to the nothingness whence I came. However I will not dwindle—I will live on as the man desired, and fall at once a victim to his parsimony, his cunning, and his ingratitude."

Mrs. Day clearly perceived that nothing was to be done in the way of soothing the mind of her mistress; so she left her, certainly with a feeling of having, in a slight degree, affected her as to the reception she was to give to the nephew when he came; although still doubting whether she could "act a part" so as to make this devoted nephew fancy that she really cared for the loss of his uncle.

The days wore on—the widow drove out in her carriage—she made her calls, received invitations, accepted them, gave invitations in return, and had little select parties; so that before Nethersole had been safely deposited under a great square slab in St. Mary Overy's Churchyard six weeks, Clapham Common never would have known he had lived.

All the neighbours thought Mrs. Nethersole a charming person. The Balam Lobster-Cruelty-Preventive Society elected her Presidentess; the Anti-Flea-Catching Club made her alternately weekly Chairwoman; and the Emancipating-Black-Revivors, who met at the Windmill Inn on Wednesdays and Fridays, put her on their special committee; all because they believed that she was left remarkably well off, and because they were quite sure, from her affectionate conduct to her "dogge," that she must be a friend to the abolition of slavery all over the world.

And out she came in her weeds, with two such Madonna-like braids under her cap—and such a pretty squeeze-in and let-out of figure, and away she went Philanthropising till nine in one place, playing three-card loo till twelve in another, making up little parties here and giving little parties there, till all Clapham Common rang with her praises, and she was called by general consent the "Charming Widow."

This was all very well for the lady; but Day and his wife looked to other things. Day was a prudent plodding fellow, and he felt convinced that some change must be worked in her manner or that the whole affair would tumble into dust.

"Why," said Day to his wife, "that you know is nonsense; you don't suppose I lived with old Hunks"—so he called his late departed master—"without knowing his freaks and fancies. He married to please himself; he has left 'Missus' one thousand pounds, which, if I don't much

miscalculate, must be pretty well worn down. I did look at the cheque-book she left upon the table the day before yesterday, but the beast of a dog kept barking so, I could not get at the rights of it; and whenever Charley barks 'Missus' is sure to come in, to see what's the matter. But we must look out, if that nephew Lemuel, as they call him, comes here and sees how things are going on, I'm blest if we shall have a house over our heads: and although I have lived with the old man seven years, and clipped, and pared, and took per centage and discount wherever I could, I haven't got enough out of the family yet to better ourselves and set up in business. So now do, Kitty, do tell her she must seem broken hearted for the loss of the old man when the young one comes."

And so Kitty did: and Mrs. Nethersole uniformly gave her the same answer, that she was no hypocrite, and could not act.

"But let me beg you again to recollect," said the disinterested soubrette, "that as your future prospects depend upon the impression you make upon Mr. Lemuel—"

"Impressions!" replied the widow, "what sort of impression do you mean!—merely that I am dying of grief for the loss of a man whom I don't in the least regret?"

"I should not be surprised, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "if Mr. Lemuel were to appear in a new character here before many months are over. If once he were captivated by a show of grief for his relation—"

"Why," said Mrs. Nethersole, "Mr. Lemuel is by no means a disagreeable person, and I remember thinking—I suppose I ought not to have thought any such thing—on our wedding-day, that it would be an infinitely more agreeable ceremony to me if he were the bridegroom instead of his uncle."

"And I know," said Mrs. Day, "what his man said to my husband upon that very occasion, which went very much to show what Mr. Lemuel's thoughts were at the same time."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Nethersole; "that's past: when the gentleman comes, I will see him and behave as well as I can without acting. I am quite sure, if I were to try the depths of lamentation, I should break off in the middle of my mourning into a violent fit of laughter; so let me do as I feel best, and if I am to be left pennyless in consequence, I cannot help it."

And so, with a careless toss of her giddy head, the blooming widow betook herself to her boudoir, to play with Charley and feed him with some Naples biscuits which had just arrived from London for his luncheon.

The report of this conversation made by Mrs. Day to her husband was anything but satisfactory: he saw with dread the "break up" which would naturally follow the withdrawal of Mr. Lemuel's protection and support. He heard with dismay the determination of their mistress; but by a wonderful flight of that genius for which, in his particular line, he was celebrated, he in an instant hit upon an expedient to produce all the effect he desired. It was necessary to confide his project to his better half; and he was on the point of doing so, when to their utter surprise who should walk in through the side door of the

house from the stable-yard where he had deposited his horse, but Mr. Lemuel Nethersole himself.

The moment the male Day saw him he vanished—the crisis had arrived—the whole firm was either to be preserved or annihilated in the next ten minutes. Away went the plotter, leaving his wife to hold the new arrival in conversation while he should apprise his mistress of his arrival, and, if possible, produce the results he so ardently desired.

Lemuel, it appears, had adopted the plan of entering the house unknown to its fair mistress, in order to learn from her confidential maid what the real state of her mind and feelings was: because Lemuel, who, as we know, had been present at the wedding, and had visited the new couple more than once, often entertained strong suspicions that the gentle married Emily would not be quite so much affected by his uncle's death as he was.

Lucky for all parties, Mrs. Day was a remarkably sharp, worldly person, and what in the best society would be called "up to every thing." The moment she heard the gentle step, and saw the subdued manner of the mourning hero, she was prepared for his questions.

"Well, Mrs. Day," said Lemuel, "how is my young aunt?"

"In health, tolerable, Sir," sighed Mrs. Day, "but in spirits, miserable. She does nothing but sit and cry her eyes out, about the dear angel, as she calls him, that is now in heaven."

"Does she indeed?" said Lemuel. "What sweet sensibility!—I hardly expected it of her."

"Oh, Sir," continued the veracious Day, "the way in which she nursed him during his last illness—it was something quite wonderful."

"Heaven will reward her care," sighed Lemuel. "She does honour to our name."

"Ah, Sir," continued the eloquent minister, "she would make an excellent wife for any man—I say nothing: but if I were Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, she never should change that name."

"She certainly is very handsome," said Lemuel.

"And such a temper!" said Mrs. Day.

"Kind-hearted, I am sure," sighed Lemuel.

"Tender, to a degree," cried Mrs. Day.

"Has she got that nasty little dog still," said Lemuel.

"Yes, Sir," said Day; "and since your poor uncle's death it has been her chief consolation. He was very fond of it."

"Indeed!" said Lemuel. "When I was here last I thought he disliked it, and even disliked the attention Emily paid to it."

"He grew used to it at last," said Mrs. Day. "One does not always take to pugs in a minute; but I think the society of one to whom she should attach herself—for, as you know, Sir, she has no relations of her own—would very soon divert her from that partiality."

"I suppose she will see me," said Lemuel, who really appeared caught by Mrs. Day's distant hints and innuendoes, and perhaps felt, with the disposition to put the widow at her ease, a sort of wish to share his competence with her, the canonical law not interdicting a marriage in the degree to which they stood towards each other.

"To be sure she will, Sir," said Mrs. Day. "If you will walk into the library, I will just step and prepare her for the interview."

"Do so," said Lemuel, "and I will wait your summons patiently. Beg her to calm her agitation. It is natural she should feel much in our interview; but the sight of a woman suffering distress is so painful, that it entirely upsets me. Urge her to recollect what is past is irrevocable; and that, conscious as she must be of having performed every duty towards my poor uncle, she has nothing to reproach herself with, and that in me she is secure of an attached and sympathizing friend."

And so, after blowing his nose sonorously, out stalked Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, up the lower staircase, and into the library, the door of which the attentive Mrs. Day closed after him, lest his ears should be assailed by sounds less lugubrious than he might expect.

Away ran Day to her mistress. "Madam," cried she, "he is come!"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "don't speak so loud; Charley is asleep in the next room—you'll wake him."

"Oh, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "how can you care about your dog, when I tell you Mr. Lemuel is below stairs waiting to see you?"

"I don't want to see him, then," said the widow; "you hate my dog, Mrs. Day, and I tell you once for all —"

"Now, Ma'am," interrupted the maid—

"Now, Day," retorted the mistress, "you know that I have no consolation, no amusement, but what Charley affords me. I cannot go into public places, or to balls, or to Vauxhall, or play-houses, in these odious weeds."

"But, Ma'am," said Day, "you must see Mr. Lemuel. I have given you the best of characters, and everything depends upon his visit."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Nethersole, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, "tell him my grief is so terrible that I can see nobody."

"Do consider, Ma'am," said Day, "how much depends upon this coming interview. I have an idea. Ensure his care and protection—receive him with due and proper grief for his uncle—he is half won already; if he should hit upon such a project, and hereafter make a proposal, why not marry him?"

"What an idea!" said the widow. "And I am to secure his good opinion by weeping?"

"I verily believe so," said Day; "he merely wishes to be certain of your tenderness of feeling—your beauty and accomplishments have already had their effect—to fix him as your professed champion and admirer."

"As far as hiding my face in my handkerchief goes," said the widow, "I can act, but my words never can belie my sentiments."

"I will trust to your prudence and good sense not to outrage Mr. Lemuel's feelings," said Day; and by permission of her mistress she proceeded to the library to fetch in the visitor.

The moment she had quitted the apartment, a sudden noise and scuffling alarmed the ears of the widow. She flew to her boudoir; Charley, the pug, the pet, was gone—she had left him just before sleeping in his well-lined basket—it was vacant; the next minute presented to her eye the man Day looking like a ghost.

"What's the matter, Day?—where's my dog?"

"Oh, Ma'am!" said Day: "poor Charley—poor Charley—killed, Ma'am, killed and stolen!"

"My dog killed!" exclaimed the widow.

"I fear so," said Day.

"Then I never shall be happy again!" exclaimed the lady, throwing herself upon a sofa, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing immoderately.

"Oh, Ma'am," said Day, "you can get another dog."

"Another! no, no, no!" said Mrs. Nethersole, "no other dog will ever love me as Charley did. How did it happen, tell me this moment."

"Why, Ma'am," said Day, "the dear little thing ran down stairs, and came up to me, wagging his tail, just as much as to say, Please, Mr. Day, I want to take a little walk to the garden."

"Dear, intelligent creature," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole.

"So, Ma'am," said Mr. Day, "what does I do but I opens the door, when, lo and behold, the garden gate was open too, out runs Charley; a great mastiff, belonging to Bigg the butcher was coming by, flew at Charley, broke both his legs at one blow, and I caught a thump on the head from the stick of the butcher's boy, which knocked me down: and in the mean time a fellow, whom I have seen lurking amongst the linen hanging on the lines on the Common whips up Charley and carries him clean off under his arm."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I have lost everything I held dear in the world." A new flood of tears came to her relief, and she again wept audibly.

At this moment arrived Mrs. Day and Mr. Lemuel Nethersole. She was wholly unprepared for the scene, and vastly admired the skill with which her mistress after all her declaration of sincerity, was acting her part.

"Madam," said Mrs. Day, "here is Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I cannot see him or anybody else."

"Pray," said Lemuel, in a softened voice, "permit me to say a few words to you."

"Oh!" said the widow, "I cannot bear to look at you, or hear your voice, after the misfortune which has fallen upon me."

"Assure yourself," said Lemuel, "I fully sympathize in your sorrow."

"He was the only object of my affection," said Lemuel.

"I have sustained an equal loss myself," said Emily.

"Impossible," said the widow, "nobody can feel as I do. Oh, Sir, if you had known all his ways and tricks—his sensibility—his senses."

"I appreciate them all," said Lemuel, fully convinced that the widow's lamentations were all for the loss of her departed spouse.

"Oh," continued the lady, "if you had seen him stand up in the corner and beg, and then dance about the room and catch the bits of Naples biscuits in his mouth. Oh, Sir!"

"I confess," said Lemuel, "I never witnessed any of those little endearing tricks."

"Oh, Charley, Charley!" sobbed the lady.

"I am glad to hear the recollection of him

couched in such affectionate terms," said Lemuel half aside.

"Oh, to see him toddling along the garden-walk with his dear tail wagging," said the lady.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "he persisted to the last in continuing that fashion."

"Just as I had got him a little blue jacket and scarlet trowsers to dance in," said the widow. "Oh, how he loved me!"

"That I am sure of," said Lemuel.

"How he would fly and bite anybody who came near me," said the widow.

"Aye, poor fellow. He was jealous of any attentions paid you," said Lemuel.

"He need not have been jealous," said the widow. "He never was happy but with me. He was my friend and protector; the least noise in my room awakened him. Oh! I have encountered an irreparable loss."

"Perhaps not," said Lemuel, evidently overcome. "There may be a person who will repair it."

"What, Sir!" said the lady, "and give me another? No, no—none—none will be like Charley!" And again she fell into a sort of hysteric convulsion.

"I will not trespass a moment longer now," said Lemuel: "I have seen enough to satisfy myself of the depth and extent of your affection for him who is now lost—enough to ensure my esteem and regard. The sight of such sorrow breaks my heart: I will leave you. Assure yourself, if that can be any consolation, that a sufficient income will be placed at your disposal to maintain your present establishment: that point I will settle before I sleep to-night; and in a day or two will return, in hopes to find you more composed, and better able to hear my views and plans for the future."

"A thousand thanks," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole, who extended her hand to Lemuel, which he kissed. "I ought to apologise for my weakness; but you knew him, and can appreciate my feelings. In a day or two I shall perhaps be better—"

"Not a word more," said Lemuel—"Adieu." Saying which, led by Mrs. Day, who was delighted at what she had seen, without clearly comprehending it, and equally charmed to get the young gentleman away before either her mistress's acting flagged, or the *dénouement*, whatever it might be, arrived, he took his departure; and descending the stairs, not only repeated his intention of securing the widow's happiness, but his unqualified admiration of her sensibility and tenderness.

As soon as Mrs. Day saw Mr. Lemuel cantering over the Common, she ran to her husband, from whom she learned the secret history of her lady's sorrow. When she reached the boudoir she found her still suffused with tears.

"Oh, Day!" said Mrs. Nethersole "what a loss!"

"What a gain, Ma'am!" said Day. "Every bit of your griefs, and every drop of your tears, are carried by Mr. Lemuel to the account of your affection for his uncle; so that, in point of fact, you are indebted for independence, and if you please, eventually an agreeable husband, to your favorite dog."

"This is but natural," said the lady; "I be-

lieve Charley was my good genius; but let me never speak of him again—wounded and lost for ever!”

At which words the male Day walked into the room with a grin on his countenance, and Charley in his arms.

“Neither lost nor wounded,” exclaimed he; “here he is, Ma’am, safe and sound—his nose as cold and as black, and his tail as curly as ever. I wanted to excite a decent sorrow during Mr. Lemuel’s visit, and I flatter myself I have succeeded.”

Down he put Charley, and the tear-swollen eyes of the widow were blest with the sight of the dear little creature, wagging and wriggling, and woofing, and snapping about as well as ever.

“Then I am happy indeed,” said the widow.

“You ought to be so, Ma’am,” said the female Day; “for this stratagem has decided your fate and fortune.”

“Then now I may laugh as much as I please,” said the widow. “One thing only grieves me; I am afraid after this *equivoque*, if I mean to take advantage of your ingenuity, I must give my dog some other name.”

The servants, to whom these results were owing, could not choose, but wonder at their own success and the silliness of their mistress, whose happiness was secured by their adaption of her weakness to existing circumstances. Mrs. Nethersole is now, as I have been told, the wife of the estimable Lemuel, and mother of two fine children—the *cidevant* Charley having descended to the care of the lady’s maid: thus forcibly illustrating the proverb that “EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.”

THEN REMEMBER ME.

BY H. MUNROE.

If ever o’er thy youthful mind,
The memory of the past
Should stray, gilding with thoughts so kind,
The bliss that ne’er could last ;—
If in those sweet hours of gladness,
When thy young heart is free,
One thought should ever give thee sadness,
Oh! then remember me!

If thou should’st join in Pleasure’s train,
Where all seem light and gay,
Oh! never may’st thou know the pain
Of that delusive ray!
But if amid that giddy throng
A blighted heart there be,
That *feelingly*, did love, and long,
Oh! then remember me!

If other lips should breathe my name
Carelessly in thine ear;
Oh! could’st thou hear another blame,
That one who was so dear!
Each thought—each look—each word unkind,
Which thou had’st cast on me,
Would rise uncalled for in thy mind,
And then, remember me!

EDWARD LONSDALE.

CHAPTER I.

Life, however undiversified by surprising accidents or adventures, has always some few islands scattered here and there amidst the “waveless sea” for memory to rest her foot upon. Of these perhaps the first day of leaving home is most prominent. With me the change was so sudden from the sombre walls of the old mansion (where, without friend or companion of my own years, I had grown up from childhood) to the joyous world of hope and happiness, that, for a time, I felt like the captive, whose eyes have become so habituated to his dungeon, that they cannot endure the sun. A vast house, to which a visitor never entered,—a large establishment, with nobody to occupy their attentions but my father and myself,—the gloomy regularity of the household,—and the total want of companionship, had repressed in me all the buoyant feelings of youth. My father was not unkind; he was only cold. We talked together, but without the endearing confidence which ought to exist between a father and his son. We read together; and, in short, for all that I knew, when, at the age of twenty, I said adieu to Ellersby, I was indebted to him. The world of books, I soon found, was a very different thing from the world of men—and women. Our parting was in the library.

“You are going into the world, Edward,” said my father. “See that you come out from its trials and temptations unscathed. You will write to me regularly, without waiting for an answer. Should I die, you will be apprised of it by my attorney; should I live, I shall see you here again in four years. And now farewell.”

He held out his hand to me as he said this. It was the first time we had ever been about to part. I felt that my eyes were filling with tears. He drew me closer, and prest me for a moment to his breast, and then pointing to the door, threw himself into his chair. When I looked back as I left the room, I saw that he had covered his face with his hands.

A month after this found me in London, wondering at every thing I saw and heard. The very fogs and smoke were delicious. I began to doubt whether there existed in reality such a place as Ellersby, or whether its grey towers and oak-paneled apartments were not the creation of a hideous dream. The only letters with which I had started from home were addressed to two friends of my father—the one to Sir Wilfred Seymour, whose winter residence was in St. James’s Square, and the other to the Father Caroglio, Rome. After I had spent a day or two in town, I bethought me of presenting my introduction. I was ushered into the library. Sir Wilfred started as he received my letter—looked hurriedly over it.

“So my old friend Lonsdale is yet alive?” he said.

“My father was well when I left him a week ago.”

“Your name is Edward—his only son?”

“Yes.”

"Let me look at you more closely. The eye deep brown, the forehead white and high—the lip, the nose, the smile—Edward, this must be your home while you remain in England. You bring back my youth. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"This home will be but dull for one so young; but though I rarely see company, I have still some friends who will cheer our solitude. Come, let me show you your apartments."

I followed him to a suite of rooms magnificently furnished. He appointed me my own attendants, put me in full possession, and again shaking hands with me, left me to myself till dinner.

Sir Wilfred was a man of from forty-five to fifty years of age—still pre-eminently handsome, with that indescribable air and manner which are a truer stamp of nobility than the breath of kings. His appearance might have been considered haughty and commanding, had it not been tempered with the most pleasing smile and softest voice I had ever seen or listened to. When silent, his features assumed the expression of deep and even anxious thought. He was one of that class of men with whom it is difficult to *begin* a conversation, but who had the art of leading the way so easily, that you scarcely perceived that no subject was even mentioned unless he himself introduced it. The first day we dined together, we were alone. His conversation opened to me a new page in the volume of life. He was not perhaps so full of information as my father; but all he told me was conveyed in a manner so easy and flowing, so interspersed with anecdotes of the great then living, whose very names were unknown to me, that I listened with a delight I never experienced before. He never alluded to his intimacy with my father, or gave me the slightest hint what circumstances in their early friendship had induced him to treat me in the manner he had done. I had never heard him mentioned till the letter addressed to him had been put into my hands; and I felt a little delicacy in accepting such extraordinary attentions from a person from whom I was not aware of any *right* I had to receive them. But I found it impossible to summon courage to introduce the subject. His language was so kind, and his apparent interest in my future proceedings so great, that I rested content with the supposition that he felt himself called upon, for reasons of his own, to pursue the course he had adopted; and I recollected, too, that my father, on giving me the letter, had told me to be guided in all things by Sir Wilfred Seymour's advice.

Time passed on. In a fortnight from my settlement in St. James's Square, I was a gay young man about town, belonged to several clubs, and criticised the opera with the air of a connoisseur. Our parties at home were numerous and splendid. Our table was filled with the great names, both of rank and literature. There were wits, and poets, and philosophers, but no ladies. Sir Wilfred was a bachelor, and his friends appeared to be equally unblest. The men with whom I associated seemed even to have no sisters. The world was a waste—the garden was a wild: they were both unbrightened with the smiles of women; but the world was a very happy world without them. I used sometimes to conjecture what sort of additions they

would be to our society. They were never even mentioned at our table; or if alluded to at all, it was in an epigram or a sneer. There was a metaphysician, who often dined with us—Mr. M'Selphish, who was particularly eloquent in their dispraise. He used to contrast "women as they are with what they ought to be;" and prove, in a most logical and convincing manner, that they were every thing that was bad and hateful. I thought that a man who used such prodigious words, and spoke with such authority, must be correct in his opinions. Sir Wilfred smiled when I expressed my sentiments, and told me he was an ass. It is wonderful how the inexperienced are misled by the loudness of a bray.

I wrote an account of my mode of living to Ellersby. I described Sir Wilfred Seymour, and told how affectionately he had received me. My father's silence led me of course to conclude that he approved of all that had occurred, and I entered with double zest into my new course of life. Among my companions there was one of the name of Maxwell, with whom I formed a greater intimacy than with the others. He was more nearly of my own age, being still a year or two under thirty. Our sentiments seemed almost in all things to accord. He was an enthusiast, and so was I; and a sort of false shame kept me from confessing the extraordinary nature of my education. I never ventured to hint to him in what an anchorite ignorance of the other sex I had been brought up; nor to express how anxious I was to be introduced to female society. He was eloquent in his confession of the superiority I possessed, by having my feelings unblunted, as he called it, by early intercourse with the world; but he never hinted that he was acquainted with the very unusual extent of my superiority. He appeared to know that I had led a very secluded life, but nothing more. Many people think they live secluded lives who visit with half a county. With them every place is a desert, and every house a hermitage that is distant ten miles from Almack's.

One morning, on going into Maxwell's apartments, I saw a lady closely veiled seated upon his sofa. I started on seeing her; and I knew, from the burning of my cheeks, that I was discovering my unacquaintance with the world by a blush. Maxwell rose hurriedly to receive me.

"Lonsdale," he said, "I am happy to present you to my sister. Julia, you have heard me mention Mr. Lonsdale."

The lady bowed gracefully; and after a short time, lifting up her veil, revealed to me a face sparkling with intelligence, and eyes so piercing in their expression, that I fairly quailed before them. When she saw me look down abashed by the perseverance of her gaze, she laughed merrily as if in triumph for her victory, and engaged me in conversation. All this while I could not help feeling that the looks of Maxwell were fixed attentively on all my motions. I therefore exerted myself to conceal my embarrassment, and I flattered myself I succeeded. After this meeting, I felt myself impelled to visit Maxwell even oftener than before, and rarely had the misfortune to miss the society of his sister. Her gaiety and freedom amused me, and the kindness of her manners enchanted me. With every meeting her influence grew, till in a very short

period from our first introduction, I felt that she had my destiny in her hands. I often endeavoured to talk to Maxwell about his sister, but he either answered so carelessly as to provoke me, or adroitly turned the conversation to something else.

One day Sir Wilfred and I were in the park. An open carriage was approaching, with coronetted panels, and a lady and a gentleman were seated within. I saw in a moment that the lady was Julia Maxwell. As we passed each other, I could not resist the impulse, but kissed my hand to her with the devotion of a true cavalier. To my amazement, she looked at me with a cold and haughty expression, as if she had never seen me.

"Edward!" said Sir Wilfred, "who is that lady?"

I told him she was the sister of my friend Maxwell; and was on the point of confessing to him how madly I was in love, but her extraordinary conduct, as well as a gloom on Sir Wilfred's brow, restrained me.

"Miss Maxwell?—my poor boy, I was wrong to send you into the world of London without a guide. But as the fault was mine, I will remedy it in time to prevent its consequences. Where was it you became acquainted with her?"

"At Maxwell's chambers."

He sank into deep silence, which lasted for a long time: at last he said—"I will settle this for you. Maxwell has no sister."

"What!" I cried—but suddenly checking myself, leant back in the carriage and considered what I should do. Nothing more was said. We dined together as usual—and in the evening, on pretence of the Opera or the Theatre, I sallied forth to the apartments of my friend. He was from home when I arrived, but our intimacy licensed me to enter. When I had waited about an hour, during which I recalled every incident of my acquaintance with the lady, the door was suddenly opened, and Maxwell, with two or three of our usual associates, came into the room amidst a burst of laughter. He started as he saw me standing directly in front of him, calm and fixed. The laughter ceased, and our companions looked on as if expecting something unusual.

"Maxwell," I said, "*who* is the lady I have met in your rooms?"

"Hav'n't I told you."

"Is she your sister?"

"Hav'n't you heard her call me brother?"

"That is no answer to my question—and we do not part till you have answered it to my satisfaction."

"Really, Master Lonsdale, you are somewhat too inquisitive: when you have associated a little longer with men, you will scarcely be so boyish as to pry into family secrets."

"You are welcome," I said—biting my lip till the blood nearly came—"to your taunts upon my youth, but you shall satisfy me nevertheless, on the subject of my inquiry. Is Miss Julia Maxwell your sister?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Then you are a villain—a dastardly designing villain."

"Good. The boy has spirit. Melford, will you settle this little point for me. Let it be as soon as may be."

Mr. Melford accordingly stepped forward, and,

addressing me in the politest way possible begged me to refer him to some friend. I appeared nonplussed at this: as indeed I scarcely knew any one to whom I considered I had any right to look for assistance. Mr. M'Selphish, the metaphysician, however, came to my aid.

"Mr. Lonsdale," he said, "philosophically considered, duelling may be said to be the action of unreflecting, and indeed, of unintelligent creatures; but as by the inductive process of reasoning we arrive at the conclusion, that none of the lower animals decide their differences of opinion by the means of the pistol or sword, it follows that duelling, properly viewed, is one of the privileges of humanity, and therefore is to be cultivated like the other endowments by which Providence has seen fit to discriminate us from the brutes. I therefore willingly accept the part of your assistant on this occasion, and will settle every thing, I hope, to your entire satisfaction. If you will wait at the Clarendon, I will bring you all the particulars."

I retired and left them to their consultations.

That Maxwell, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, should deceive me—that he should try to inveigle me into the toils of a person whom he had evidently presented to me in an assumed character; and that I should have been dupe enough never to have suspected the deceit, was a bitter subject to reflect upon. I do not know why it is, but I take the truth to be, that people, however much they hate and reprobate the deceiver, have a still lower opinion of the person who is deceived. I could not help feeling that Maxwell, though guilty of conduct which proved that he was base and unprincipled, had triumphed over one whose conduct was only the result of inexperience. And yet if any one had his choice between the two, who would not prefer the accusation of simplicity to that of dishonour?

Mr. M'Selphish joined me very soon.

"You shall meet him to-morrow," he said, "at daybreak. On analyzing the principles which have guided your conduct, I think you are right."

"Then she is not his sister?"

"Oh no. I thought every body knew who Maxwell's Julia was. And as he wanted to get quit of her, an examination into his conduct will prove him to be right."

"How, sir! How can we both be right?"

"Very easily. Philosophy is divided into two branches—the moral, or that by which we regulate our opinion of the actions of other people—the intellectual, or that according to which we judge our own. Now, you will perceive that according to the philosophy of *morals*, we hold his conduct to be infamous; and it is so. But by the rules of the intellectual, he holds himself to be perfectly correct, and he is so."

"What! in trying to make his friend marry his mistress?"

"Oh! certainly; even by the moral philosophy we are told to reclaim the erring; what so likely to have this effect as a comfortable marriage?"

"He may think so," I cried in a prodigious passion; "but"—

"Ah, that's the intellectual," interrupted the philosopher.

"By Heavens! I consider his behaviour the most atrocious I ever heard of."

"Right—that's the moral, or *our* view of the

subject. Does Sir Wilfred know the circumstances?"

"No."

"Good; he might perhaps, think your behaviour wrong."

"How! presenting an insult such as that?"

"His moral, you will observe, may be perhaps blunted by his intellectual."

"You know, of course, that Sir Wilfred"—

"What?"

"Has a sister."

"He has none, sir; at least I have never heard of such a relation."

"Oh!—still, philosophically considered, the non-hearing of a thing of that sort is almost a conclusive argument in its favour."

"Mr. M'Selphish, you have been excessively kind to me this evening, but I beg you to understand that I do not at all perceive what is your meaning."

"Very likely—you have not studied philosophy. Will you have the truth? Sir Wilfred has just such a sister as Maxwell, and we have also heard that his intention as to disposing of her is the same."

"The man that has the audacity to hint at such a thing, lies—if 'twere my brother I would make him eat his words."

"I am not your brother; therefore, logically, your threat can have no reference to me. But it is true; and more, she resides in his house."

I sat still in silence, hesitating whether to hear more or to knock down the slanderer before he had time to utter another syllable. He went on—

"But patience. Time, the innovator, is also the revealer. If before a month from this time you are not convinced of the truth of what I say, I will give you such satisfaction as you shall demand."

"That Sir Wilfred has a sister?"

He nodded.

"And that he designs her as a wife for me?"

"Just so. I take my station upon both the horns; but, in the mean time, let us settle this affair with Maxwell."

We separated shortly after. I proceeded straight home to St. James's Square, and lay awake all night, tormented with the remembrance of the air of certainty with which M'Selphish spoke of the designs of Sir Wilfred. "Should this be so," I thought,—“should Sir Wilfred, who has been so kind, so parental, be indeed villain enough to meditate such a thing, then let this short visit to the world be my last. Welcome again the gloomy loneliness of Ellersby; nay, welcome the bullet of my antagonist, so that it frees me from the contemplation of so much wickedness and deceit."

The next morning we met as our seconds had appointed. I was wounded rather severely in the shoulder, and fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself, I was in my own room at Sir Wilfred's, and heard a consultation going on between M'Selphish and the surgeon, who was arranging his instruments to extract the ball.

"You will perceive, sir," said M'Selphish, "that nature has implanted no feeling in the human mind with the intention of leaving it unemployed. The most powerful of these is that by which we are led to secure our own safety. Now, tell me sincerely whether there is any risk in awaiting the chances of this young gentleman's recovery!"

"Risk sir," said the surgeon—"do you mean to ask if he is in danger?"

"It amounts to that—but by the manner in which you have enunciated the proposition you make him the principal party interested in your reply. Now, that is manifestly wrong. If he had asked the question it might naturally enough have been supposed that your response should have been directed primarily to the state of his bodily health;—but as I was the person who made the interrogation, you will see that my situation was the first object of my consideration. His recovery is, of course, a primary matter to him;—but with me it is secondary—the first and nearest matter to me being simply this,—am I called on, according to the philosophical doctrines of self preservation, to elope till his recovery is a matter of absolute certainty—or is it an absolute certainty already?"

The surgeon, who had been occupied with his preparations during this harangue, now approached me to apply his instruments; I drew back, and said, as firmly as I could, "Let Sir Wilfred Seymour be called. Mr. M'Selphish, let me not detain you. Thank you, and farewell."

"Softly; I have made enquiry of my surgical friend here, which is of momentous interest to me—but, indeed, the safest plan will be to accept Maxwell's invitation to accompany him and Melford for a six weeks cruise in his yacht; by that time your fate will be decided one way or other, and we can regulate our proceedings accordingly. We shall get off, I hope very easily; as I can testify that every thing was done in the most fair and honourable manner. If you live, you will remember that a month will satisfy your doubts." As he said this he left the room, and I was heartily glad to be quit of such an incarnation of selfishness and prose.

The operation was performed; the bandages applied, and the wound declared not dangerous before Sir Wilfred appeared. When I opened my eyes, after a deep sleep, which I owed to the opiate I had taken, he was sitting by the side of my bed.

"You have commenced your career well," he said, with a melancholy smile.

"A duel about a lady before you have been six weeks in town gives the best augury of your future fame."

"It was wrong; I know it was wrong," I replied; "but I had been deceived—and insulted—and"—

"And now you are wounded. Of course you are deceived no longer!"

"At any rate," I said, fixing my eye upon him to watch if my words had any effect, "I shall not be so easily deceived in future. It is enough to be once taken in by an adventure, in the disguise of the sister of a friend."

"You are right," he said, without changing a muscle of his countenance; "if this duel shall have taught you experience, the wound will not be too high a price for the lesson."

His manner was so kind—his attentions so unremitting, and his sentiments so pure and dignified, that I felt my indignation rise higher and higher every hour against the wretch who had dared to slander him with his suspicions.

In about a week I was allowed to spend some hours of every day on the sofa in my own apart-

ment; still very weak, and owing almost all the sleep I obtained to opiates. On seeing me so far recovered, Sir Wilfred had told me that he was under the necessity of being absent for some time on business, which he had delayed on account of my accident. But, with books, which I was now able to read, and my own reflection, the time did not hang very heavy on my hands.

One day, when I had sunk into the dreamy kind of slumber which opium sometimes produces, I thought I perceived my door to open, and the figure of a young girl, dressed in a style I had never seen before, glide with a noiseless footstep through the room. I was in such a half-awake, half-conscious state, from the languor of recent illness, and the narcotic drug, that I did not know whether the apparition was real, or the creation of my sleep. Whichever it was, I watched the intruder. A long hood, projecting a great way in front of the face, rendered the features invisible unless when you caught a full front view, and then they were so darkened by the drapery as not to be very distinct. Her figure was light and graceful, and the elegance of her motions could not be hid even by the long white robe, which was tied in at the waist by a twisted silk cord, and left to flow loosely down to the feet. Round her neck was a rosary. She walked towards a bookstand, at the farther end of the room, without noticing me, and after a short and ineffectual search for the volume she wanted, was about to retire in the same vision like way she had entered. But I placed myself between her and the door. She started visibly when she perceived me; but uttered no sound; only pulling the hood more completely over her features than before. She stood before me with her head bowed low and her hands meekly folded across her chest. And now that I had debarred her exit, I did not know how to begin a conversation. At last I said, "You were searching for a book, madam. Will you let me help you to discover it?"

"It is useless, monsieur," she said, in a very sweet and somewhat foreign accent. "I believe the books I wanted are removed. Let me retire, I pray you; my absence will be noticed."

"And whither would you retire? And who would notice your absence?"

"Let me go—let me go.—I shall be chidden for my delay."

"Nay, first satisfy my curiosity," I replied, "and I promise you a free passage. Do you live in this house?"

"I do."

"And who will chide you if you stay a moment longer?"

"I have no right to answer that."

"Then, by Heavens," I said, "I will make the discovery myself."

"It will be better for us all if you do not make the attempt. Sir Wilfred will not forgive it."

"Sir Wilfred!" I said, my conversation with M'Selphish rushing into my mind. "I have a problem to solve, and this hour shall see me satisfied. Where you go I follow." She seemed to see that farther speech was useless, so bending her head more lowly than before, she glided past me, and I followed through several passages, then up some steps, through a long corridor, at the end of which she gently opened a heavy

oaken door. On getting within the door I found myself in a dark passage, which twisted first to one hand and then to another; and at the last turning, a velvet curtain, tucked up at one end, admitted me into an apartment, to which the light was introduced through a very lofty window of stained glass of the darkest colours. The room was so sombre, that for some time I could see the furniture very indistinctly. At last, when my eye got accustomed to the gloom I perceived my guide standing reverently, with her arms still folded over her breast, at the side of another figure, which was kneeling before a table covered with red velvet, at the farther end of the room. Both were silent; and the head of the kneeling figure was bent over the table, and her hands spread out and clasped together, as we see in the pictures of humility and supplication.

She rose, at last, to her feet, and I felt awe struck and embarrassed by the sight of such a commanding figure, and a consciousness of the awkwardness of my situation. Her dress was the same as that of my visitor, only the tallness of the figure gave it a still finer effect.

"Eulalie," she said, without turning round, "the volume—hast thou brought it to me?"

"Alas, madam, it is not there. Sir Wilfred has removed the furniture from the apartment; and a stranger"—she hesitated.

"In *this* house!—a stranger? how dare Sir Wilfred Seymour admit a stranger without giving me notice of his intention?"

"Sir Wilfred, madam, is from home. He had been absent a week when we arrived."

"And the stranger, who is he?"

"Madam, I know not who he is. He is here."

"Here!" cried the lady, in an impassioned voice—and, turning round, she moved two or three steps towards the place where I stood. Then suddenly stopping short, and throwing the hood, which concealed her features, back upon her shoulders, with her eyes earnestly fixed upon my face, and her whole figure stiff and rigid, as if she had suddenly been hardened into stone. Her features, even though they were at this moment moulded into the expression of fear and almost of horror, were exquisitely feminine. Her lips partly opened, her head slightly protruded, and her arms held out before her, together with the fixed and glassy expression of her eyes, gave me the impression of a sybil about to give forth her oracles. "Thou hast come to me, then, at last," she said, "to upbraid me with the miseries I have caused thee. Know'st thou not how fearfully they have been revenged? Hear me—hear me, Edward, before thy curse is spoken. I have wept; I have mourned; I have repented. It is all in vain! In vain that I have wasted my years in sorrow; forsaken the world—forgotten my ambition? Speak! say, at least, that thou forgivest me." She clasped her hands together as she said this, and gazed on me so piteously, compassion no less than astonishment, kept me silent.

"Edward Lonsdale!" she resumed, "is thy heart so changed that thou hast no pity upon me. Pity!—ay, even so, for pride is vanquished now. At your feet, upon my knees!"

"Nay, madam; compose yourself," said the young girl, who was still enveloped in her hood. "This gentleman is a stranger. He knows you

not. Oh, sir!" she said, turning to me, "pray leave us—forget this. I will explain it all. I will come to you to-morrow. Come, madam, support yourself on me." She motioned me to retire; and the Lady seemed now unconscious of my presence though her eye was still intently fixed on me. I glided noiselessly behind the curtain, and heard a heavy fall, accompanied by a slight scream, as its drapery closed.

CHAPTER II.

Next day, my heart was busy with many thoughts. The scene I had witnessed was the more inexplicable the more I reflected upon it. The excitement my appearance had produced—the majestic figure of the recluse—the tones of her voice so thrilling and impressive—and all this, so like the fiction of a romance, occurring in the everyday world of London, struck me as something so extraordinary, that I was determined to discover the mystery, even at the risk of incurring Sir Wilfred's displeasure. I was half inclined to hope that my guide of the former day would redeem the promise she had made me, and would come to me to give an explanation of the adventure; but the promise had been given at so hurried a moment, and so evidently for the purpose of getting quit of an intruder, that there was little likelihood of its fulfilment—and I came to the resolution of boldly presenting myself at the door of the oratory, and making the discovery for myself. As I lay musing upon these plans and occurrences, I heard a sweet clear voice at the door of my apartments say, "Signor, I am here." I was startled at the sound, for I had heard no one enter the room. I started from the sofa, and standing in the same meek attitude as before, with her head bent down, and hands clasped together, I saw my yesterday's acquaintance—her features still concealed by the drapery of her hood. I led her to the sofa.

"Yesterday," she said, "I promised to explain the causes of what you saw—I ask you now to excuse me from performing my promise."

"You ask me more than I can grant," I answered. "I think from my own name being mentioned, and the questions that were addressed to me, I have some *right* to have my curiosity gratified."

"Then your name is Edward Lonsdale?" she said.

"It is."

"And you were born at Ellersby?"

"Yes."

"Then the Lady Alice was right—only at times she lets her imagination acquire the mastery. She has had many sorrows, but she struggles against the remembrances of them nobly."

"May I see her," I said; "may I answer her myself any question she may please to ask me?"

"No—but she bade me say to you, the time may come when she will tell you all—not now."

"All what? Am I in any way concerned in her history?"

"I know not. I but repeat to you the words she told me."

"But then, yourself?—your name is Eulalie?"

"It is."

"And have you no other name than Eulalie?"

"The Lady Alice calls me by no other."

"You are her—her—" I hesitated—"attendant?"

"Her friend," she replied, I thought with a proud toss of the head.

"What an abominable head-dress you wear, Eulalie."

She laughed.

"Never was such a rascally invention to excite curiosity as those long masks—so there is no way, Eulalie, of seeing within them."

"No—they were meant to shut out the naughty world from our sight."

"Nonsense! the world is a very delightful world, I can assure you. I myself have only seen what it is within this month, and I would not wrap myself in the cold dark 'hood' of Ellersby—and keep my eyes shut to it; no, nothing should tempt me."

"Is the world, indeed, so pleasant? The Lady Alice says it is full of briars."

"Of roses, she means. You can have no idea what a delightful place it is—such spirit; such amusement. Ah—Eulalie—what a foolish thing it is to keep your lovely face muffled up all your lifetime in a long hood like this."

"Oh! I am not to be muffled up all my lifetime;—in one year more I shall leave off the habit."

"In a year—a year is a prodigiously long time, Eulalie. Won't you just lift it up for a moment now?"

"No—I have vowed."

"What! vowed to keep your eye closed upon the world?"

"Yes."

"But you don't mean to keep them closed upon me. I am not the world, so you may throw back your hood without any infringement of your vow."

"No—but the Lady Alice says we shall all meet again—my year will then have expired—and we shall compare our impressions of the world together. I can't believe there is nothing in it but briars."

"But *where* are we to meet.—Did the Lady Alice tell you that?"

"No—but she says we are certain to come together—so what matter is it where—here—or in Italy—or at Ellersby?"

"Faugh! don't mention the horrid place."

"Do you not like to live there, then?"

"Not *alone*, Eulalie; it might, perhaps, be very different if"—

"Ah! now I must leave you—intrude on us no more—you will only make her miserable?"

"Her miserable?" I said; "and you, Eulalie, will seeing me again make *you* miserable?"

"I will tell you when we meet. Adieu"—and with a light and noiseless step, she tripped up to the apartment.

When Sir Wilfred returned I was perfectly convalescent. I knew not whether he suspected any thing of what had occurred in his absence, but there seemed a weight upon his spirits which he struggled in vain to shake off. Our parties went on as usual. But I was now totally changed. I had no wish to mingle in society—the recollection of Eulalie was sufficient—especially as that was indissolubly connected with

the hopes of meeting her again. Even the Lady Alice was a secondary object in my thoughts. If I remembered anything at all about her extraordinary behaviour, I concluded that it was the result of a highly wrought imagination, and that the malady to which Eulalie had alluded made her attach some chimerical importance to my name, which I had no doubt had been mentioned to her by Sir Wilfred. All this time I never ventured to intrude upon their privacy. No allusion was made by my host to the fact of their being under his roof, and, as I have said before, Sir Wilfred's manners, though kind and conciliating, were yet so dignified and even formal, that he effectually checked any inclination I might have felt to commence a conversation upon the subject. It must be remembered I was then only twenty: totally ignorant of the world, unless to the extent of information which I had acquired within the two last months; that there was a degree of romance particularly captivating to the mind of youth, in the mode of my introduction to Eulalie; and it will not be wondered at that though I had never seen her features, I was persuaded she was beautiful—and in short, that I loved her with all the fervency of a first attachment. That she was eminently graceful and exquisitely formed, not even that shrouding drapery could conceal, and her voice so thrillingly sweet, that I found it impossible to believe but that the lips must be lovely too. But *what* was she? She was evidently not the Lady Alice's servant, as I at first had supposed—in my ignorance of the respect paid to seniority among the members of the same sisterhood. She was young; with the prettiest hand in the world, and a foot that Cinderella might have envied. I relied, though when I reflected upon it I did not well know why, on the Lady Alice's declaration, or prophecy, whichever it might be, that we were doomed to meet again, and I resolved to arm myself with patience, and to remain constant to the creature who had first enchanted me. Sir Wilfred, who now acted in all respects as my guardian, guide, and friend, called me one day into his study, and after a pause of considerable embarrassment, said to me, "I saw your father, Edward, in my last absence from town, and he thinks it is now time for you to pursue your travels."

"I am ready whenever he pleases," I said. "I fear my stay here has been too much prolonged."

"I regret, I assure you, that I must lose your society so soon. You are now at last starting into the world. While here you have not been entirely left to yourself. You will now have no one to advise you."

I sat erect in my chair, feeling at the moment that I needed no one's advice. Perhaps Sir Wilfred divined into my thoughts, for he said, "You are very easily imposed on, Edward: and it is perhaps right that one so young should not be fenced in against the artifices of the world with doubts and suspicions. These are the old man's heritage. But at the same time don't let your heart or feelings run away with you. Don't fall a victim to the first bright eyes and ruddy lips you meet with."

"There is no danger of that," I said; "my heart takes no notice either of lips or eyes."

"Hem—time will show whether you are such a stoic as you fancy. Others, who had quite as much self-confidence as you have, have been deceived. Did your father ever tell you any of the incidents of his youth?"

"Never, sir."

"No! then I do not know that I have any right to let you into what he may consider his secrets. But this I may tell you, to explain why I assume to myself the right of taking so much interest in your fortunes. 'Tis five-and-twenty years ago since your father and I, who had been intimate from our childhood, left the university to make the tour of Europe. Both of us were wild and thoughtless. Your father was the gayest and lightest-hearted creature that ever thought life was but a holiday. Well—we travelled and saw many scenes. Lonsdale was very handsome, and his manners made him the favourite wherever he went. But though he was courted and caressed, his heart never seemed touched by all the smiles and glances that were lavished on him. He had a secret which he foolishly kept from me. He loved my sister. Their love, I believe, was mutual, though Helen was one of those foes to their own happiness who are too proud to show to others, or even to the object of it, an attachment which is consuming their own hearts. It seems she hid her real feelings from Lonsdale so effectually, that he only knew he was liked as the friend and companion of her brother, but never had the vanity, as he would have thought it, to believe that he was loved. She was volatile and haughty, and talked of grandeur and ambition in her own plans, whereas there never was a woman more qualified, if she had only given the real tenderness of her nature fair play, to be the most domestic and affectionate of wives. He also was proud—he thought he was despised, or, at all events, that a nobler rival was preferred. All this time they both kept me ignorant of their feelings. Lonsdale at last was driven nearly mad. It is an old story I am telling you, for how often will it happen again! A want of confidence made two people miserable. There was a false friend, too, who alienated them more and more by reports of attachments in other quarters. Lonsdale married another, though his heart was only Helen's. She, in a year or two, out of pique or vanity, married also. Then, by some means or other which I have no time, or, indeed, no heart to tell you—they found out how miserably they had both been deceived. They met—and after that you know the misanthrope your father has become—and I have long lost my sister. You will travel over the same ground we travelled. Let your father's fate be a warning to you; and if you feel any affection for one person more than another, as you value your own happiness or my friendship, let me know of it at once." He paused, and I was on the point of telling him about Eulalie. But I reflected how absurd he would think my behaviour, and a sense of the silliness of my conduct in being taken with a lady whose face I had never seen, and a dread of forfeiting Sir Wilfred's good opinion kept me silent.

"But enough of these recollections," he resumed; "you will return to me when you are tired of travelling. You recall so vividly, when

I look on you, the days of my greatest happiness, and the two persons who were dearest to me upon earth—who might have been happy, and who *would* have been happy had it not been their own fault—that I claim you as if you were Lonsdale restored to me. You will come to me again."

It was in this way we parted, and I did not see Sir Wilfred again for years.

At last I made my entrance into Rome, and bethought me of the letter to the father Caroglio, which I had received on my departure from Ellersby. On making inquiries as to his residence, I was directed to the house of Lord Clan-Carrol, with whom he resided, whether in the capacity of friend or confessor, my informant could not tell. And thither accordingly I went. On asking for the father, I was shown into a room called the library, which, however, was very scantily furnished with books; and sitting at a table on which was a bottle and glass—the latter, I must do him the justice to say, was particularly small—I beheld the gentleman of whom I was in search. He was a tall jolly-looking man, with that unmistakeable twinkle of the eye, and curl of the rather prominent lips, which tell to the veriest stranger in a moment, that the possessor of them is an Irishman. This was a surprise to me. However, I presented my letter, and waited quietly till he should have perused it. This, however, he seemed in no hurry to do.

"I just want to know, young gentleman, can't you tell me what's in this letter, and save one all the trouble of reading it. May I ask your name by way of a beginning?"

I told him.

When he heard it, he threw the letter on the table, sprang up, and seizing me by both shoulders, gazed earnestly into my face.—"Ould Edward Lonsdale's son of Ellersby—Oeh! by the powers, this is charmin'—ye'll take a glass of this cordial—I wish it were real potheen, but these Romans, poor devils, never heard of such a thing as Innesshown."

"This man," I thought, "a companion of my misanthropic father and the graceful Sir Wilfred! There must surely be some mistake." But Caroglio proceeded.

"Somebody told me your father was terribly changed, and had grown as sour as a vinegar-crust. Oh! the fun we three had together, to be sure;—he and I, and your uncle Seymour."

"My uncle Seymour, Sir?" I cried in astonishment.

"Ay, to be sure—young Wilfred—a pretty fellow, I can tell you, he was in his day; and pretty pickings there would have been in the way of absolutions, if he had belonged to our Church. Misericordi,—amen!" Hereupon the worthy divine sighed, and helped himself to another cordial.

"You talked, sir," I said, "as if you thought Sir Wilfred Seymour were my uncle."

"Did I? Then if he isn't, he ought to have been, for your father should have married his sister; and then, you see, you would have been his nephew, just as I said. But, now that I think about it,—one's mimicry begins to fail with so many pater noster.—Miss Seymour married my lord's brother. Ah, it's an ould story. I

recollect being prodigiously sorry for it at the time. You ought to have been my cousin, you rogue you."

"I am sorry to have missed so great an advantage. But how could that have happened?"

"Why, young Clan-Carrol was my uncle's wife's son, And if you had been the son, as you ought to be, of my aunt's son's wife, the devil's in't it all the genealogers in Munster could make you out to be any thing but my cousin."

"I think, father, you are confusing the pedigrees. I understood you to say, that Miss Seymour, instead of being married to my father, became the wife of Lord Clan-Carrol."

"Exactly; you have it now. But *instead* of doing the thing that was right, you see, your father went off in a huff, and married some lady or other in England, who soon died. And Helen also went off in a huff, and married Clan-Carrol, and he soon died. But, before all this dying, there was no end of mischief;—what with fighting jewels, and breaking hearts; and turning hermits, and going into nunneries—Oh! 't would be a pretty story to cry over. Won't you take just a thimble-full?"

"And did Lord Clan-Carrol leave no children?"

"Neither chick nor child, except a daughter, which is as good as nothing, for ye see the title does not go in the female branch—but for all that she's a real Clan-Carrol every inch of her. 'Twould take the pope himself and half-a-dozen cardinals to exorcise the devil out of her eyes. But you shall see her—you'll dine with us to day. I take charge of all this family. Poor Clan-Carrol's a good easy creature, but he knows nothing about the care of his cellars."

"You are very kind."

"I mean to be so, I assure ye. You seem to hesitate as if ye scarcely knew whether I had a right to bid you pull your chair in. Now I'll tell you—I was born—Lord knows when—but it's a good many years ago, and nothing particular that I can think of happened, till I was told one day, when I was about four-and-twenty years of age, that a set of rascals, who had amused themselves by putting little bits of paper into my hands, had taken possession of my estate, and sold all the furniture out of my house; and besides all this, that I owed them money enough to build a pyramid. This was very unpleasant,—but there was no help for it,—so, after breaking every bone in our family attorney's skin, I took ship from ould Ireland, and made the grand tour of Europe, as in those days it was incumbent on every man of fortune to do. Then it was I became intimate with your father and Sir Wilfred—my Cousin Clan-Carrol was very kind to me—and things were going on most brilliantly, till that mischief broke out, as I was telling ye, about murders, and love, and a great deal else beside. Then, when Clan-Carrol married Miss Seymour, I was more useful than ever—then he died, and left me in his will, with the rest of the property, to his brother;—so then, as it was time for us all to turn serious, I became father confessor to the household,—and cellar-keeper—and major-domo—and just by way of pleasing them Romans, poor devils, and getting quit of the correspondence of a set of rapparees

that were always writing to me about bills and debts, and other sublunary affairs, I made a sort of change upon my name, and called myself Father Theodosius Caroglio, instead of Teddy O'Carrol. So, you see, if you don't come and dine with us to day, I'll consider it leaze-majesty against the memory of my friendship with your father."

I could no longer resist his pressing invitation, and accordingly presented myself at dinner-time at the house of Lord Clan-Carrol.

Lord Clan-Carrol and the lady who sat beside him were so excessively like each other, that it was impossible to mistake their relationship. Both were very tall and very thin;—and the lady—Lady Lucinda O'Carrol—had that peculiar expression which betrays the victims of deafness, even before you have made experiment of their defect. Father Caroglio introduced me with a long flourish of trumpets; and it was evident from the expression of his lordship, that I had been the theme of conversation before my arrival. To my amazement, Lord Clan Carrol thought it necessary to make me a speech, and tell me that he should never cease to feel grateful to me for being the means of his obtaining the Clan-Carrol title and estates. This I could by no means understand; but, as Lady Lucinda caught some portions of his address, she perceived that I had rendered some wonderful service to the family, and treated me with all the consideration in her power. Unfortunately, her mode of showing this was by bestowing all her conversation upon me. I took her into dinner; and, when we were just sitting down, there glided noiselessly into the room, and took her place on my other side, a young lady with so much beauty, mingled with so much playful archness in the expression of her face, that I was captivated with her appearance at once. She was never introduced on her entrance, but sat quietly down without saying a word. Caroglio's liveliness seemed exhausted, and he was silent. His lordship, who, to my humble apprehension, seemed little better than an idiot, devoured his food without wasting his breath in any other occupation, and the Lady Lucinda kept on in the same perpetual strain, without either attending to any thing I said, or giving me the opportunity of addressing my neighbour on the other side. If she had been Empress of Rome in the days of the most despotic of the Cæsars, she could not have spoken of the city with a greater appearance of being the proprietor of every part of it.

"And you are delighted, of course, with our cathedral of St. Peters—we are quite proud of it here.—You are a Catholic of course?—ah, so I thought," she said, never minding my denial; "it's the oldest religion any where to be found, and we of the old blood ought to encourage it. Was your father a monk, Mr. Longtail?—oh, dear me, how shocked I am!—but your mother surely was a nun!—ah, that's worse than the other. But there is something, I know, in the history of your parents. Father Theodosius was telling me of it before dinner.—What was it? do tell."

I excused myself from indulging in family gossip as well as I could.

"What does he say, Father Ted?" said Lady Lucinda.

"Faith, it's not very easy to make out what he says.—But he wants to know if you've heard lately from Sir Murtagh O'Neill?"

"Do you know Sir Murtagh, Mr. Longtail? charming man, with such a delicious voice."

"I have'n't the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"Ah! what does he say, Father Ted?"

"He says that the last time he saw Sir Murtagh was when he was on his way to Gretha Green with the ould grocer's widdy I used to tell such queer tales about."

This piece of information had the delightful effect of making the old lady silent for a few minutes, which I took advantage of, and addressed myself to my beautiful neighbour.

"Have you heard the adorable Torcelli in the newly licensed opera?" I said.

"Not I. We hear nothing here. But that isn't the information you want. Aren't you dying to have some one to join you in a hearty laugh at this most absurd company?"

"Hush!"

"Oh, never fear my aunt and uncle:—and, as to Father Ted, he will be delighted to join us, if we promise not to include him among our butts."

"Come, then, let us laugh."

"Ay, but Lady Lucinda has eyes, though she has no ears. We must laugh with lugubrious faces."

"Well, I am looking most edifyingly dismal. Who is your uncle's niece?"

"Meaning me? Oh! that has nothing to do with the ridiculous."

"It has a great deal to do with the interesting. None of them had the good feeling to introduce us."

"Let us do it now, then," said my companion; "shall I begin? You must know that my name here is Niece O'Carrol, and that I have a right to it—that I have not been here long, and am already heartily tired of it."

Day after day found me in the house of Lord Clan-Carrol by the side of his niece—answering at random the questions of his lady sister, and enchanted beyond every thing with the good fortune which had introduced me to so lovely, and so exquisitely captivating a creature, as had taken up her dwelling among such unheard-of oddities. The playfulness of her manners gradually abated—deep feeling occasionally shewed itself on her expressive features—and I sighed passionately for the time that I might be intimate enough to enquire into the cause of her despondency, and, if possible, to alleviate it. In Lord Clan-Carrol's family she was evidently neglected—they never even seemed to notice whether she was present or absent, and as to any one paying her particular attention, it never seemed to enter their imaginations that such a thing was possible. Even Father Caroglio was blind, or affected to be so. We were thrown so constantly together, that it is not surprising that a very few weeks saw us attached, devoted, affianced to each other.

One day, when I was leaving the house, Father Caroglio beckoned me to follow him, and led the way into the library. There was something very mysterious on his face, and I prepared for some intelligence extraordinary.

"Well, then, Edward Lonsdale, my young

friend," he said, "I think the ould days are returning on us, and there will be murder at the least, if not worse."

"Worse than murder!" I said, in alarm, "What do you mean?"

"Why, that ye're in love with that very slippery young angel, my lord's niece. Ye needn't deny it."

"Well, sir, why *should* I deny it?"

"No reason in life that I can see. Only, ye see, she's a wild colt, and may trouble ye at the breaking. She does exactly as she likes here; runs hither and thither—sometimes slips out for hours at a time after you leave us—and lord only knows what it will all come to."

"I have been foolish," I said. "I ought to have spoken to Lord Clan-Carrol before, and told him how we were situated."

"You had better tell the whole matter to me. My lord, poor devil—benedicite! amen! what a habit one gets into among you wild chaps of swearing!—My lord won't be a pin the wiser if you were to tell it him till doomsday—and as to lady Lucinda, you would need to whisper your secret pretty loud before ye made her understand you."

"Well, then, will you inform them both in my name, that the Lady Adeline and I are engaged, and that I only wait the permission of my father to carry her home to England?"

"Certainly; with all the pleasure in life—but aren't there others you had better consult—Sir Wilfred Seymour?"

"Sir Wilfred has been kinder to me than a father. I will write and ask his approval this very day."

"Well, if ye get his consent, I know no other person that has any right to interfere. So you may consider it a settled thing, and good luck to you," and so we parted.

On reaching home, a note was lying on my table. It was in a strange hand, and I felt a presentiment there was something unusual contained in it. I opened it. It ran in these words—

"If Edward Lonsdale would render the heart of a mourner less harassed with fears and apprehensions, as the time of her leaving the world draws near, he will come to the Ursuline convent to-day at three o'clock, and enquire for the English sister."

I resolved of course to go, and passed the intermediate time in conjecturing who my correspondent could be. My thoughts recurred again and again to the Lady Alice; and Eulalie rose distinctly before me. What could their connexion be with Sir Wilfred Seymour? He had himself given me to understand that he had lost his sister! It might, however, be some distant relation; and at times suspicions would come into my mind that the Lady Alice had in her youth been dearer to him than a sister. But the whole business was covered with uncertainty. And Eulalie, who could she be? And Adeline, so gay, so admirably accomplished—so lovely, and a Protestant? I resolved to banish if possible from my recollection the little girl who, I felt convinced, had only made so lasting an impression by the romantic associations she awakened in my mind.

I presented myself at the appointed place, and was shown into a room very plainly furnished,

and so guarded from the sun, as to be almost too dark to see in it distinctly. I threw myself on a chair, and was waiting patiently for the entrance of my unknown correspondent, when close at my side I heard the words, "Signor I am here."

I turned round—and there, in the same dress as before, in the same meek attitude—stood Eulalie?

"Eulalie!" I said, forgetting all my resolutions of forgetting her. "We have met at last. How anxiously I have looked forward to this meeting."

"Have you, indeed! I am so happy when any one condescends to recollect me."

"Condescends! Ah! my dear Eulalie—you have no idea how often I have thought of you, and pictured to myself how beautiful you must be—for you remember I have never seen your face yet."

"I believe I am not quite frightful. I have been into the world since I last saw you—'tis a heartless place."

"It is, indeed—unless—that in it there are some who have the power of loving—one here, at least, Eulalie, will be constant to——"

"How many?"

I let go the hand I had taken when she said this, and wished at that moment I had not been quite so warm in my protestations.

"You are right, Eulalie," I said; "my heart is, indeed, devoted to a lady, so sweet, so kind, so beautiful—I wish you knew her, Eulalie."

"Is she tall or little?"

"Just about your own height, I should think, but that detestable robe you wear hinders me from seeing whether you resemble her in any thing else."

"Hush—the Lady Alice."

And the same tall majestic lady I had seen in London walked steadily into the room. Though she had evidently worked herself up for some great exertion, she started when our eyes met.

"Edward," she said, "I have steeled my heart to the performance of a strange duty. Ere many months are past, the door that divides me from the world will have closed on me for ever. I have but one pang in leaving it—if Eulalie had but a home!"

"Madam," I said, "if you will intrust her to my care."

"But this is weakness," continued the Lady Alice, without having heard my words. "I suffered so fearfully in my youth from a concealment of my real feelings; and one other whom I need not name to you, was an equal victim, that I resolve that Eulalie's sufferings, if sufferings she is doomed to endure, shall not arise from the same cause. I have spoken of you to her so often; I have praised your character so highly: your friend, Sir Wilfred Seymour, has joined me in these praises so heartily, that you have but to speak to make Eulalie happy—and me contented."

I remained silent—thoughts of my engagement to Lady Adeline kept crowding into my heart.

"You speak not! You reject her! Eulalie, my poor Eulalie!"

"Nay, stop, Madam," for Eulalie was resting her head on the shoulder of Lady Alice, and I

could not bear to see her distress. "I shall soon be able to offer her the protection of a home, where one, whom I feel certain you would love, if you only knew her, will be a sister to her, and I—a brother——"

"And who is that one—I——"

"Mother, dear mother, ask him no questions," said Eulalie: "I am rejected, but I rejoice, I assure you, I rejoice in the rejection. Let me but speak to him a few minutes in private."

"Speak on," said the Lady Alice, "I will not listen."

Eulalie then tript across the room, and putting her arm into mine, led me to a recess in the apartment, and said to me in a whisper—

"You have done well to break the Lady Alice's heart, by rejecting her daughter's hand. But remember, by this, that you have ruined Sir Wilfred's hopes, and opened fresh wounds in the breast of your father."

"Did they know of the Lady Alice's intention?"

"Yes; and approved of it. I have even been at Ellersby and seen your father."

"Eulalie! Eulalie! will nothing move you to compassion. I have told you I love another."

"But that other does not love you better than I do. I know the Lady Adeline O'Carrol."

"You amaze me Eulalie. She is a Protestant, and, so far, will be pleasing to my father."

"A Protestant! and so am I."

"What! in these habits?"

"Ay; would you debar me from assuming the only dress that enables me to be useful to my mother?"

"The Lady Adeline has my promise."

"And so have I. Do you deny that till you came to Rome there was no one you preferred to poor Eulalie?"

"I do not deny it. But why torment me with all these questions?"

"For this reason. My mother, whose grief grows heavier every new mortification she inflicts upon herself, has resolved finally to abandon the world next Easter. After that she will not even see me, unless for a few days at the Christmas of each year. She is anxious to see me happy before that time, and thinks no one is so likely to render me so as the son of Edward Lonsdale. And yet you reject me, though I have wealth and what the world calls beauty."

"You torture me, Eulalie I am true to another."

"What if that other were to absolve you from your vows?"

"Impossible! she is too pure and noble."

"But she *does* absolve you! I tell you so."

"And who are *you*? You have never even told me your name yet."

"My name will shortly be the Lady Eulalie Lonsdale of Ellersby."

"The devil it will!"

"Hush! I never thought you could be such a simpleton, Edward, as to refuse a pretty—amiable—affectionate—young creature like me. Look here, now I am going to lift up the hood and show you what a galaxy of charms your ridiculous constancy has tempted you to reject."

She threw back her hood as she spoke, and archly smiling at my surprise, I saw before me the Lady Adeline!

"You'll tell my lady mother you'll consent, won't you?" she whispered.

"Yes, surely, certainly—but how, in Heaven's name—how comes this?"

"Very simply. My mother's convent name is Sister Alice; my own name Adeline Eulalie O'Carrol—Sir Wilfred Seymour is my uncle—but hush! just now I've no time for farther questionings. Come and set my mother's heart at rest, and I promise to trouble you with no more disguises."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The present number of the Lady's Book closes our career as sole editor. The increasing patronage of the work requires more of our attention to the business department. We are confident that our readers will not regret the change, when they learn that MRS. S. J. HALE, late Editor of the American Ladies Magazine, (which work is now amalgamated with the Lady's Book,) will superintend the Literary Department of the Book. Mrs. Hale is too well known to the public to need eulogy from us. For nine years she has conducted the Magazine, which she originated, how! its readers well know. To those subscribers of the Lady's Book, not acquainted with the Magazine, we offer the following from the pen of Mrs. Hale:—

"Ours is the only periodical in the Republic, devoted solely to the *mental, moral, and religious* improvement of WOMEN. We have the assistance of many of our best female writers. We offer a field where female genius may find scope; where the female mind may engage in its appropriate work—that of benefiting the female sex.

We feel that the continuance of our publication is of importance—that it will do good. Its influence is directed to promote social refinement, domestic virtues, and humble piety. And unless intelligent ladies devote themselves to the work of education, and implant deeply the principles of our holy religion in the

heart of the young, neither Christianity nor Freedom can be maintained in our country. The character of our Magazine is, however, well known. We need only add, that we have made arrangements, by which we hope its interest and usefulness will be increased. We only wish for an increase of subscribers: this will animate our exertions, as well as reward them."

The work will be much improved in its typographical department, and will be printed on better paper. The terms, although the expenses are much increased, will be the same.

The following Ladies and Gentlemen are expected to contribute to the work during the year, and from several of them articles in Prose, and Poetry have already been received.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, *Editor*, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Miss E. F. Ellett, Miss Lealie, Miss H. F. Gould, Miss C. E. Gooch, Miss L. H. Medina, R. S. Mackenzie, L. L. D., Joseph R. Chandler, Morton M. Michael, Robert T. Conrad, Alexander Dimitry, A. M., H. E. Hale, E. Burke Fisher, N. C. Brooks, A. M., Wm. E. Burton, Willis Gaylord Clarke, Joseph C. Neal, B. B. Thatcher, R. Penn Smith.

It will therefore be perceived that a new era in the work has been commenced, and it will emphatically be what its title denotes—The Lady's Book.

THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL:

A Ballad.

The Poetry from the Romance of

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by

I. C. VIERECK.

Composed by

A. F. WINNEMORE.

Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.

*Andante innocente ma con
Espressione.*



Delicato con molta espressione.



p *cres.* *pp* *ritard.*

They are fresh, O, take a peep, For I caught them

pp *ritard.*

cres.

a tempo. cres.

fast a -- sleep In her arms, an hour a --- go. O!

a tempo. cres. *sfz*

a piacere. *a piacere.*

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray, The blind girl comes from a - - far : If the

Piu animato. *sfz*

mf *p* *pp*

earth be as fair as I hear them say, These flowers her children are.

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *rit.* *pp* *a tempo.*

dolce con espressione. *sfz dim.* *pp*

II.
Now on their lips her kisses set,
As her steady watch she keeps,
Their tender cheeks with tears are wet,
For she, gentle mother, weeps.

She weeps—for love she weeps—
Watching o'er them while they sleep,
And the dews are the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother's love.
O! buy my flowers, &c. &c.

GENERAL INDEX TO VOLUME XIII.

A		
Advisers, - - - - -	91	
A Mother's Birth Day Song, - - - - -	103	
A Wedding at Bourg-en-Bresse, - - - - -	133	
A Parting Hour, - - - - -	152	
A Tribute of Gratitude, - - - - -	214	
Account of an English Election, - - - - -	235	
A Mother and Child Sleeping, - - - - -	238	
B		
Biography of Edmund Burke, - - - - -	25	
Do. of Edward Gibbon, - - - - -	ib.	
Do. of David Hume, - - - - -	55	
Do. of Robert Burns, - - - - -	56	
Do. of Benjamin Thompson Rumford, - - - - -	136	
Do. of Thomas Gray, - - - - -	ib.	
Do. of Charles James Fox, - - - - -	153	
Do. of Oliver Goldsmith, - - - - -	ib.	
Do. of Daniel Defoe, - - - - -	215	
Do. of Dr. Tobias Smollett, - - - - -	ib.	
Do. of John Milton, - - - - -	265	
Do. of Alexander Mackenzie, - - - - -	ib.	
Ballad, - - - - -	169	
Beauty at the Window, - - - - -	228	
C		
Clough Na Cuddy, - - - - -	211	
E		
Editor's Table, - - - - -	46, 92, 144, 189, 237, 283	
Extract from a Village Clergyman's Diary, - - - - -		
Original, - - - - -	97	
Elegiac Stanzas, - - - - -	143	
Every-day People, - - - - -	247	
Edward Lonsdale, - - - - -	273	
F		
Female Costume, - - - - -	18, 75, 104, 159, 192, 251	
Fieschi to the French, by Miss C. Gooch, - - - - -		
Original, - - - - -	38	
Frederick and Adelaide, Original—Illustrated, - - - - -	145	
Fac Simile of Sir Walter Scott's Writing, - - - - -	206	
H		
Hours of Sadness, - - - - -	152	
He Never Smiled Again, - - - - -	166	
I		
I'll Follow Thee—Set to Music, - - - - -	94	
Jack Jocelyne, - - - - -	170	
K		
Kenilworth Castle—Illustrated, - - - - -	131	
L		
Leaf from my Unwritten Journal—Original, - - - - -	26	
Love and Vanity, - - - - -	136	
Life, Death and Eternity, - - - - -	169	
M		
Musings—Original, - - - - -	52	
Mary, Queen of Scots, - - - - -	53	
Mary's Wedding, - - - - -	167	
My Uncle, a Portrait, - - - - -	183	
Martha Washington, - - - - -	232	
N		
Napoleon's Return from Elba—Illustrated, - - - - -	51	
Nice People, - - - - -	83	
Natural Magic, - - - - -	112	
Napoleana, - - - - -	148	
O		
O'Shane's Daughter, - - - - -	20	
On the Evening Sky, - - - - -	168	
Old Bachelors, - - - - -	236	
O, Take the Wreath—Set to Music, - - - - -	233	
P		
Philadelphia Fashions—Illustrated, - - - - -	1, 27, 191	
Parson Clare, - - - - -	154	
Ponce De Leon, - - - - -	261	
R		
Rules for Hygiene, - - - - -	17, 111	
Receipts, - - - - -	95	
Return to the Scenes of Childhood, - - - - -	186	
Revenge, - - - - -	204	
Richard and Saladin—Original, - - - - -	239	
S		
Scripture Anthology—Original, - - - - -	19, 250	
Scene from Rob Roy—Illustrated, - - - - -		
Supplication, - - - - -	152	
Song, - - - - -	166, 205	
Stanzas, - - - - -	205	
Summer Song, - - - - -	214	
T		
Scraps from a Note Book kept in Paris, - - - - -	227	
Story of Michael Kelley, - - - - -	229	
U		
The Regained—Original, - - - - -	1, 57	
The Old Maid's Legacy, - - - - -	7	
The Bondsman's Feast, - - - - -	29	
To a Flower from the Acropolis at Athens, - - - - -		
Original, - - - - -	38	
The Gambler's Fate—Original, - - - - -	41	
The Anthologia of Selected Poetry, - - - - -	45, 172, 135	
The Angel's Whisper—Set to Music, - - - - -	37	
The Soul's Paradise, - - - - -	52	
The School Fellows—Original, - - - - -	67	
The Conscript, - - - - -	75	
To Miss C. E. G.—Original, - - - - -	83	
The Flower Girl of Pompeii, - - - - -	96	
The Blind Mother, - - - - -	th.	
The Lady Bride Plantagenet, - - - - -	105	
The Great Winglebury Duel, - - - - -	113	
The Rock of the Fort, - - - - -	120	
The Mountain Streamlet, - - - - -	130	
The Eagle's Speech, - - - - -	141	
The Flag of Texas—Set to Music, - - - - -	142	
The Bridal of Nature; - - - - -	163	
The Quaker Family, - - - - -	174	
The Two Widows, - - - - -	180	
Those Magic Eyes—Set to Music, - - - - -	188	
The Old Woman, - - - - -	121, 255	
The Once Happy Family, - - - - -	199	
The Angry Lovers Parting, - - - - -	205	
The Fairies Gathering, - - - - -	ib.	
The Wooing at Grafton, - - - - -	207	
The Officers, by Miss Leslie, - - - - -	216	
The Rose, - - - - -	238	
The Farewell, - - - - -	261	
The Widow's Dog, - - - - -	266	
The Blind Flower Girl—Set to Music, - - - - -	294	
Then Remember Me, - - - - -	273	
V		
Upper Lake of Killarney—Illustrated, - - - - -	26	
W		
View of Manayunk—Illustrated, - - - - -	131	
Views of Venice, - - - - -	167	
Vain Boasting, - - - - -	261	
Y		
Windermere Lake—Illustrated, - - - - -	38	
Worms and Flowers, - - - - -	130	
Y		
You can't marry your Grandmother, - - - - -	64	
EMBELLISHMENTS.		
Philadelphia Fashions, - - - - -	1, 96, 191	
Female Costumes, - - - - -	18, 75, 104, 169, 198, 231	
Portrait of Edmund Burke, - - - - -	25	
Edward Gibbon, - - - - -	ib.	
David Hume, - - - - -	55	
Robert Burns, - - - - -	56	
Thomas Gray, - - - - -	136	
Benjamin Thomas Rumford, - - - - -	ib.	
Charles James Fox, - - - - -	153	
Oliver Goldsmith, - - - - -	ib.	
Daniel Defoe, - - - - -	215	
Tobias Smollett, - - - - -	ib.	
John Milton, - - - - -	265	
Alexander Mackenzie, - - - - -	ib.	
Music, - - - - -	47, 94, 142, 188, 234, 234	
Upper Lake of Killarney, - - - - -	39	
Windermere Lake, - - - - -	ib.	
Return from Elba, - - - - -	49	
Murder of the Regent Murray, - - - - -	52	
Scene from Rob Roy, - - - - -	ib.	
Natural Magic, - - - - -	112	
View of Manayunk, - - - - -	131	
Kenilworth Castle, - - - - -	ib.	
Adelaide, - - - - -	146	
Views in Venice, - - - - -	167	
Fac Simile of Walter Scott's Writing, - - - - -	206	
Tomb of La Fayette, - - - - -	265	

OCT 26 1938

